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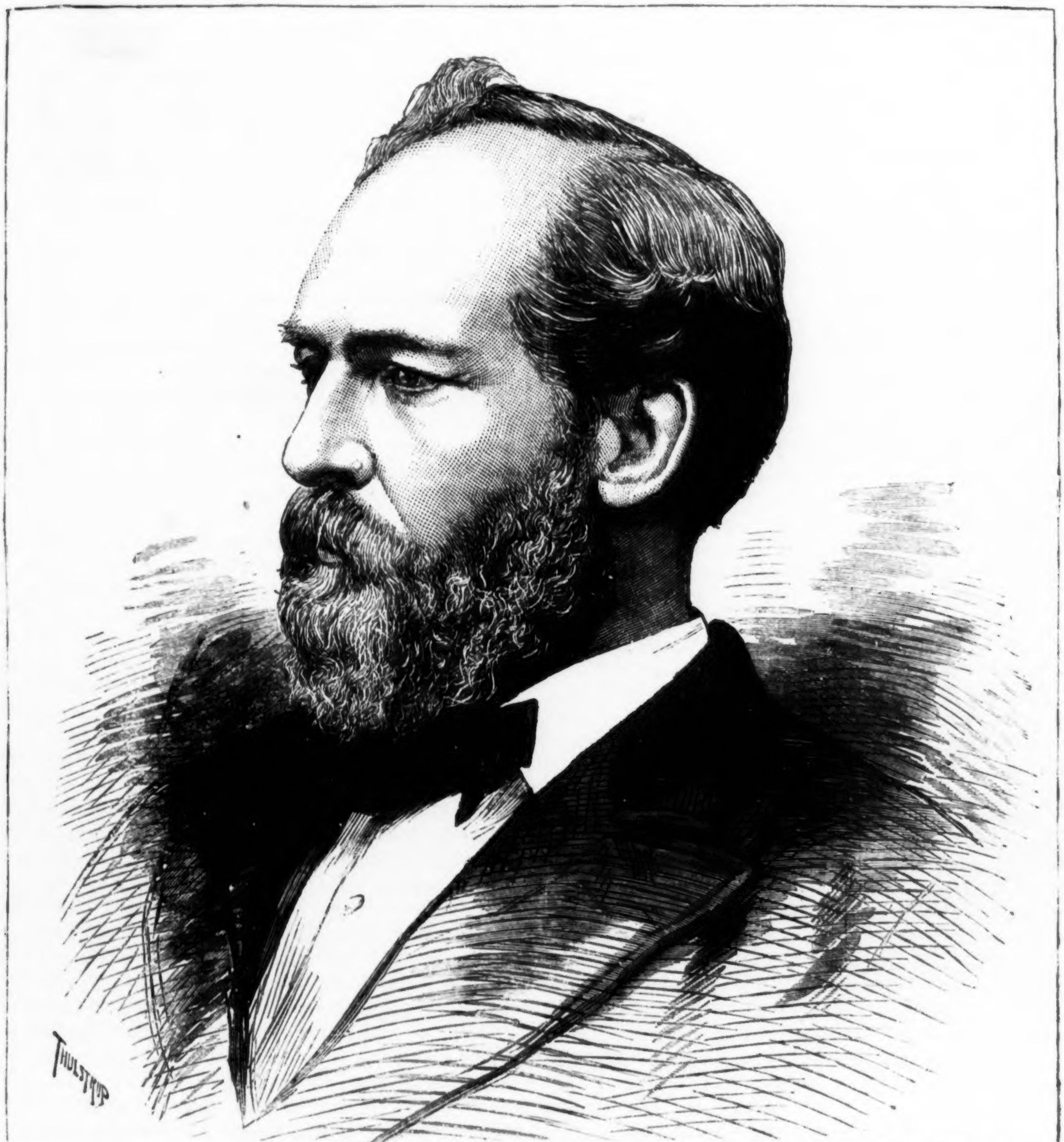
THE CAMPAIGN OF 1880.

THE NOMINEES OF THE TWO GREAT PARTIES.



GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S STIRRUP CUP IN ANDALUSIA

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THE CAMPAIGN OF 1880.

THE political system of the United States is based upon the sovereignty of the individual; under it, every citizen is the equal of every other in his political rights and the possibilities of his career in the State. It hedges up no man or class, lifts no barrier in the path of any resolute soul eager for promotion, bars no door of opportunity in the face of the poorest or humblest. It places the highest no less than the lowest stations within reach of any and all who may aspire to fill them. It is the individual citizen who, in the last resort, rules the Union; makes its laws, determines its polity, preserves its integrity when disloyally assailed. The child playing to-day at the cabin-door of some hardy pioneer in remote Western forests may, a little while hence, sit in the chair of Washington, or lead our armies to victory, or mold the thought and culture of his age. Our history is lustrous with the names of men who have thus emerged from obscurity under this beneficent political system, and come to stand among the kingly ones to whom the world does homage.

The latest illustration of the force of this idea that with us all careers are open, and the road to fame free to all, is afforded in the nominations for the Presidency recently made by the Republican and Democratic parties. Both candidates are embodiments of this idea. Both have climbed to the summits of fame from the humblest beginnings. Neither was cradled in luxury; neither enjoyed exceptional early advantages; neither has risen by force of any of those helps which wealth, high social position or influential family alliances sometimes afford. What they are they have become by virtue of inherent personal qualities and natural vigor of character. They are, in the broadest sense, self-made men.

Gen. James A. Garfield, the Republican nominee, who was born in Orange township, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, on the 15th of February, 1831, belongs to the primitive Puritan stock of New England, being descended on both his father's and his mother's sides from that stalwart generation which, two hundred and fifty years ago, laid the foundations of the empire which to-day is almost continental in its length and breadth. The first of the American Garfields was Edward, who came from England as early as 1630, and died forty-two years later at Watertown, Massachusetts. Edward's immediate descendants were prominent in the work of establishing the social and political order of that early period. The great-grandfather of General Garfield, to whom the family records are traced back in unbroken line, was married in 1766 in Massachusetts, but at the close of the Revolutionary War removed to Central New York, where he reared a family of five children, one of whom, Thomas, was the grandfather of the subject of our sketch. Thomas, growing to manhood, had four children born to him, and died at the age of thirty, when his youngest son, Abram, was only two years old. Abram grew up on the farm of a relative, and at the age of eighteen made his way to Newburg, Ohio, where he found employment in chopping wood and clearing land. Three years later he married Eliza Ballou, whose family was of Huguenot origin, and at once began the new life at Newburg, in Cuyahoga County, in a small log house, with a farm of eighty acres attached. In 1830, having meanwhile been engaged in various enterprises, Abram removed with his family to Orange township, in the same county, where he carved a new farm out of the forest, the country then being wild and comparatively unexplored. The dwelling of the Garfields, built in the depths of the wilderness, was constructed of logs, with roof of shingles, and floor of rude, thick planking, split out of tree-trunks with a wedge and maul. It had but a single room, at one end of which was the chimney with a spacious fireplace, where the cooking was done, and at the other a bed. The younger children slept in a trundle-bed, which, in the daytime, was thrust under that of the parents, while the older ones climbed a ladder to the loft under the steep roof. It was in this house that James A. Garfield was born, on the date already named.

His early years were marked by the hardships which characterized and developed the lives of all the stalwart pioneers who blazed the path of empire westward. The father died while James was still a babe in arms, and the family was brought face to face with sore privation and distress. They were in debt, and the surrender of the homestead seemed to offer the only way out of their trouble. The mother was advised to break up the family, find homes for the older children, and obtain some sort of employment by which to support herself and the babe; but she refused to be separated from her treasures, and by selling fifty acres of the farm, she managed, by the hardest toil and most rigid economy, to rear her family under her own immediate care.

James shared, affectionately and industriously, the toils and sacrifices imposed by the necessitous condition of the household, working about the farm in Summer, and finding employment at a carpenter's bench during the Winter months; meanwhile employing actively all opportunities for study which he could command. The books at that time within his reach were chiefly tales of the sea, and these inspired him, not unnaturally, with dreams of a career on the ocean, which nothing but actual experience was sufficient to dissipate. When sixteen years of age, he found employment as a wood-chopper at a point where he was able to look out upon the blue waters of Lake Erie; and this proximity to what he imagined to be the ocean only deepened and strengthened his sea-going desires.

At the end of the Summer, with his earnings in his pocket, he announced to his mother that he could no longer resist the impulse to seek a seafaring life, and should therefore immediately depart. With her consent, he went at once to Cleveland, where, content to start humbly, he obtained the position of driver on a canal-boat. His disposition and capacity to learn soon won the esteem of his employer, and at the close of the first round-trip he was promoted from driver to bowsman. Continuing at this business, except when prostrated for a time by sickness, he was finally induced by his mother to abandon it, the argument employed being, that by fitting himself for teaching by a few terms in school, he could teach Winters and sail Summers, and thus have employment the year round.

In the month of March, with seventeen dollars in his pocket, he became a student, with two of his cousins, at Geauga Seminary, a Free Will Baptist institution, in the village of Chester, ten miles distant from the parental homestead. The lads all carried a stock of provisions with them, and upon arriving, rented a room with two beds and a cook-stove in an old unpainted house where lived a poor woman, who undertook to prepare their meals and do their washing for an absurdly small sum.

The academy had a library of perhaps 150 volumes—more books than young Garfield had ever seen before, and he was not slow to improve the advantage which they placed within his reach. There was a literary society connected with the academy, and James soon began to take part in the debates. He studied diligently and conscientiously, and, by working as a carpenter in vacations and at odd hours, and teaching country schools in Winters, managed to finish his academic course, while at the same time accumulating a small fund with which to enter upon a college career.

His experiences as a teacher were not infrequently far from pleasant, but they helped to develop the sturdy and manly qualities which in later years have shone conspicuously in his character, and were thus of real service—blessings, indeed, in disguise. It is related that the first school of which he took charge had been broken up for two Winters by the rowdyism and belligerent insubordination of the larger boys, and his success in controlling it was a matter of grave anxiety to his friends. Realizing the importance of establishing his authority at the outset, he mustered the school in the schoolroom, and then and there settled the question of his mastery by subduing the bully of the school, who resented his authority and undertook to brain him with a billet of wood. Probably no problem of his after life has occasioned him more perplexing thought and study than that of the successful management of this school. In his anxiety to succeed, he devised all sorts of plans to attract and interest the children in their studies; he joined in the outdoor sports of the older and larger boys; he read aloud to the parents where he "boarded round," during the long Winter evenings, and he had his reward. Before the term closed, he had achieved a reputation as the very best schoolmaster the district had ever had, enjoying the cordial good-will of both old and young. His compensation for his Winter's work was forty-eight dollars in cash, and his board.

As, in the process of study and teaching, his intellect was quickened and broadened, his ambition to become a sailor lost its hold upon him, and the desire to enter college became so strong and overmastering that he determined to bend every energy to the accomplishment of that result. This desire was no doubt intensified and quickened by the religious experience through which he passed about that time, and which resulted in his uniting himself with the Disciples, or Campbellite Church. He realized fully that for a poor boy to get through college would require years of the very hardest work—the usual time was four years in preparatory studies and four in the regular college course—but the gravity of the task did not appal him, and from that time until he had accomplished his ambitious purpose he clung to it with a tenacity which nothing could weaken.

Once determined in his own mind, he commenced the study of Latin, philosophy and botany; then, when Summer came, went back to his carpentering and to labor in the harvest-field; then returned for a fourth term at the academy, teaching a village school in the Winter following, and so on, studying, teaching and toiling, until finally, in August, 1851, he entered a school at Hiram, in Ohio, just established by the Disciples.

Here he studied harder than ever, having now his college project fully anchored in his mind; got through his six books of Cæsar that term, and made good progress in Greek. In the Winter he again taught school at Warrensville, and earned eighteen dollars a month. Next Spring he returned to Hiram, and during the Summer vacation he helped build a house in the village, planing all the siding and shingling the roof. At the beginning of his second term, he was made a tutor, and from that time forward taught and studied at the same time, working tremendously to fit himself for college.

While four years were ordinarily occupied by students in preparing to enter college in the Freshman class, young Garfield in three years' time fitted himself to enter the Junior class, two years further along, and at the same time earned his own living; thus crowding six years' study into three, and teaching for his support at the same time. It is an interesting fact that while teaching at Hiram, the lady who afterward became his wife recited to him two years in Greek, and when he entered college she went to teach in the Cleveland schools, and to wait patiently the realization of the hopes upon which they were building their lives.

In the Spring of 1854, encouraged by a friendly letter from President Hopkins, he entered Williams College, and two years later graduated with distinction, carrying off the metaphysical honor of his college, which is esteemed at Williams as among the highest within the gift of the institution. Returning to Ohio, he became professor of Latin and Greek in the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, the college of the sect to which he belonged. One year later he was made president.

As a teacher, he displayed the thoroughness and breadth of method which almost uniformly command success in any calling. One who was his pupil at Hiram says: "He always counseled careful and wide reading; he tried hard to teach us to observe carefully and accurately, and never to go by anything without understanding it. He was very fond of lecturing to the school. He spoke two or three times a week, on all manner of topics, generally scientific, though sometimes literary or historical. He spoke with great freedom, never writing out what he had to say, and I now think that his lectures were a rapid compilation of his current reading, and that he threw it into this form partly for the purpose of impressing it on his own mind. He was a great reader, not omnivorous, but methodical, and in certain lines. He was the most industrious man I ever knew or heard of. At one time he delivered lectures on geology, held public debates on Spiritualism, preached on Sunday, conducted the recitations of five or six classes every day, attended to all the financial affairs of the school, was an active member of the Legislature, and studied law to be admitted to the bar."

As to Garfield's ministerial work, it was more an episode than anything else. According to the creed of the Disciples, any person having the power was entitled to preach, and the president of the college was expected to deliver a sermon every Sunday as a part of his duty. Besides, he was a combatant, and sought any and all avenues for the expression of views which he held to be right and just. At the time, too, when he commenced to preach, the doctrines of the Disciple Church had received a decided impetus from extended discussions between spokesmen of the Disciple or Campbellite Church and defenders of the older and more established sects, and it was only natural that one trained as he had been, and possessing the desires and vigorous form of mind for which he was distinguished, should enter the field of theological discussion, and feel moved in spirit toward a public manifestation.

While a professor at the Eclectic Institute, young Garfield married Miss Lucretia Rudolph, a lady of fine attainments and great force of character. Two years later he entered the sphere of political life in which he has since filled so large a place. His pulpit and other addresses had not only attracted attention, but inspired the public with confidence in his eminent moral qualities, and in 1859 he was brought forward by the anti-slavery voters of Portage and Summit Counties as their candidate for State Senator. He was elected by a large majority, and, young and inexperienced as he was, he at once took high rank in the Ohio Legislature as a man of unusually large information as to all vital questions, and of exceptional eloquence and power in debate. He was always prepared to speak, and never failed to speak convincingly and to the point. Perhaps no more thoroughly equipped debater, of like age, has occupied a seat in the Legislature of that State during

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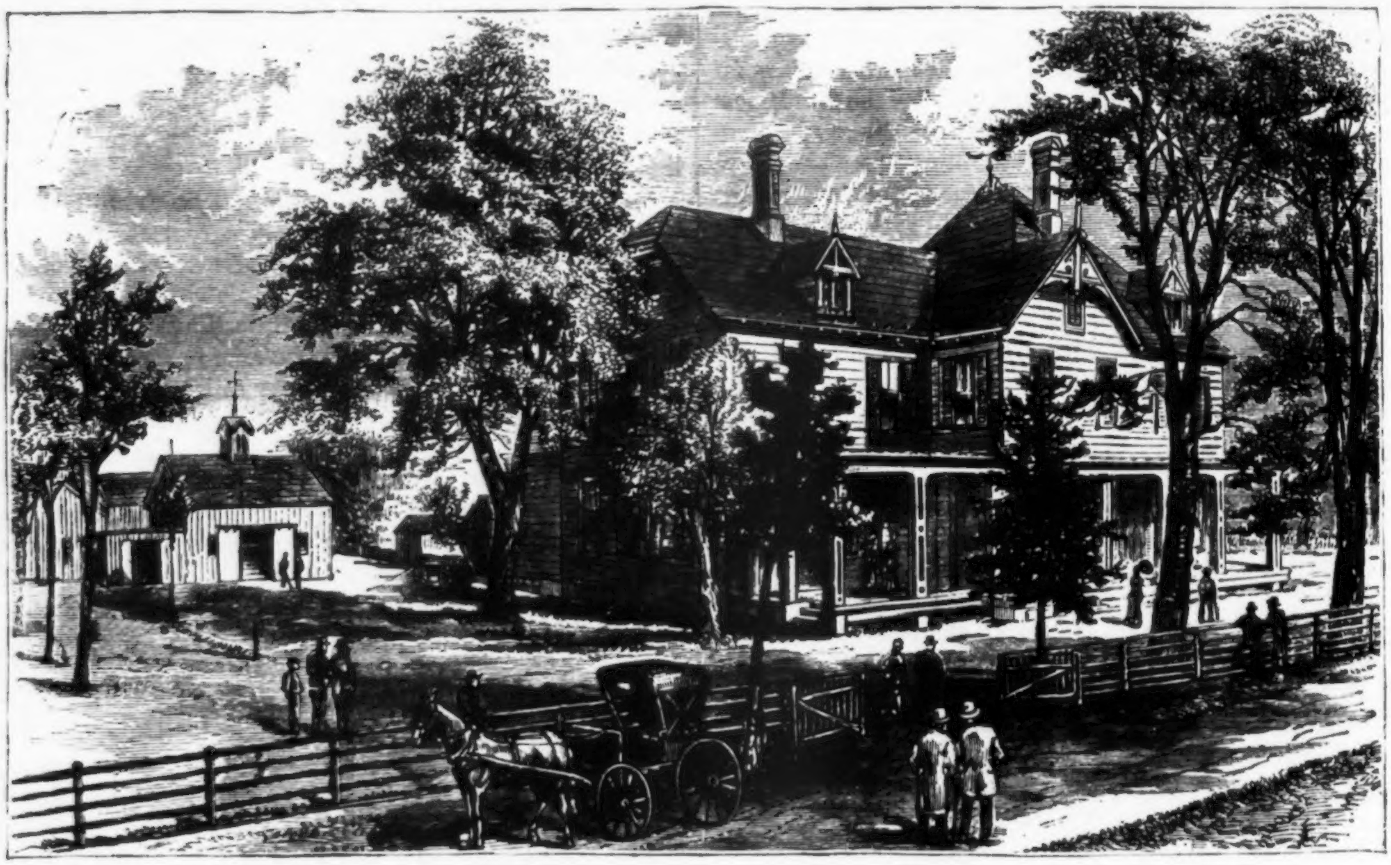
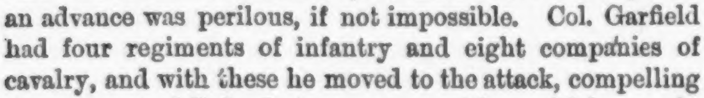


THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL GARFIELD, AT MENTOR, OHIO.

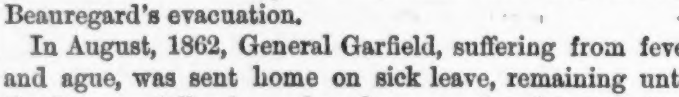
the period of his lifetime. In 1861, when the Southern States lifted the standard of secession, and many at the North shrank from the perils of the hour, Garfield was among the foremost in his State to speak out in support of the right of the Federal Government to coerce the seceded States. The flag of the nation was in his eyes sacred, and any assault upon it was a wrong which, in his view, deserved to be punished and avenged, at whatever cost or sacrifice. Prepared to reinforce his convictions by positive deeds, he was early in the Summer of that fateful year appointed Colonel of the 42d Ohio Volunteers, and took the field in Eastern Kentucky, where he was soon placed in command of a brigade, and ordered to drive out the Confederate forces under Humphrey Marshall, then in the Sandy Valley. An advance upon the Confederate position at Bowling Green was proposed by Gen. Buell, but while Marshall remained with his 5,000 men where he was, such an advance was perilous, if not impossible. Col. Garfield had four regiments of infantry and eight companies of cavalry, and with these he moved to the attack, compelling the enemy to fall back to a new position, which was in turn abandoned, Marshall firing his camp equipage and stores and retreating so rapidly that only a few straggling prisoners were secured by the pursuers.

This operation in the Sandy Valley was conducted with such energy and skill as to receive the special commendation of the commanding general and the Government, and Colonel Garfield was made Brigadier-General in acknowledgment of his services. On his arrival at Louisville, the Army of the Ohio was already beyond Nashville, on its march to aid Grant at Pittsburg Landing. General Garfield hastened after it, assumed command of the Twentieth Brigade, and reached the field of Pittsburg Landing on the second day of the battle, participating in its closing scenes. The next day he moved with Sherman's advance, and had a sharp encounter with the enemy's rear-guard a few miles beyond the battlefield. His brigade bore its full share in the tedious siege operations before Corinth, and was among the earliest in entering the abandoned town after General Beauregard's evacuation.

In August, 1862, General Garfield, suffering from fever and ague, was sent home on sick leave, remaining until the January following, when he was ordered to join General Rosecrans as chief of staff. In this position he re-



THE DINING-ROOM.



THE PARLOR.

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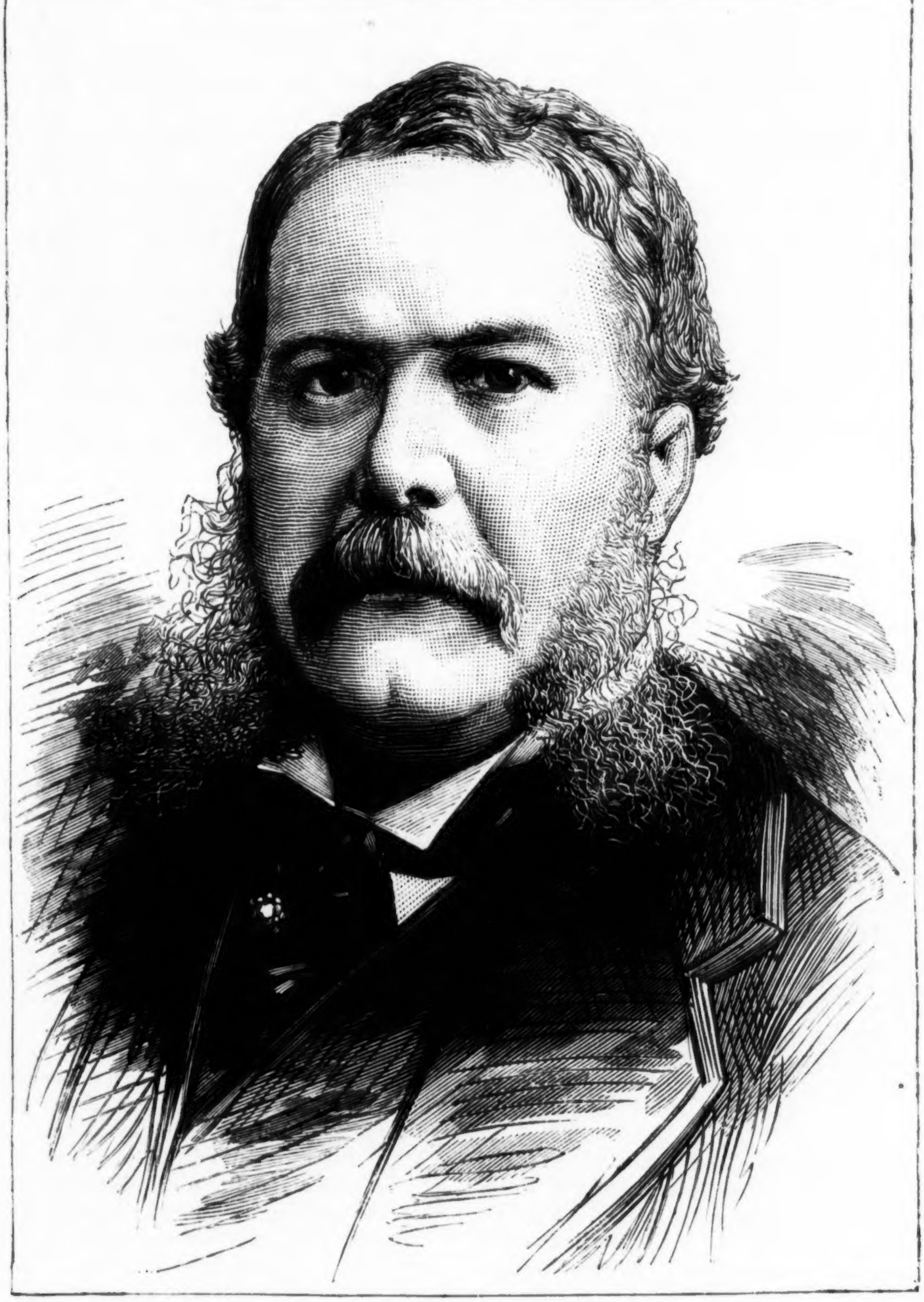
mained until his military career closed. From the day of his appointment he became the intimate associate and was confidential adviser of his chief, and prominent in all the campaigns in Middle Tennessee in the Spring and Summer of 1863. His last conspicuous military service was at the battle of Chickamauga, September 19th and 20th, 1863, and for his bravery and generalship in that engagement he was promoted to the rank of Major-General

While in the field in 1862, General Garfield had been elected to Congress in the old "Giddings District," in which he resided, and with the dominant and prevailing anti-slavery sentiment of which he cordially sympathized. He had accepted the nomination after thoughtful deliberation, being advised to do so by General Rosecrans, and believing that the war would close before he would be called to enter Congress a year hence. Continuing his military service until the Fall of 1863, he then took up his Congressional duties with the same earnestness and conscientiousness of purpose which had marked his conduct in all other positions. He first served on the Committee on Military Affairs, where his industry, thoroughness and familiarity with the wants of the army enabled him, as General Rosecrans had predicted, to render as signal and important service as he could have done in the field. His first speech in the House, made in reply to a Democratic colleague, embodied an argument in favor of the confiscation of the property of Confederates, in support of which



GENERAL CHESTER A. ARTHUR, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

he cited an array of historical precedents. Soon afterward he spoke in favor of the payment of prompt and liberal bounties by the Federal Government to encourage enlistments, and by these and other efforts acquired general recognition as a speaker at once ready and powerful.

His party renominated him by acclamation on the expiration of his term, and on his return to the House he was given a leading place on its chief committee—on Ways and Means. Here he soon rose to great influence. He studied the whole range of financial questions with the assiduity of his college days, and came to be looked upon as one of the ablest of our national financiers. He stood by his party, and his party stood by him, re-electing him successively to the Thirty-ninth, Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth Congresses. During these several terms he has served as the Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, of the Committee on Banking and Currency, and of the Appropriations Committee. This last chairmanship he held until 1875—when the Democrats came into power—and achieved fresh distinction as an advocate of a steady reduction in the current expenses of the Government. In the last three years of his Congressional service, he was recognized, by common consent, as the leader of his party in the House—in his grasp of principles, his directness and force of reasoning, his comprehensive mastery of facts, his acuteness in detecting the fallacies of his opponents, his breadth, vigor and elevation in the statement of the party position.

In January, 1880, he was elected to the Senate, to fill the seat of Allen G. Thurman, who retires on the 4th of next March, receiving the unanimous vote of the Republican caucus for this position—an honor never conferred before on any man by any party in the State of Ohio. On the 8th of June last, he was nominated by the National Republican Convention as the party candidate for President.

Two features of General Garfield's Congressional record stand out with peculiar prominence—namely, his inflexible fidelity to sound principles of finance, and his statesmanlike moderation in the treatment of the so-called Southern question. On the first of these issues he has been uncompromisingly right from first to last, and for the reason that his views have been grounded on patient and exhaustive investigation, and on that knowledge of the principles of finance which no mere empiricism can replace. His speeches in Congress and elsewhere, from time to time, have presented the plain controlling facts in reference to this paramount question with clearness and completeness. All who have watched the course of our public men in this matter, as another writer has remarked, "have seen how often it has been easy for most of them to wander from the direct path, to yield something to the error and confusion to which the long reign of irredeemable paper money had given rise, to accept something less than the naked truth in regard to the obligation of the Government and the interest of the people in regard to sound money. For General Garfield it may be justly said that desertion of this kind has never had any attractions. He has seen the inevitable consequences of tampering with the standard of values, and he has firmly resisted every proposition to that effect."

To him, as much as to any man in public life, the country owes the successful establishment of the policy whose results are thus stated in his letter of acceptance: "The resumption of specie payments has removed from the field of controversy many questions that long and seriously disturbed the credit of the Government and the business of the country. Our paper currency is now as national as the flag, and resumption has not only made it everywhere equal to coin, but has brought into use our store of gold and silver. The circulating medium is more abundant than ever before, and we need only to maintain the equality of all our dollars to insure to labor and capital a measure of value from the use of which no one can suffer loss."

As to the Southern question, General Garfield, while always rejecting the doctrine of State supremacy, and insisting that the fruits of the war should be garnered and treasured, and the principles vindicated by the Union arms should be embodied in and protected by the organic law, has never permitted himself to be influenced by the clamor for retaliation, or swayed by the vindictive passions which only too largely controlled the action of many members of his party. No Republican has a better record for fair-mindedness and magnanimity in dealing with the Southern States than he. The temper which he has uniformly displayed in the treatment of this question is well exhibited in one of his latest speeches in Congress, when he said: "So far as I have studied the current of public thought and of political feeling in this country, no feeling has shown itself more strongly than the tendency of the public mind in the past few months. The man who attempts to get up a political excitement in this country on the old sectional issues, will find himself without a party and without support. The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought, and that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money and honest payment of all obligations; and the man who can add anything in the direction of the accomplishment of any of these purposes is a public benefactor."

In his letter of acceptance, after stating the position of the Republican party as to the power of the nation to protect its life and the rights of all our citizens, he adds: "The best thoughts and energies of our people should be directed to those great questions of national well-being in which all have a common interest. Such efforts will soonest restore to perfect peace those who were lately in arms against each other, for justice and good-will will outlast passion."

General Garfield's personal appearance is in every way imposing. He is six feet high, broad-shouldered, and squarely built. He has an unusually large head, light brown hair and beard, large light blue eyes, a prominent nose and full cheeks. He dresses plainly, eats heartily, cares little or nothing for luxurious living, is temperate and frugal, and fond to excess of his wife and children. He is frank, easy and natural in manner, and the meanest and poorest can approach him without hesitation, and with the assurance of an affable reception. During the sessions of Congress he occupies a plain, substantial three-story house in Washington, built a few years ago, which is the centre of a simple and cordial hospitality.

When not engaged in Congressional duties, he spends his time with his family on his farm at Lawnfield, in Ohio, where he gathers health and strength in field-work and the superintendence of his employés. His residence there is altogether unpretending, but is the seat of a home-life at once beautiful and rich in all the elements of happiness. General Garfield has five living children, and his mother makes one of his happy household, still alert in body and mind.

Perhaps no man nominated for the Presidency since the election of John Quincy Adams has possessed broader or more thorough culture, greater attainments as a scholar in literature and in philosophy, or been better read in financial and political science and the science of government, than General Garfield. During his public career, he has utilized every moment of leisure in the direction of general culture. He is familiar with the best editions and translations of Horace, Virgil and Homer, and has an especial fondness for history and political literature. In his studies and reading he is methodical to a fault, clipping and putting away for reference and future use every striking thought and fact as to all subjects of real interest. As a result, he is always ready with apt quotations and timely citations; and undoubtedly much of his power as a debater lies in the thorough equipment of memory thus acquired.

Such is the story of a career which, if not absolutely great, has in it at least all the elements of romance, and is "decorated with the braveries" of a persistent purpose and a loyal fidelity to conscience which justly command wide appreciation.

We turn now to the rival candidate for the suffrages of the American people in the election close at hand.

Winfield Scott Hancock, the Democratic nominee for President, was born in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of February, 1824. He comes from sound Anglo-Saxon stock, the ancestral line on the maternal side leading back to the English and Welsh, and on the paternal, to the English, Irish and Scotch. His immediate ancestors were among the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania, and shared in all the hazards and privations which marked that period of our colonial history, being engaged in both the French and Indian wars, and participating with conspicuous gallantry in the Revolutionary struggle which had the Republic as its outcome.

His grandfather on his father's side was captured at sea, and being claimed as a British subject, was imprisoned for a time in England. His great-grandfather and grandfather on the mother's side served in the Continental armies, the former finally dying from exposure in the field. It is said of the grandfather, as illustrating his great strength and agility, that, although small of stature, he could leap over a horse, and cast a stone with ease across a ten-acre field.

The father, Benjamin Franklin Hancock, who was born in Philadelphia, became a soldier in 1812, when only sixteen years of age, going, with his shotgun on his shoulder, to Red Bank, on the banks of the Delaware, to co-operate in the operations against the British. Subsequently he returned to the field five times by re-enlistment.

The ancestral homestead of the Hancocks on the maternal side is situated about a mile from the railway village of Landsdale, and about twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia. The older and original portion of the house was erected in 1728, and to this an addition was built in 1761. This house is still standing, with the figures "1761" emblazoned on the gable. In this old homestead Winfield S. Hancock's grandfather died, at the ripe age of eighty-four, and here his father died before him. In the French-Indian wars the house was once attacked by Indians, in the absence of the males of the family, but the women, although driven to the attic, defended it with spirit, chopping the fingers of the savages with hatchets as they climbed the rude ladder in pursuit, and finally, with the assistance of some neighbors, who came to the rescue, repelled the assault after the building had been fired. At the time of his marriage, Benjamin Franklin Hancock lived in the family of John Roberts, Esq., at Montgomery Square, and it was in the house of Mr. Roberts that Winfield was born. This house is some three miles east of Landsdale, and is still a substantial, well-preserved structure. From this old mansion Hancock's parents removed, when he was but one year old, to a less pretentious residence, in which his father opened a school. Two years later, the family removed to Norristown, the county-seat, where the father combined the offices of teacher and lawyer, excelling in both capacities. Thus, as a boy, young Winfield grew up amid historic scenes, well calculated to impress his patriotic nature. Born within sight of Swede's Ford, where Washington crossed the Schuylkill in his Valley Forge campaign, he was reared hard by the battle-fields of the Paoli, Germantown and Brandywine, and so came to manhood in an atmosphere of the purest patriotism.

Young Hancock received his early education at the academy in Norristown, and seems to have been prominent among his fellows, having been chosen by them, when fifteen years of age, to read the Declaration of Independence at a county celebration of the Fourth of July. In 1840 he entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, his age being then sixteen years. Four years later he graduated as number eighteen, in a class which included Grant, McClellan, Burnside, Reynolds, Franklin, and others who afterward became distinguished. He was immediately appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry, and assigned to duty on the Western frontier, where, after some service, he was promoted to second lieutenant. The war with Mexico afforded him an opportunity to achieve distinction, and he did not permit it to pass unimproved. He participated with his regiment in that conflict, displaying conspicuous gallantry at San Antonio, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey and the City of Mexico. At the close of the war, he was awarded the brevet of first lieutenant "for gallant and meritorious conduct" on certain specified occasions. At Contreras and Cherubusco, in the language of the official report, he "behaved in the handsomest manner." He served for some years as adjutant, and was, in 1855, made Assistant Adjutant-General of the Department of the West. While located at St. Louis, he married a daughter of Mr. Samuel Russell, a leading merchant. At about the same time he was promoted to a captaincy. This was a distinguishing honor for a man only thirty-one years old. He served in Southern Florida during the Indian war of 1856–7, and then went to Kansas for delicate as well as active duty. His next service was in the military expedition to Utah, under Harney, and afterward he rode overland to California, where he was stationed for the next few years.

When, in 1861, the Confederates fired upon Fort Sumter, he at once took a decided stand for the Union, sending an immediate request to the Governor of Pennsylvania for assignment to a command of volunteers. At that time, California was torn by dissensions, the secession element being so formidable as to threaten to overmaster the loyal sentiment and isolate the State from the Union. Hancock threw himself into the contest, taking an active part in encouraging and organizing the loyal sentiment, and contributing largely to the rescue of the State from the suicidal course into which it had drifted.

Finally, being ordered to the East, he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers, and assigned to a command in General W. F. Smith's division of the Army of the Potomac, participating in the Peninsular campaign of 1862, commencing with the siege of Yorktown in the month of April. On the 5th of May, after the evacuation of Yorktown, he pursued the flying enemy, and on the same evening, with a detached command of his own brigade, an additional regiment of infantry and two batteries of artillery, by a skillful manœuvre, gained a position on the enemy's flank and rear, and by a brilliant forward movement compelled the Confederates to withdraw from the whole line of works at Williamsburg. For his gallantry on this occasion he was specially complimented in the dispatches of the Commanding General of the Army. Subsequent

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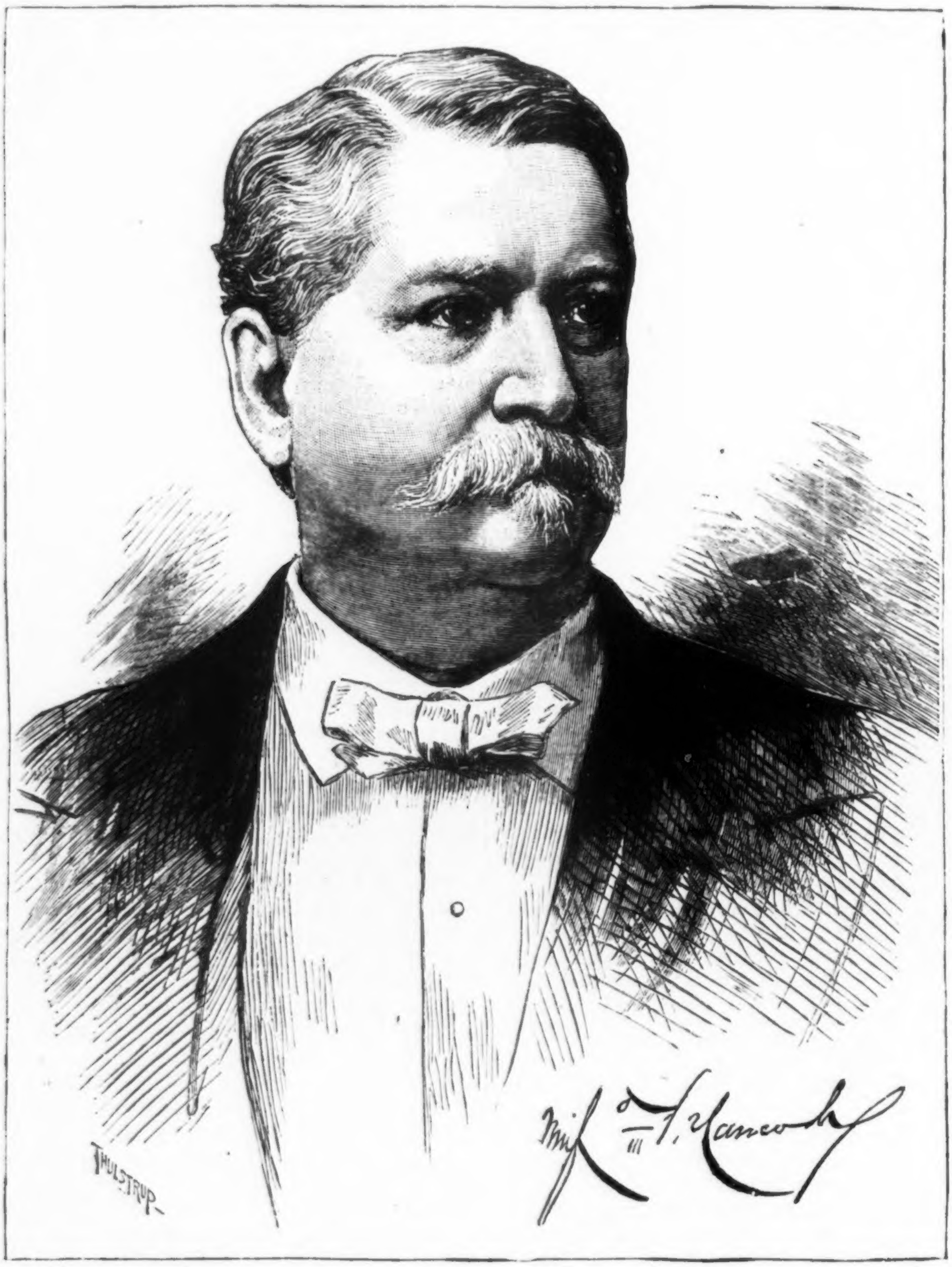
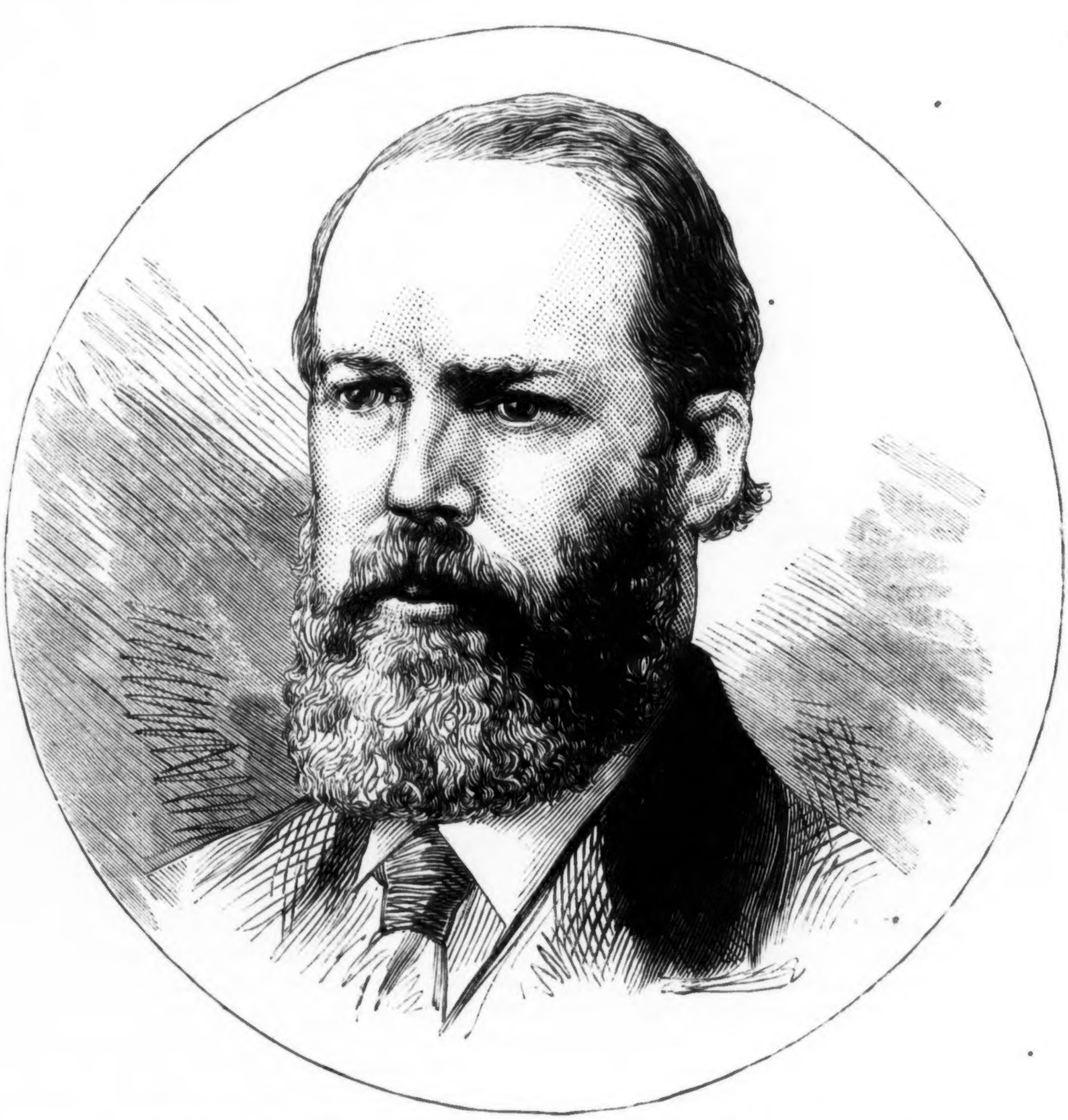
conspicuous services rendered at Golding's Farm, Garnett's Hill, White Oak Swamp and other engagements during the Seven Days' Fight, which closed with the victory at Malvern Hill, led the General-in-Chief to urge his promotion to major-general of volunteers; besides which, he was recommended for promotion, by brevet, as major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel in the regular army, for gallant and meritorious conduct in that campaign.



MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, U. S. A., DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.

In the Fall of 1862, after the return of the Army of the Potomac from the Peninsula, he took part in the movement on Centreville, Va. In the Maryland campaign of the same year, he commanded his brigade at Crampton's Pass, South Mountain, on the 14th of September. Three days afterward, on the battle-field of Antietam, he was placed in command of General Richardson's division when that gallant officer fell mortally wounded in that memorable action. In the November following, he was made a major-general of volunteers, and in December, in the first Fredericksburg battle, led his division in the assault on Marye's Heights, where his command suffered terribly, and he was himself slightly wounded, his uniform being perforated with bullets. At the battle of Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, where his division performed important service, covering the rear of the army as it moved from the field, he had his horse shot under him. In June following, he was placed in command of the Second Corps, and in the advance into Pennsylvania was directed to guard the rear of the Union forces. Reynolds was in advance, in command of three army corps, and after he had fallen on the first day, General Meade sent Hancock forward from Taneytown to take command of all our forces on the battlefield. Upon his arrival he checked the enemy's advance, and occupied the ground upon which the Army of the Potomac gained its greatest victory. This accomplished, he sent word back to General Meade that our position should be held, as, in his opinion, Gettysburg was the point where the great impending battle should be fought. In accordance with these suggestions, General Meade hurried forward all his forces. On the second day, Hancock commanded the left centre of our army, and reconstructed the line of battle pierced by the enemy in many places, so that at night our position stood intact as in the morning. But it was on the third day that he achieved the grandest performance of his whole career in repelling the terrific onset of General Longstreet. The enemy preceded the assault by an artillery attack of two hours and a half, during which 150 guns poured a continuous stream of shot and shell upon the left centre of our line. Under cover of this fire, Lee was concentrating and forming the flower of the Confederate army for the final assault, on the result of which depended the future hopes of the Confederacy. Amid this storm of shot and shell, General Hancock rode up and down his lines, inspiring confidence in his troops and preparing them to resist the infantry attack which he knew to be impending. Suddenly the cannonade of the enemy ceased, and Longstreet, with 18,000 men, came to the assault. Hancock had placed eighty guns in position, and as the enemy moved forward with magnificent courage, whole platoons were swept away by the murderous cannon-fire. Finally the assault was repulsed; but no more sanguinary and stubborn contest is recorded in the annals of the war than that which beat and flamed around Round Top and Cemetery Hill. Five thousand prisoners, thirty-seven stand of colors and many thousand stand of arms were among the immediate trophies of this victory, which is justly regarded as the turning-point of the war. Had the Confederates won at Gettysburg, it would not have been a fortnight before they would have watered their horses in the Delaware and occupied Harrisburg and Philadelphia.



HON. WILLIAM H. ENGLISH, OF INDIANA, DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

At the very moment of his triumph, Hancock fell desperately wounded in the thigh, but refused to leave the field. While lying on the ground on his line of battle, the enemy retreating in confusion, he sent an aide with the following message to General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac: "Tell General Meade," he said, "the troops under my command have repulsed the enemy's assault, and we have gained a great victory. The enemy is now flying in all directions in my front."

The officer who conveyed this message to General Meade added also that General Hancock was dangerously wounded. "Say to General Hancock," said General Meade, "that I am sorry he is wounded, and that I thank him, for the country and for myself, for the service he has rendered to-day." By a joint resolution of Congress, General Hancock received the unanimous thanks of that body for his "gallant, meritorious and conspicuous share in that great and decisive victory" at Gettysburg.

Disqualified by his wound for active duty, General Hancock remained at his home until the following December, when he reported at Washington, and was for a time employed on recruiting service. In March, 1864, he returned to the field, and with his command, now numbering 30,000 men, participated in the Battle of the Wilderness; where, at the crisis of the fight, he led an assault which recovered the line from which our forces had been driven, and compelled the enemy to retire. On the 10th of May he commanded the Second and Fifth Corps at the Battle of the Po. On the 12th, the Second Corps, after a midnight march, pounced upon the enemy's fortified position near Spottsylvania Court House, in a dense fog, at the hour of daylight in the morning. Hancock commanded his corps in this renowned assault, by which he captured the enemy's works, nearly 5,000 prisoners, 20 pieces of artillery, more than 30 colors, several thousand stand of small arms, and other paraphernalia of war. He again assaulted the enemy's position in front of Spottsylvania, May 18th, and on the 19th successfully repulsed an attack made upon one of his divisions by Ewell's Corps. He was an active participant in the engagements at North Anna, Tolopotomy and Cold Harbor, and in the earlier and later operations of the army near Petersburg that year.

Meanwhile, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in the regular army. On the 27th of July, 1864, he crossed to Deep Bottom, on the north bank of the James River, and in conjunction with Sheridan's cavalry he attacked and carried a portion of the enemy's works, capturing, among other trophies, four pieces of artillery. Subsequently he attacked the enemy at Deep Bottom in the Sheridan manœuvre, was before Petersburg in July, and led the advance up the James River, fighting the battles of Ream's Station, where a horse was shot under him, and of Boydton Road, where he captured a thousand prisoners and several stand of colors.

At the request of Secretary Stanton, and by order of the President, he was then ordered to Washington to recruit and command an army corps of veterans, to consist of 50,000 men. While the recruiting was in progress, he was once more summoned to the front, and assigned to the command of the Middle Military Division, with headquarters at Winchester, Va. This command included the Department of West Virginia, the Department of Pennsylvania, and the Army of the Shenandoah. A movable force of 35,000 men of all arms was at once organized for the purpose of moving upon Lynchburg in case Lee should retreat to that point, or to embark on transports to join General Sherman on the Southern seacoast in case Lee should fall back on Danville; but the surrender of Lee and the capture of Richmond removed the necessity for any such contemplated movements.

Having been already breveted major-general in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services at Spottsylvania, he was afterward promoted to the full rank of major-general for the brilliant part he bore in the War of the Rebellion.

After serving for a time in command of the Middle Department, with headquarters at Baltimore, he was, in July, 1866, ordered to the Department of Missouri, where he conducted several campaigns against the Indians. In August, 1867, General Sheridan was removed by President Johnson from the command of the Fifth Military District, comprising Louisiana and Texas, and General Hancock was sent to that Department. This was the period of reconstruction, and society in the Gulf States was practically disorganized. Congress had enacted laws looking to the maintenance of order and the rehabilitation of the States upon the basis of loyalty to the Federal authority. These laws invested the military with almost supreme powers, and General Sheridan had used these powers with rigor and severity. It cannot be said that he exceeded his authority, or that he misconceived the spirit of the laws under which he acted; but President Johnson believed that a more moderate policy was desirable; and General Hancock, selected for the post in opposition to his own wishes, was expected, in his new command, to reflect the opinions of the Executive so far as he could lawfully do so. Upon assuming charge in November, 1867, he issued a general order, in which he announced the doctrine of the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and intimated a determination to use, as to all questions affecting the rights and interests of citizens, the constituted course of civil methods, rather than the military power lodged in his hands. His precise language was:

> "The General commanding is gratified to learn that peace and quiet reign in this Department. It will be his purpose to preserve this condition of things. As a means to this great end he regards the maintenance of the civil authorities in the faithful execution of the laws as the most efficient under existing circumstances. In war it is indispensable to repel force by force, and overthrow and destroy opposition to lawful authority. But when insurrectionary force has been overthrown and peace established, and the civil authorities are ready and willing to perform their duties, the military power should cease to lead, and the civil administration resume its natural and rightful dominion. Solemnly impressed with these views, the General announces that the great principles of American liberty are still the lawful inheritance of this people, and ever should be. The right of trial by jury, the habeas corpus, the liberty of the press, the freedom of speech, the natural rights of persons and the rights of property, must be preserved. Free institutions, while they are essential to the prosperity and happiness of the people, always furnish the strongest inducements to peace and order. Crimes and offenses committed in this district must be referred to the consideration and judgment of the regular civil tribunals, and those tribunals will be supported in their lawful jurisdiction. While the General thus indicates his purpose to respect the liberties of the people, he wishes all to understand that armed insurrection or forcible resistance to the law will be instantly suppressed by arms."

The sentiments here expressed governed General Hancock's administration of the Fifth District from first to last. He refused to organize military commissions to supplant the judiciary of the State, and avoided all military interference with the administration of civil affairs. He revoked an order issued by General Sheridan which prohibited any person who had borne arms against the Government from serving on juries, and nullified also another order which excluded Confederates from registration as voters. These orders naturally provoked some hostility. Governor Pease, who had been appointed by the Federal authorities as head of the civil administration in Texas, strongly objected to General Hancock's orders; but the latter declared in reply that, in his opinion, Texas had a local State government and local laws, not in conflict with the Acts of Congress, which were competent to the protection of all the rights of citizens, the maintenance of order, and the suppression of crime; and to these laws he preferred to bow rather than to set up any code of his own. And in this purpose he persisted until he was relieved in March, 1868.

There has always been, and is now, a difference of opinion among his countrymen as to the propriety and timeliness of the policy which General Hancock thus enforced. On the one hand, it is maintained that this policy endangered the whole process of safe and healthful reconstruction; that the attitude of a majority of the population in both Texas and Louisiana was still one of open hostility, constituting a perpetual menace to the public peace; that the civil authorities—the courts, especially—being in sympathy with this sentiment of hostility, the punishment of offenses against the Nation and the rights and persons of loyalists was made practically impossible—that, in a word, the benefits of the Union triumph, secured at infinite cost of blood and treasure, were, by General Hancock's course, to a great extent placed in actual jeopardy, and a defiantly disloyal element encouraged to aspire to practical control in the State. Possibly there is something of truth in this insistment. It is to be remembered that the condition of affairs was exceptional and abnormal, and that while, in an ordinary condition of facts and in a state of peace, the supension of the civil by the military authority would not have been admissible, such a proceeding, under the circumstances then existing as the outcome of revolt and war, took on the form of a measure of self-preservation, and was entirely within the rightful power of the Government until such time as the political autonomy of the State was completely restored.

But, on the other hand, it is insisted that the substitution, indefinitely, of the military for the civil authority, and the suspension of ordinary methods of administration, after hostilities had ceased and the revolted communities had laid down their arms as belligerents, was calculated to keep alive, unnecessarily, warlike passions and sectional animosities, and so aggravate the difficulties of a speedy and wholesome restoration of the States to the exercise and enjoyment of their normal functions. Those who hold this view allege, as to Texas, that the State Government had been organized in subordination to the authority of the Government of the United States, and was in the full exercise of its proper powers; and that, therefore, the military authority could properly intervene for the punishment of offenses against the laws only in the extraordinary event that the local civil tribunals were unwilling or unable to enforce the laws against crime and criminals. Whatever may be the exact truth in the premises, there can be no doubt that General Hancock's action was throughout entirely conscientious and inspired by patriotic motives.

General William Howard Quinn, who held the important and confidential position of attorney at General Hancock's headquarters in New Orleans, has testified in the most emphatic terms to the integrity of the motives and intentions of his commander. He says: "When I reported for duty in December, 1867, cases of nearly every description, and some very serious ones, arose in the wide territory under General Hancock's command. The evidence in regard to these was collated under his immediate eye, and was then sent to my office for examination, and a written opinion being prepared, was, with the evidence, transmitted to General Hancock for his final decision. I was thus constantly brought into close official relations with General Hancock; I saw the minute and rigid investigation which public business received from him, heard his views on local and national government, the wants of the impoverished South, the true principles of constitutional liberty, the superiority of the civil over military power, the sacred writ of habeas corpus, the vital necessity of the union of the States and the cultivation of fraternal kindness among the people of all sections; and it gives me the highest satisfaction to declare that they were the views of a man of the purest honor, great intelligence and courage, a patriot and a statesman. They were above all party, all sectional, all personal consideration; absolutely free from selfishness or ambition."

Upon being relieved of the command at New Orleans, General Hancock was assigned to the Military Division of the Atlantic, which, with the exception of three years' command of the Division of Dakota, he has since retained, with headquarters at New York. In the National Democratic Convention of 1868, he received 114½ votes for the Presidential nomination, and in 1872 was again named in connection with the same high position. In 1876, on the first informal ballot in the National Convention, he received 72 votes, and was third on the list of nominees. In the Convention held at Cincinnati in June last, he was nominated as the party candidate, by a practically unanimous vote, on the second ballot.

General Hancock's married life has been eminently a happy one. His wife, educated at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, at St. Louis, is a member of the Unitarian Church, and a lady of culture and marked force of character. Two children only have blessed their union, one of whom—a son, twenty-five years of age—is a planter in Mississippi. General Hancock himself inclines to the Protestant Episcopal faith, but is not a member of any church. He is in every respect a model husband and parent, and finds the chief enjoyments of life in the affection and kindly ministries of the home circle. Perhaps he enjoys these all the more keenly for the reason that his soldierly career has so often isolated him from them. But their influence, we may be sure, has followed him into all the tumultuous scenes through which he has passed, and he has been the better soldier and grander man, because at all times panoplied in tender memories of a home in which every noble aspiration has been loyally stimulated and encouraged.

In his personal appearance, General Hancock is tall and herculean; his face is oval, the expressive forehead swept by a wave of yellow hair, slightly tinged with white, and worn full behind the shapely head; his eyes are soft and expressive, and when interested are keen and sharp; his nose is delicately chiseled, and his mouth concealed beneath a tufted tawny mustache. His manners are genial and winning; and perhaps no man in the army is more widely popular, or more really liked by his associates.

The career of General Hancock, as is plain from this outline of it, has nothing in common, except in its tendencies and results, with that of General Garfield. Both have contemplated the conservation of the best and highest interests of the country; but their incidents have been in no sense analogous. The life of General Hancock has been fuller of storm and peril, and has dealt much more largely with the physical forces in the assertion of which law is upheld and civilization promoted, than that of his antagonist. He has had to do with men, their use and control; with battles and exigencies and crises which involved the liberties of the people and the life of the nation; with the hard and pitiless conditions of frontier service, in which prudence, skill and the highest qualities of command are peculiarly essential.

General Garfield, on the other hand, has dealt with the problems of statesmanship, with questions of polity vitally affecting the welfare of the people and the influence and standing of the country in the sisterhood of nations; with all that variety of subjects which, in one form and another, lie within the scope and domain of the law-making power. Hancock is not a statesman; he has no acquaintance with the broader methods of civic administration; he is not

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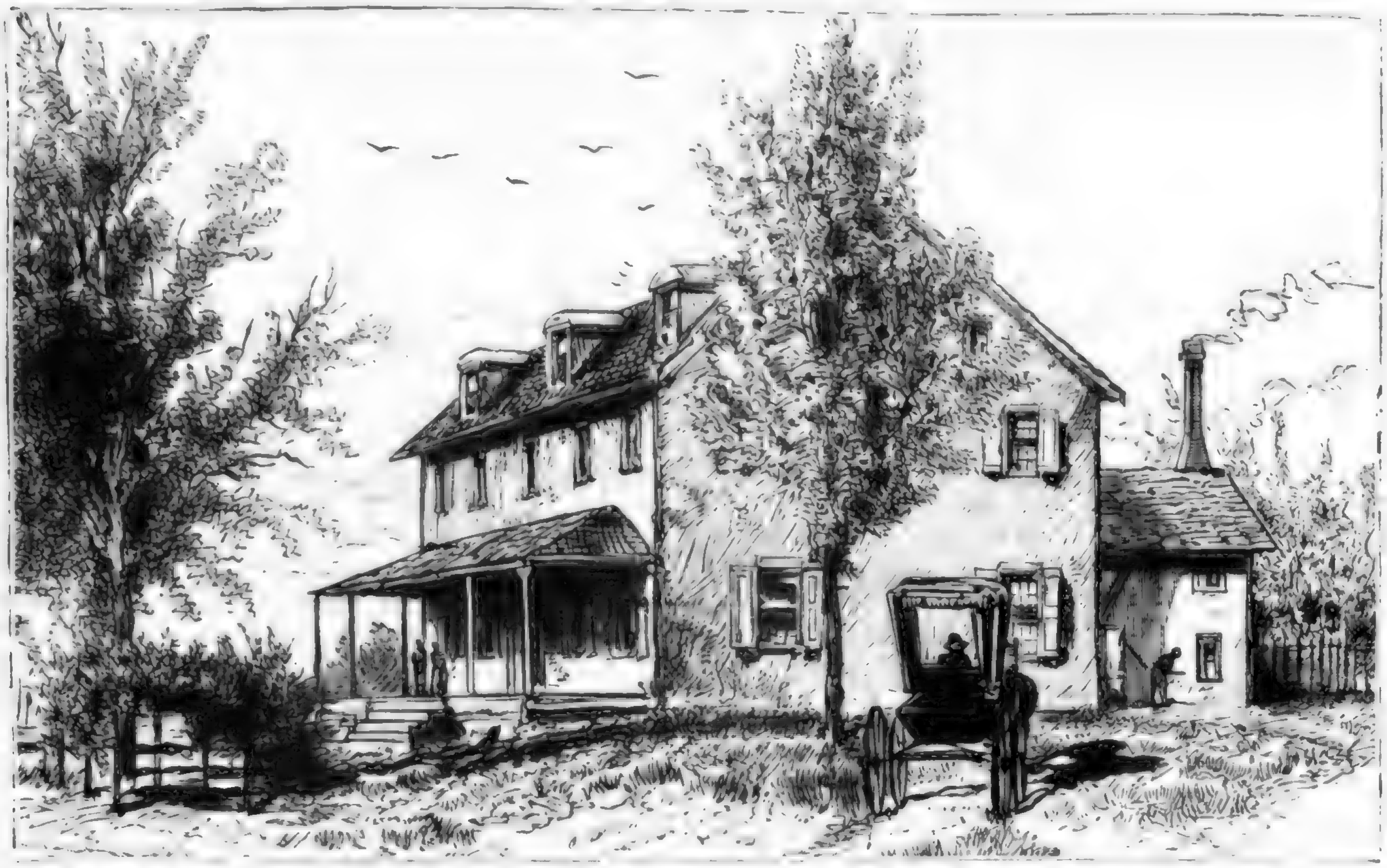
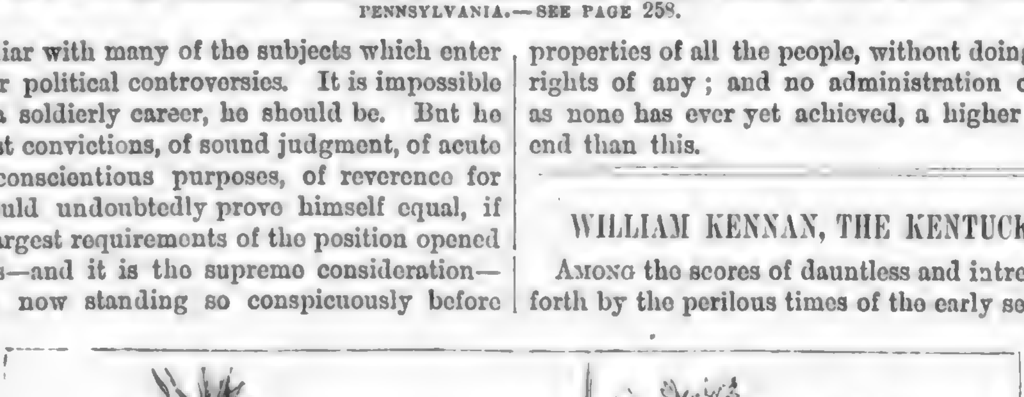


THE CAMPAIGN OF 1880.—THE ANCESTRAL HOMESTEAD AND BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, NEAR LANSDALE, PENNSYLVANIA.—SEE PAGE 258.

practically familiar with many of the subjects which enter as issues into our political controversies. It is impossible that, pursuing a soldierly career, he should be. But he is a man of robust convictions, of sound judgment, of acute perception, of conscientious purposes, of reverence for law, and he would undoubtedly prove himself equal, if elected, to the largest requirements of the position opened to him. In this—and it is the supreme consideration—these two men, now standing so conspicuously before the country, are equal; both are honestly patriotic and loyal; both have won their way by the exercise of genuinely manly qualities; both are men of pure lives and lofty aims, and both, while occupying radically different spheres, testing radically different forms of capacity, are admittedly able. In the hands of either, the Government will be administered so as to secure the persons and properties of all the people, without doing violence to the rights of any; and no administration can contemplate, as none has ever yet achieved, a higher or more worthy end than this.



THE MATERNAL HOMESTEAD OF GENERAL HANCOCK.

WILLIAM KENNAN, THE KENTUCKY RANGER.

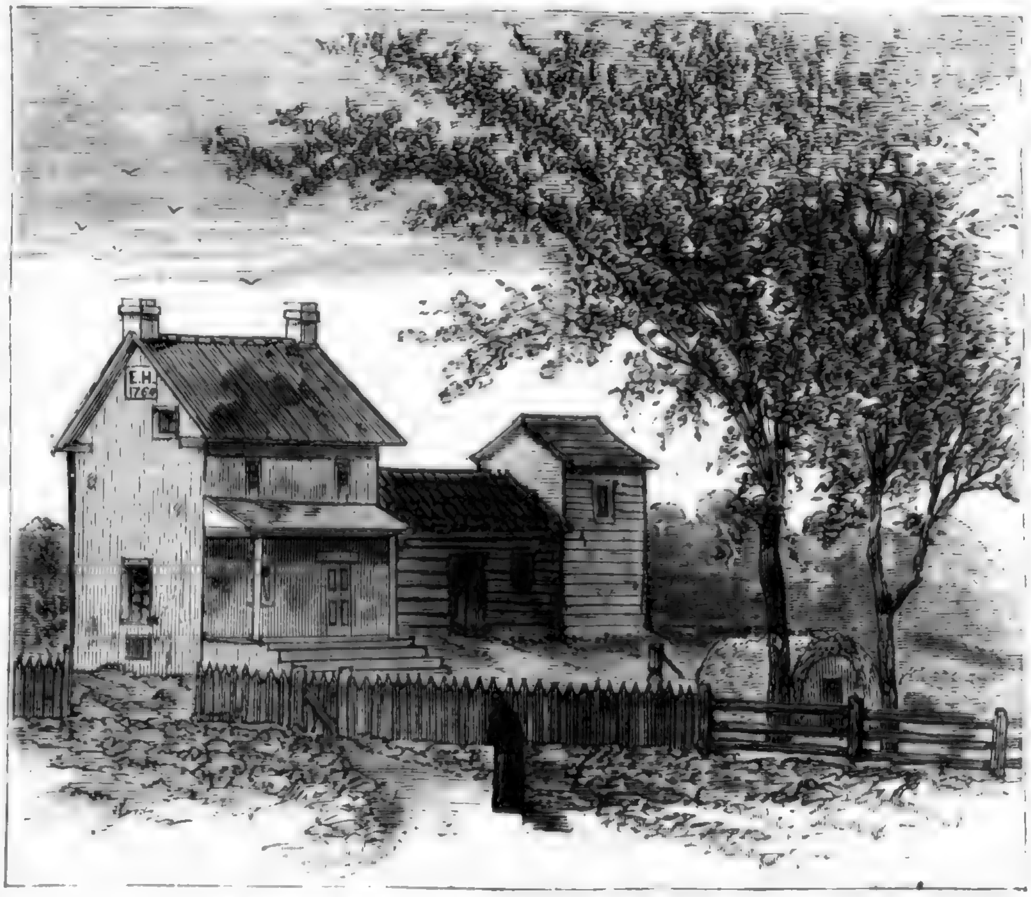
AMONG the scores of dauntless and intrepid spirits called forth by the perilous times of the early settlements in the West, that of William Kennan stands prominent. Though, perhaps, not so generally known at this day as Kenton, Boone and the Whetzel brothers, yet the exploits performed by him are inferior in no respect to the most celebrated ones of the latter. On St. Clair's unfortunate expedition against the Western Indians, William Kennan, the hero of this sketch, accompanied the army. Like his brother Kentuckians, he was disgusted and chagrined at the delay of the commanding general, and, like a ranger, he did not scruple to express his feelings.

"The idea of crawling through the woods like this—plodding along so as to give the varmints all the time they want to get ready! We'll catch it before long, my word for it."

Still, he was under the orders of his superiors, and he did not consider that the right of desertion belonged to him, no matter how palpable the blunders of his general might be.

Kennan was noted throughout the army for his activity and fleetness. During the march he had frequent opportunities of displaying his skill in this direction, and it was universally conceded that he was, by all odds, the swiftest runner in the army. More than one trial of skill took place, and on no occasion did he fail to distance all competitors with the greatest ease. On the evening preceding the action, his corps was advanced in front of the first line of infantry, their duty being to watch the Indians and give seasonable warning of their approach.

He maintained this position all through the night, so close to the savages that, in spite of their stealth and caution, he detected their presence and movements. Still, as they did not attempt an advance, he did not deem it best to alarm the camp, although he admonished his companions that their peril was imminent, and an assault might be made at any moment.



THE HANCOCK MATERNAL HOMESTEAD AS IT APPEARED IN 1764.

The night wore gradually away, and as the day dawned he caught sight of his enemies. The second glimpse showed him about thirty Indians, within a hundred yards of the guard-fire, advancing steadily toward the spot where he stood, in company with about twenty other rangers, the rest being considerably in the rear.

Here was an occasion which the ranger could not allow to pass unimproved. He believed that they were members of a party, or were, rather, a small party detached from the main body, seeking a collision with his own band. The disparity of numbers was not great, and he concluded at once that a "brush" was to take place between the two.

Instead of retreating, therefore, Kennan sprang forward several yards, so as to secure the shelter of a spot of peculiarly rank grass. Here he discharged his gun at the foremost savage, and then dropped flat upon his face in order to reload.

It never occurred to the ranger that his companions would refuse to stand their ground, and, consequently, he did not look behind him to see what they were doing; but, as it proved, the Indians poured forward in such overwhelming numbers that the rangers concluded it the part of discretion to avoid an encounter, and they accordingly turned and ran.

Still young Kennan was in total ignorance of their flight, and he would assuredly have been slain had not the captain of the company observed the dilemma in which he had unconsciously placed himself. This latter, as he turned to flee, shouted:

"Run, Kennan, or you are a dead man!"

The ranger instantly sprang to his feet, and beheld the Indians within five yards of him, while the nearest member of his company was several hundred feet away, and speeding for dear life.

He was thus placed between two fires, so close to his enemies that a single bound of one of them would have brought the two in collision had he waited a single second longer. But he did not hesitate the second.

Making one tremendous leap, he sprang toward his companions, while a dozen Indians, with exultant yells, followed hard after him. Now was the chance to display his fleetness; now was the time to show his activity; here was the opportunity for a test of skill, for his life depended upon his success.

It need not be said that Kennan did his utmost. He exerted his strength as he had never done before, and ran as does the frightened antelope when pursued by the hunters. Over brush and fallen trees and stones he went with the speed of the wind, while close behind him, with brandished tomahawks, came the whole yelling pack.

Some of the most extraordinary runners in the world are found among the American Indians. Brought up from infancy to the chase, their highest ambition being to excel as warriors and hunters, lithe and muscular, it could not be otherwise than that they should attain great perfection in this particular.

Kennan was not long in finding that he had worthy competitors, nor were the savages long in discovering that they were in pursuit of no ordinary character, and very likely that was the reason why they redoubled their exertions.

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It was no child's play, and Kennan never for a second forgot that the stake for which he was running was his life. He sped straight toward the ford of the stream which lay between him and the army; but as he did so numerous Indians sprang up in front of him, continually diverting his course, until, seeing that unless he was careful, he would find himself inextricably entangled among his foes, he made a sharp turn to the right, in the hope of throwing all behind him.

In this he succeeded, but by no means placed himself beyond danger.

Indians sprang up in every direction, as if cast up by the very earth. At any moment they could have brought him down by means of a shot from their guns, but they evidently saw that he was a prize, and considering him sure to be captured, bent all their efforts toward doing so.

Kennan saw that his great speed was throwing him in advance of all his foes, with the exception of a single Indian, who showed the same marvelous swiftness and perseverance as himself. The distance between these two was some five or six yards, and it seemed not to vary a single inch. Straining himself to the last tension, Kennan could not increase this, nor, on the other hand, could the savage diminish it.

The astonishing velocity of these two soon threw the others out of the ring, and the contest became one of speed between the two. As the other pursuers drew off they were left alone, and each threw his whole soul into the effort.

As the Indian ran he held his tomahawk aloft, ready to hurl it so soon as he should think best, and the fugitive kept continually glancing back, so as to be ready to dodge the dreaded missile. Finding, at length, that they were so far removed from the others that there was a chance of settling the matter without fear of disturbance, Kennan concluded to give his adversary a taste of his mettle.

Accordingly he slackened his pace and reached down to draw his knife. To his astonishment it was gone! He was without a weapon of any kind!

Kennan's hair fairly rose on end as he made this startling discovery, and he saw that his only chance lay in distancing his pursuer. The cessation of speed caused by his feeling for his knife lessened the distance between the two, and the Indian was almost upon him; but the sudden shock of the discovery gave such an impetus to his flight that he bounded forward with still greater speed, and opened the space a yard or more.

It again settled into a dead run, but the ranger had the duty of watching the actions of his pursuer, that he might be prepared for the tomahawk when it should be sent whizzing after him. In this manner he followed the fashion of the renowned Captain John Smith, who paid more heed to his pursuers than he did to his footsteps.

And it thus happened that all at once he found himself in front of a large tree which had been blown down, and upon which brush and other impediments were heaped to a height of some eight or ten feet.

The Indian, who heretofore had maintained the grim silence of inevitable fate, now gave utterance to several sharp yells, for he was sure of his victim. A turn to the right or left would precipitate a collision, while the obstruction in front was too great for any living man to think of clearing.

Kennan did not think he could do it, but there was no escaping the trial. Summoning all that vast reserve of strength which we sometimes find at our command in the moment of dire peril, he bounded into the air, and, clearing trunk, roots, limbs and brush, alighted in perfect safety upon the other side.

A shout of amazement burst from the whole band of pursuers who had witnessed the astonishing feat, and not one of them attempted to repeat it.

Kennan had achieved a great feat, but he was given little opportunity to enjoy his triumph. Running down the high bank of the creek, he hurriedly ascended it until he reached a shallow portion, when he plunged in and dashed across. Taking a circuitous route, he reached the camp, panting and exhausted, for his remarkable race, by means of the doublings and turnings to which he had been compelled to resort, had extended about a quarter of a mile.

He had scarcely reached camp when the sharp crack of musketry and the shouts of the Indians announced the commencement of battle. In a few moments it raged along the line, and continued with unabated fury for over three hours.

When defeat was insured and St. Clair ordered a retreat, Kennan found himself attached to Major Clark's battalion, to which was assigned the dangerous duty of protecting the rear of the fleeing army. The retreat was scarcely begun, when Major Clark was recognized by several Indians, who riddled him with balls. His fall became instantly known to the whole battalion, and a panic was the result. They whose duty it was to remain calm and unmoved during the dreadful tumult became crazy with fear, and each man turned to shift for himself.

The natural result followed. The exulting Indians dashed in among them, and raged without opposition. There were individual acts of heroism, but they could avail nothing under the circumstances. The savages were a compact and overwhelming mass, led by the renowned Little Turtle, and they maintained their organization intact, and followed up their assault with such amazing ferocity, that the affrighted Americans had no time to recover from their surprise. An officer had scarcely time to raise his sword above his head and give the rallying word, when the Indian sharpshooters descried him, and pierced him through and through with their deadly bullets.

The men, having had their attention drawn to their leaders, and then seeing them shot down, were hopelessly stricken with panic, beyond all possibility of saving. As we have already remarked, the retreat turned into a rout, and the rout very speedily became a general massacre.

When the massacre began, and every man saw that, under heaven, his only chance of safety lay in his individual prowess, Kennan found himself in the rear of his battalion, directly in the midst of danger. He saw that *his* only chance lay in his fleetness, and he again resorted to flight. In a few minutes he placed himself at the head of his battalion, his great speed enabling him to pass several horsemen in his flight.

He was running along in this manner, when he heard his name called, and turning his head, saw an intimate friend lying upon the ground, badly wounded.

"What is the matter?" he asked, pausing a moment. "Why don't you get up and run?"

"Oh, Kennan, my thigh is broken, and I cannot stand! Do not leave me here to be butchered."

"What can I do?"

"Take me on your back, and then you can outrun any of us."

"Well, I will do the best I can."

He helped the poor fellow up, and throwing his arms around his neck, he started off again.

Unfortunately it happened at this juncture that the pursuit, from some cause or other, received an extraordinary impetus, and Kennan found himself pursued by half a dozen Indians, who had singled him out as their special prey. Notwithstanding all this, Kennan ran several hundred yards with his burden, when he found he had undertaken an impossible task.

His foes were gaining steadily upon him, and the matter resolved itself into the simple question, whether he should let his friend go, and save himself, or perish with him? Under any circumstances the wounded soldier was doomed, and Kennan therefore told him to unloose his grasp upon him, that he might have a chance of saving himself; but the man, with the instinct of self-preservation, clung only the more tenaciously. Kennan again besought him to let go, but he held on more convulsively than ever, until the hunter, finding his peril increasing each moment, drew his knife and cut his fingers.

The poor fellow rolled helplessly to the ground, and was tomahawked ere Kennan had gone thirty yards. The latter, relieved of his burden, darted ahead with renewed velocity, and soon again placed himself in the van.

Some distance further on Kennan saw a subaltern, pale and exhausted, sitting upon a log and calmly awaiting the approach of death. Our hero hastily accosted him, and inquired the cause of his delay. He pointed to a wound which was bleeding profusely, and replied that he was unable to walk further and had no horse.

Kennan instantly darted off to a spot where he saw a horse grazing, caught him without difficulty, and assisted his friend upon him. He then ran beside him until he was beyond all danger. Shortly after the Indians withdrew to devote themselves to the plunder of the camp, and the two effected their escape. But Kennan never recovered from the terrible exertions he was compelled to use upon this occasion. The effects lasted until the day of his death.

The young man saved through Kennan's kindness afterward became Governor Madison, of Kentucky. Never did he forget his friend in need; and, when oppressed with the cares of State, he was glad to take the honest old hunter by the hand, and give him a right warm welcome to his house and fireside.

SOME GOSSIPING PAPERS.

SUNSHINE IN MAY FAIR.

By Aunt Fanny (Mrs. Barrow).

It was early Summer in London; long, lovely days, all blue and gold; an atmospheric glory inconceivable to those who have been taught to believe that a great pall of fog and smoke hangs for ever over the huge city, with mayhap a trickle of sun shining through a rift here and there on fortunate days.

Even the air is sweet in the wide, well-swept streets of May Fair, where tiled boxes filled with blooms are in every window; and, should you wend your way to the flower-stands in Covent Garden Market, where lie in delicious profusion hyacinth-bells, jonquils, roses and daphnes, the honeyed perfume and brilliant sunshine would make you wonder why your mind-picture of London should ever have been pervaded by a permanent, ill-scented and gruesome fog.

We are staying at the Langham Hotel, which stands like a great sentinel at the head of Portland Place. In the corridors and on the stairs I often meet and chat a little with "Ouida," a small, fair-haired, gentle-looking woman, always followed by a grand, beautiful, tawny St. Bernard dog. The author of "Puck," "Under Two Flags," "Moths," and many other sensational romances, lived with her mother and the great dog in this hotel. She is an intense, untiring student of human nature in all its forms. She goes fearlessly through the lowest, the most vicious slums of London, safely guarded by her trusty St. Bernard, gathering from the wild, hideous, ragged squalor of the wretches crowded together there the terrible pen-pictures in her books, which serve, by their violent contrasts, to heighten her roseate descriptions of sensuous luxury.

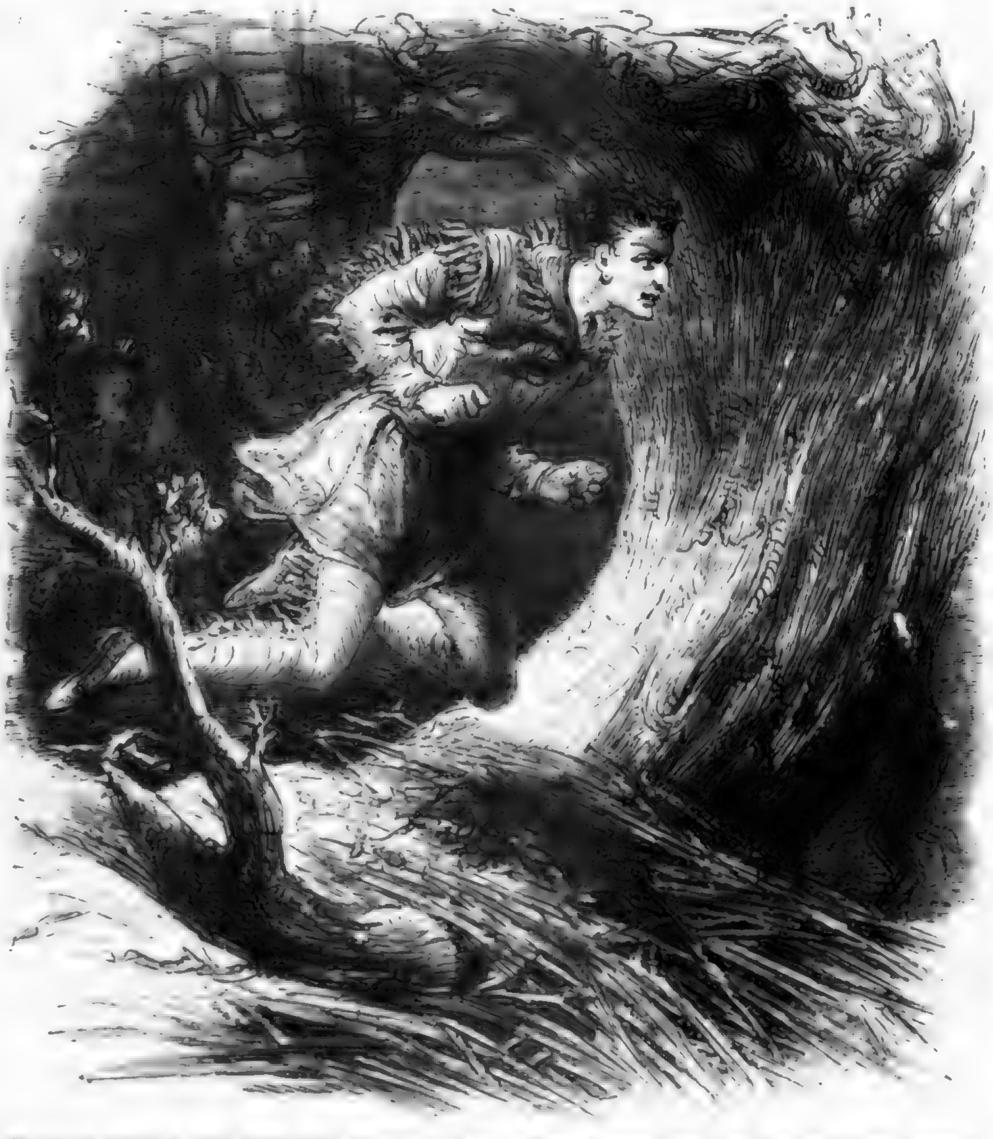
There are always many Americans at the Langham, which was built expressly for us of the United States. It has a superb drawing-room for general rendezvous, a thing almost unknown in other English or European hotels. The Langham was managed at this time by Colonel Sanderson, an American, well known in New York City as a former manager of the New York Hotel. He was a genial, pleasant man, and his cheery welcome to his countrymen and countrywomen gave the hotel an attractive, home-like aspect. But many English people also stop at the Langham, and seem to find amusement in studying our manners and customs.

Being an enterprising little "Yankee," and given to experimenting in the pursuit of knowledge, I ventured, one morning, to inquire the time, of a bluff, bald, rosy-faced old parson. He was kind enough to give it to me, and asked me a question in return. Upon this, I beamed upon him so cunningly and cleverly (*gushing*, in American fashion, would have ruined everything) that before the week was out we began to be "awfully jolly" together. That is, he learned my name, told me his, introduced me to his cheery old wife, who wore a fine jet-black wig, and informed me that he was the incumbent of two rich livings, in which two nice young curates "did the duty, you know." They played croquet with the ladies and dutifully read the Bible, and carried red-flannel petticoats to all the croaking poor old women in the parishes who had the rheumatism. On Sundays they (the curates) preached mild little fifteen-minute sermons; and, in short, they relieved the rector of all parochial work, leaving him free to travel, and visit such of his friends as held out hunting and shooting attractions. His wife told me that the jolly old fellow could "ride to cover with the best of them." And the blithe old couple always came up to London in the season, staying at the Langham, because "the Americans are so extraordinarily odd and amusing, you know."

"To be happy, you must be good," say the copy-books. My old parson was thoroughly good, I am certain, for he seemed so perfectly happy; and his wife was to him as a looking-glass. She reflected all his broad smiles and droll grimaces; she repeated the winks of his wide blue eyes, and the points of his jokes, with the fidelity of a Chinese; while both laughed with jovial hilarity at my stories about my own country, and sometimes good-humoredly at me. There was but one possible cloud to all this sunshine. This good, happy parson confided to me that the curate he liked the most had an elder brother who was very ill, and would probably die. Then the curate would become Sir Somebody Something, and give up his curacy. "And won't it be an awfully tiresome bore, you know, to have to get another," he groaned, with a slow shake of his head from right to left.

Indorsed, as to respectability, by the notice of the clergyman, I was saluted one day by a buxom, square-built little woman, with a rosy, beautiful face. I had observed that her husband—a tall, burly, deep-chested, typical John Bull—left her alone the most of the time; and, in a kindly-affectioned, one-to-another spirit, I gladly encouraged this approach toward acquaintanceship. They lived "on their place in Kent," and had come up to consult "my papa, the banker," about some business. Intent upon learning all I could of the inner life of the English, I cultivated my new acquisition, who smiled and bloomed upon me in a deliciously patronizing way, persuading herself, by some droll hocus-pocus of her own, that I was an American savage, just learning civilization. So she obligingly took me to church, together with an infinitesimal prayer-book and an immense *vinaigrette*, and glared astonished when she found that I could follow the service. As I listened to her sweet English voice, responding with mellow cadences through our grand Litany and to the Commandments, I could not help wondering how it came to pass that her "papa, the banker," had so neglected her education; for that sweet voice, when she had to speak words of her own choosing, gave utterance to the drollest blunders.

She asked her husband if he had bought "the jemidon of brandy"—meaning the "demijohn"—and the big fellow declared, with a roar of laughter, that she had informed him that she was making "merryandrews" of some things I had told her which she wished to remember—meaning "memorandums."



WILLIAM KENNAN, THE KENTUCKY RANGER.—"HE BOUNDED INTO THE AIR, AND, CLEARING TRUNK, ROOTS, LIMBS, AND BRUSH, ALIGHTED ON THE OTHER SIDE."—SEE PAGE 260.

One evening we made up a party for the theatre. As my buxom friend was stepping into a cab at the door, the fiddle-headed horse started suddenly, and threw her down, luckily without hurting her, but giving us just a glimpse of a pair of very beautifully shaped legs. (I am writing now in English of the English.) To console her for her fall I said, in my American way, as we drove off:

"A woman with such exquisitely turned ankles ought not to mind if they are exhibited accidentally."

"Oh, thanks!" she laughed. "Talking of legs, did you ever hear of Madame Vestris?"

"Oh, yes," I answered.

"Did you, really, now? And did you know that Madame Vestris was a famous dancer, and had very beautiful legs?"

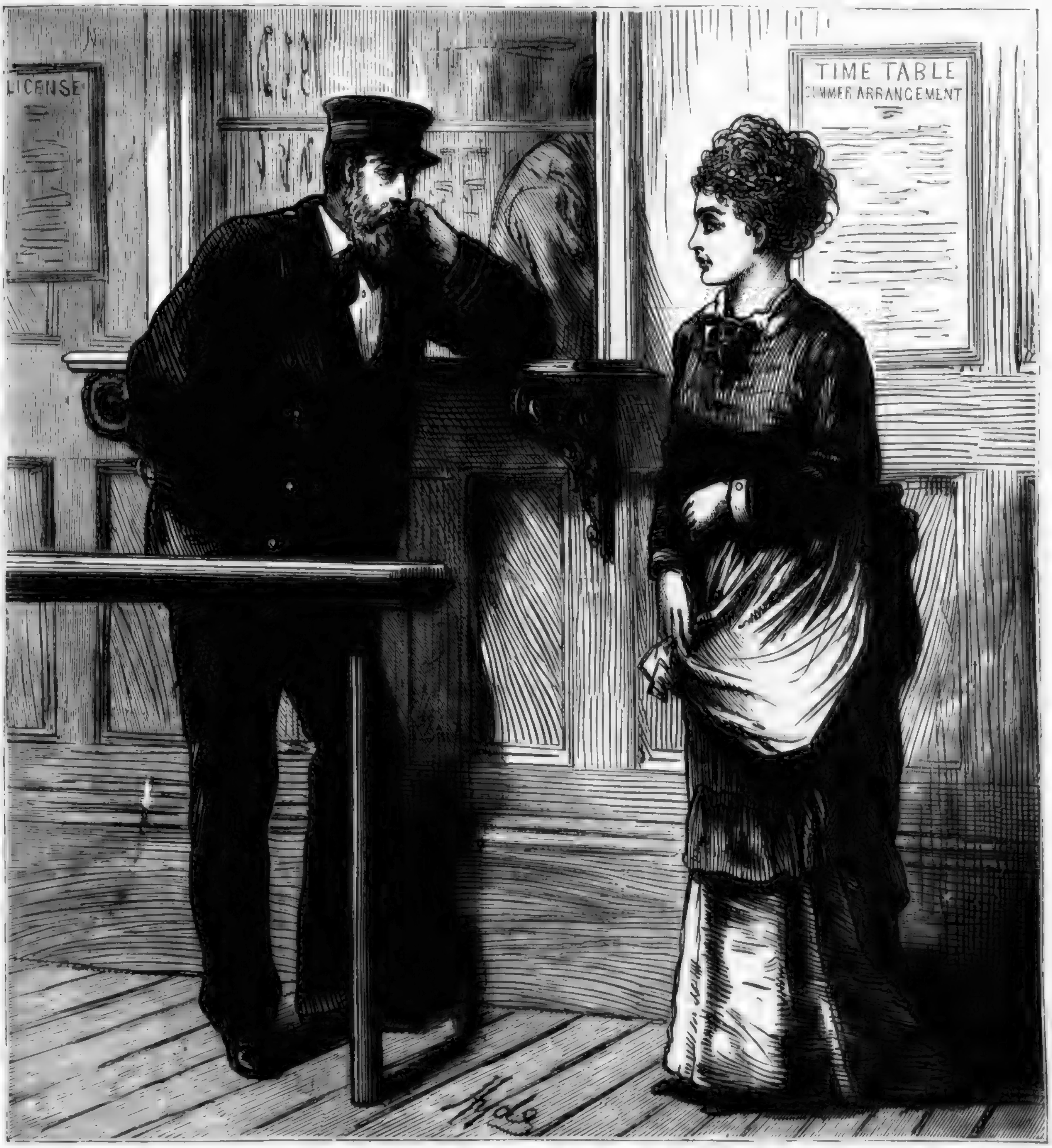
"Yes, I know that, also," I returned.

"Really? Well, they were the loveliest legs imaginable, so lovely that she was continually having busts taken of them. The poor creature had a great many executions in her house, and at the auction sales those lovely busts of her legs sold for higher prices than any thing else that was offered."

What I suffered from suppressed risibilities at this unique anecdote is past telling, but when I was safely in my room that night the busts of poor Madame Vestris's legs received an ovation of laughter loud and long.

Within a stone's throw of the Langham is Cavendish Square, on one side of which is the mansion of the Duke of Portland, lately deceased. The duke was a great invalid, and was never seen outside of his house. The only exercise he took was in his garden, which is very large, running through to Henrietta Street in an L shape. To insure the privacy so dear to the English heart, the brick wall of this garden is capped or supplemented by another wall fifteen feet high, of ground glass, which admits light and excludes prying from the occupants of the houses on the opposite side. I was told that the intense bodily suffering of this nobleman only rendered him more pitiful toward the suffering of others, for no tale of helpless pain or poverty came to his knowledge but it was immediately comforted and relieved by the sympathy and munificence of this severely-tried but truly great yet very eccentric soul, now reaping its reward among the faithful in heaven.

During the administration of William Pitt, in England, there was a great scarcity of wheat, and in order to make it go as far as possible, Parliament passed a law that all the bread for the army should be made out of unbolted wheat meal. History states that the result was such an improved condition of health among the soldiers as surprised them, and also their officers and the surgeons. The latter declared that never before were the soldiers so healthy and robust, and that disease had nearly disappeared from the army. For a long time this kind of bread was used almost exclusively, but when wheat became once more abundant, its use was discontinued.



THE ROMANCE OF CAPTAIN BEATTIE'S LIFE.—"'WHAT DO YOU MEAN?' SHE ASKED, IN A TREMULOUS VOICE. 'THAT YOU AVOID ME, MAGGIE, AND THAT IT PAINS ME TO SEE YOU DO SO. CAN YOU NOT BE A LITTLE MORE KIND TO ME?'".

THE ROMANCE OF CAPTAIN BEATTIE'S LIFE.

By Judith K. De Ruyter.

Chapter I.

She was the stewardess on a certain river steamer, and, if you will believe me, she was neither old, sour nor uninteresting, but young, cheerful and rather pretty. She had laughing brown eyes, clear complexion, and a mass of russet-brown hair that waved gloriously on her temples. She had the prettiest hands I ever saw—not too plump, but dimpled, tapered, and she used them in such a dainty way that one might have thought her a lady.

There was a great deal of Summer traveling per steamer *Steadfast* that season, as people were "doing" the glorious river and its sights, and had become tired of traveling to the mountains and springs, and, in search of novelty, had come to the balmy breezes that blew over the far-famed old river.

The stewardess won golden opinions from all, so obliging, so neat and sweet-looking was she. All pronounced her a perfect angel. The ladies gave her many a gift on parting, and the gentlemen encouraged their wives' and sisters' generosity.

"Maggie has been perfectly untiring in administering to our comfort," said a pretty, sweet little woman to her husband, one morning, as the steamer landed them at the end of their journey.

"She is a very nice person, my dear," replied the husband. "Give her a five-dollar bill."

"She deserves it, for really I can't count her kindnesses. Such a woman ought to be encouraged."

Just then Maggie appeared in the cabin, her face bright

XUM

and smiling, her russet hair neatly done up, a black cashmere skirt on, and a ladylike plaited waist finishing her toilet.

"So sorry to have you leave us, Mrs. Harriman," said she, as she helped fold a camel's-hair shawl daintily. Mrs. Harriman belonged to a rich, shoddy class, who travel *en prince*, and, besides, was a bride on her wedding-tour. "You have been quite the life of the trip, ma'am, and I hope we shall see you again."

"Oh, I hope so myself, Maggie, for I've enjoyed my trip very much. If ever you come to New York, apply to Mrs. De Lacy Harriman, No. —— Fifth Avenue, for assistance in any employment you may wish to secure. I shouldn't wonder if the maid I've engaged would not suit me, and I know you are just the person I want. I declare, Maggie, you do one's hair like a New York hairdresser. By-the-by, you have never been to New York?"

"No, indeed. It must be such a gorgeous place!" said Maggie, clasping her hands in ecstasy, and looking up out of her brown eyes with childish excitement.

"Well, come there some day, and be sure and let me know." Mrs. Harriman hastily caught up a bundle in a shawl-strap, put five dollars in Maggie's hand, and said: "There's Mr. Harriman beckoning furiously. I suppose I must hurry on shore. Good-by, Maggie—good-by!"

And, parting thus, almost like equals, the one woman rich, dressy and beloved, passed on her pleasant way in the world, whilst Maggie stood still, looking after her with strange, sad eyes, her whole face transformed from the smiling look it wore but a moment ago.

"It ain't right," said Maggie; "no, it ain't, our two lots in life. You foolish little woman, with your brainless head, to think everything should come to you and nothing to me!"

And Maggie, left alone in the cabin, as Mrs. Harriman had been the last person to leave the steamer, arose quickly from a chair she had taken and proceeded toward her own small stateroom, a dark frown on her face.

But a moment afterward she was leaning over the parapet of the upper-deck, in time to wave adieu to Mrs. Harriman and her husband as they drove to a certain terminus in the place, seated in a very flashy turnout, and looking more shoddy and more overdressed than ever.

The sunlight struck on the rich bride's solitaire diamond earrings, and they glittered and sparkled like veritable chandeliers.

"So they won't stay long in this town? It's too dull for them. Mrs. H. said she was going to Saratoga, and that she had a lot of French dresses to show off. I declare, I'm glad I wasn't born such a ninny."

Leaning far over the parapet, Maggie waved her handkerchief gayly to the departing pair. Then she re-entered the deserted cabin, arranged the staterooms in a quick, natty manner, and, looking at a small gold watch at her belt, her sole attempt at ornamentation of any sort, she said to herself:

"Full two hours at my disposal to go on land and see Nancy."

So she quickly donned a small hat and sacque, and, locking up the doors carefully, she passed down-stairs and stopped at the ticket-office, no one being around but the ticket-man, who was reading a novel in a dreamy, abstracted manner.

"Here's the keys, Jack," she said; "I'm going up in the city a moment."

The man did not glance up, but held out his hand mechanically for the keys, and so Maggie passed on shore with a neat, dainty step, and walked onward up the hilly street that led into the town, many a rough, laboring tar, of whom there were plenty around, gazing after her admiringly.

"A slap-up girl," said one of these to his friend.

"One of your stunners," replied the friend; "but a proud 'un—a pretty proud 'un."

Maggie knew she was creating an immense sensation, but she was quite accustomed to it, and she passed on very unconcernedly, her cheeks flushed with the fresh air and her hair blown becomingly about her forehead. But, after leaving the tars behind her, Maggie's face becomes set and stern, and she looks all of a sudden ten years older. She clambers up the hilly streets, and then turns down a rickety alleyway, and, picking her steps along the dirty pavement, stops in front of a tumble-down house. As she rings a tinpanny bell, she studies the different signs at the side of the door. "Mrs. Brady, first-class dressmaker, third story front." "Gustave Senter, piano-tuner." "Addie Brace, hairdresser." And then the door is opened by a slipshod girl, and Maggie walks past her with a "How d'ye do, Bella?" and hurries up-stairs. She knocks at the first door she comes to on the second floor. "Nancy!" she says.

"Come in, Meg!" replies a strangely melodious voice, and enter "Meg" into the queer, untidy room.

Seated by the window, working on some tarlatan stuff, sits Nancy, her hair in crimping-pins, her figure covered by a dirty light-blue wrapper, and one foot in a stocking that refuses to remain in trim, put out in a lazy manner, and decorated with a torn slipper.

"I'm dead tired," says Nancy, as she puts up her face to be kissed; and then, seeing neat Meg glance about the room, she adds, apologetically, for its untidiness: "It's awful, I know, but I declare I'm hurried to death."

"You might fold up some of the dresses, Nancy," says Meg, as she puts one or two of these articles aside on the bed, and sits down on the place thus cleared.

"Well, now, Meg, you see I've such a lot to do! I appeared last night in the new spectacular piece, and I had not a soul to help me in my dress, so I sewed and sewed, and oh! it was awfully pretty! And now I'm making another underskirt, as it wasn't full enough. And, oh, Meg, I wore—you know what—the diamonds!"

"You didn't, Nancy?" said Maggie, a worried look on her face. "I told you not to."

"But where's the odds? No one knew, and I told them behind the scenes they were paste; but they glistened in my ears——"

"Just like chandeliers, I suppose; just like Mrs. Harriman's this morning."

"Why, who's she?" said Nancy, looking up quickly and jealously, her pretty blue eyes wearing a hurt expression. The crowd of rings on her hands—which were pretty and white, like Maggie's—glistened as she put aside her work for a moment.

"Such a silly woman, Nancy, on board the *Steadfast*—her last trip."

"Was she rich?" asked Nancy, with a peculiar intonation.

"Yes; rich and good. It is so easy to be good when a person has money. When will Jack be in?"

"Ah, you've something for him?"

"Yes, I have," says Meg, in a fretful tone.

"Well, he's due in half an hour. I suppose it's something pretty good this time, Meg dear?"

"Don't talk so loud, Nancy; you've a very loud voice."

"But it's melodious, Meg, for the *Twopenny Critic* says so, and the editor's pretty far gone on Clarabella Drelincourt, at your service." And Nancy lifted up her tawdry skirts and made a stage-courtesy, and pirouetted away to the mantelpiece, casting off, with careless *abandon*, her slippers, and showing numerous holes in her stockings thereby.

Rummaging over the vast array of things that lay scattered on the mantelpiece, Nancy produced therefrom a portrait in a blue-and-gilt frame, and, smiling at it with a really tender smile, said:

"That's my editor, Meg; and isn't he handsome?"

Meg took the picture in her hand.

"He looks like our captain," was her sole comment, and a blush stole over her face.

"Well, and is your captain as elegant-looking?" asked Nancy, in a somewhat hurt way.

"He is even handsomer." And Meg released the picture, and turned the subject by saying: "I wonder if Jack really is coming in half an hour?"

"That's him, now," said Nancy, with a total disregard of grammar, as the tinpanny doorbell rang again.

And, sure enough, in a moment a tall, lank man slunk into the room, as one might say, a sullen look on his hard, harsh face, and a dogged air generally about him. His hands were in his coat-pockets, and, as he drew one out to offer Meg, he said:

"Have you got anything this time?"

"Yes, I have," replied Meg, as she loosened her skirts in the back, and brought forth, not a panier, but Mrs. Harriman's camel's-hair shawl!

She handed it to Jack with a strange, dogged air.

"Are you satisfied?" said she, as Jack unfolded the shawl and examined it with a critical eye.

"It's very fine quality, and of course I'm obliged to you, Meg. You shall have half the profit, you know, when it's disposed of."

"Oh, I don't want a cent of the money! I earn enough for my wants, and they are not numerous. There, put the shawl away out of sight, and let me forget that I am only a thief, after all."

"Why, what's got into the girl?" said Jack, turning to Nancy for explanation.

"I suppose she's in love with some pious chap," laughed the latter, who could not forgive her sister for not sufficiently admiring the portrait of "her editor."

"Cook us some oysters, Nan," said Jack, "and let us be merry on good luck. This is a safe post for us, and, by George! let's cling to it as long as we can."

With this the latter speaker opened the door and screamed for Bella "to run to the corner for fifty oysters, and be back quick, or she wouldn't soon forget it."

Meg's drooping spirits seemed to rise unnaturally after this, and she ate a hearty meal, and then, bidding her sister and brother good-by, wended her way down again to the steamer's dock, and once more was on board. As she mounted the stairs to the cabin, the form of a tall, well-made man, with a kindly face and eyes full of pleasantness, stood at the head of the stairs.

"Ah, Maggie!" said a cheery voice; "been up in the city to see friends?"

Though there was no impertinent curiosity in the remark, the captain of the *Steadfast* really seemed eager to have it answered at length; but Maggie, flushing painfully, only replied:

"Yes, but friends of not very long standing. I don't know many in these parts."

"You don't, eh?" said the captain, leaning on the railing of the stairs, and looking with an intent, eager gaze at his stewardess. "Now, I should judge you were from Massachusetts, Maggie—aren't you?"

A relieved look passed over Maggie's face at this question.

"You are right there, sir," she replied, though all the time she was telling a white lie; but she had told a great many in her life, and why should this one somehow seem to choke her?

"Well, I trust you had a pleasant time at your friends', at all events, Maggie. You work hard, though one would not judge so to see your white hands."

And the captain gazed admiringly at the pretty, plump hand resting on the banister.

"These hands have done much work," said Maggie, in a sad and pitiful way; and then she walked to her room, and the captain little imagined at that moment what she meant. He stood looking after her admiringly.

"I declare, she's a girl in a hundred," said he to himself. "Just the one I want to make me a home on land, and to love me with her whole dear little heart."

Maggie, did you, in your degradation, guess what was in the honest captain's thoughts? If so, child, it caused you tears, for you are weeping.

CHAPTER II.

THE *Steadfast* made another trip up the picturesque river with its load of Summer travelers. The artists in slouched hats gazed on the glorious scenery, and the fashionable girls in their stylish traveling-dresses walked on the decks, calling everything "perfectly sweet," and the young men off on Summer vacations stared at and flirted with the fashionable girls, and the strong-minded females sat with note-books, putting down "impressions"; and Maggie hovered over everything, but seemed somehow changed from her former gay, blithe self, for she was very serious now, scarcely ever smiling as of yore, and certainly—yes, certainly—avoiding the pleasant captain whenever he chanced to be about.

Yet Captain Beattie sought Maggie more than before, and smiled serenely to himself whenever she chanced to be near, glancing furtively at the russet hair and pretty eyes, and watching the dimpled hands in their play. But even as he glanced, like a spirit, the picture he liked so well would disappear, and he could not find it again.

He often thought how little he knew of Maggie, her former history, her friends, her life; but he imagined it to be a very quiet, commonplace story. She was a Massachusetts farmer's daughter; she had run away from home, perhaps—that was all; but, be her story what it might, he said to himself, he loved her, and that was sufficient.

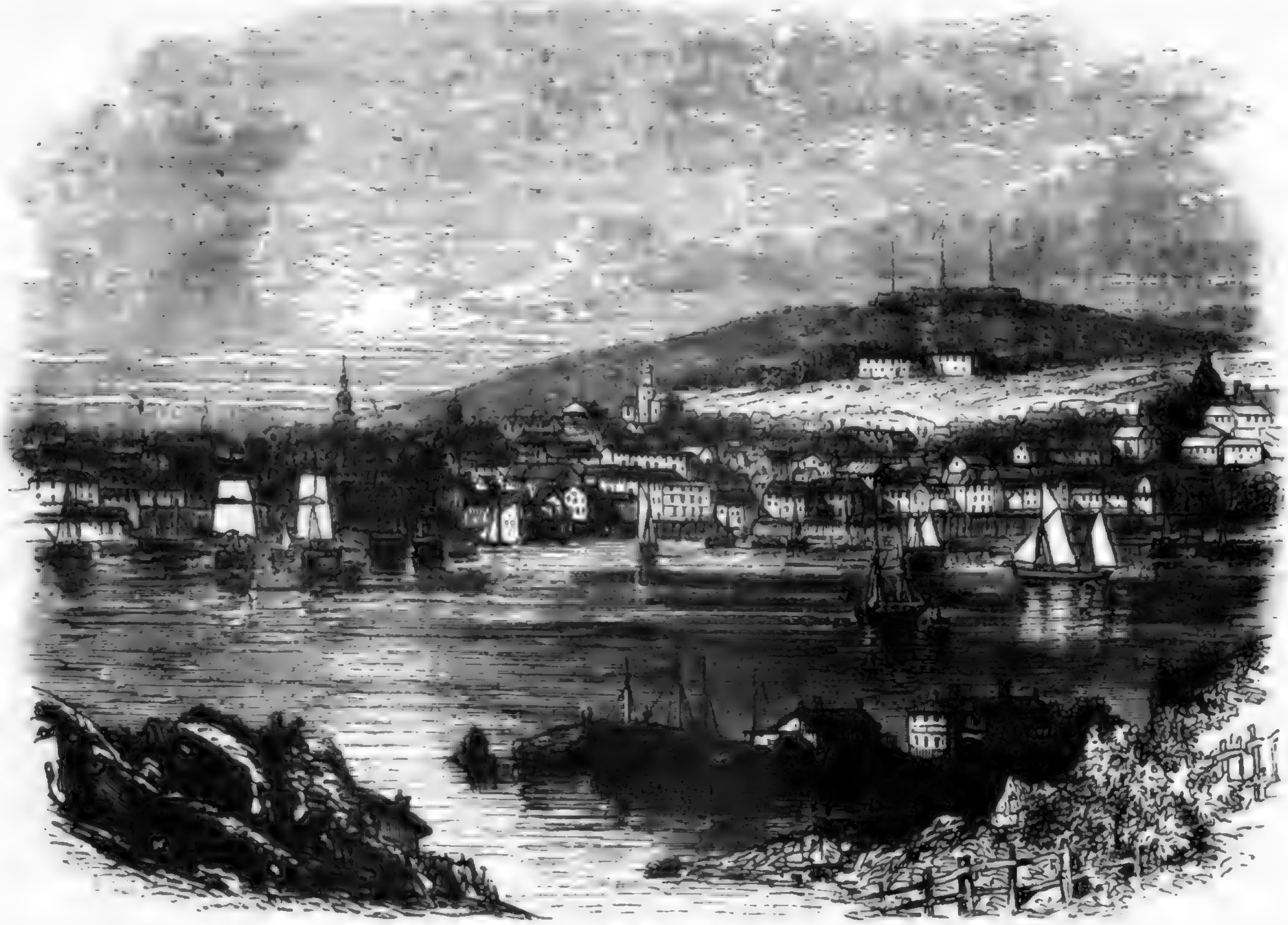
So the trip up the river and down again was almost accomplished, and as the steamer drew nearer and nearer the city, for some strange reason Maggie's heart sank in her breast, and a troubled look came over her face.

"My last trip," she said, as, seated one night in her stateroom, she sewed industriously. "And, oh, I have been so happy here; but now I must go, must fly away from this beautiful river, this land that I love, and from him." At this Maggie's head sank upon her hands. "Oh, the misery of it all!" moaned she

Then she turned the lamp out, and walked cautiously along the saloon, closing her stateroom-door. The passengers were on deck, enjoying the beauty of the incomparable night, and as Maggie stopped by the door of the captain's room, she entered without fear of any one seeing her.

There was a lamp lit in the small, cozy room, and there on the table was good Captain Beattie's Bible, open where he had been reading in it but lately, it seemed. As poor Maggie leaned over the book, of which she knew so little, her eye caught these simple words:

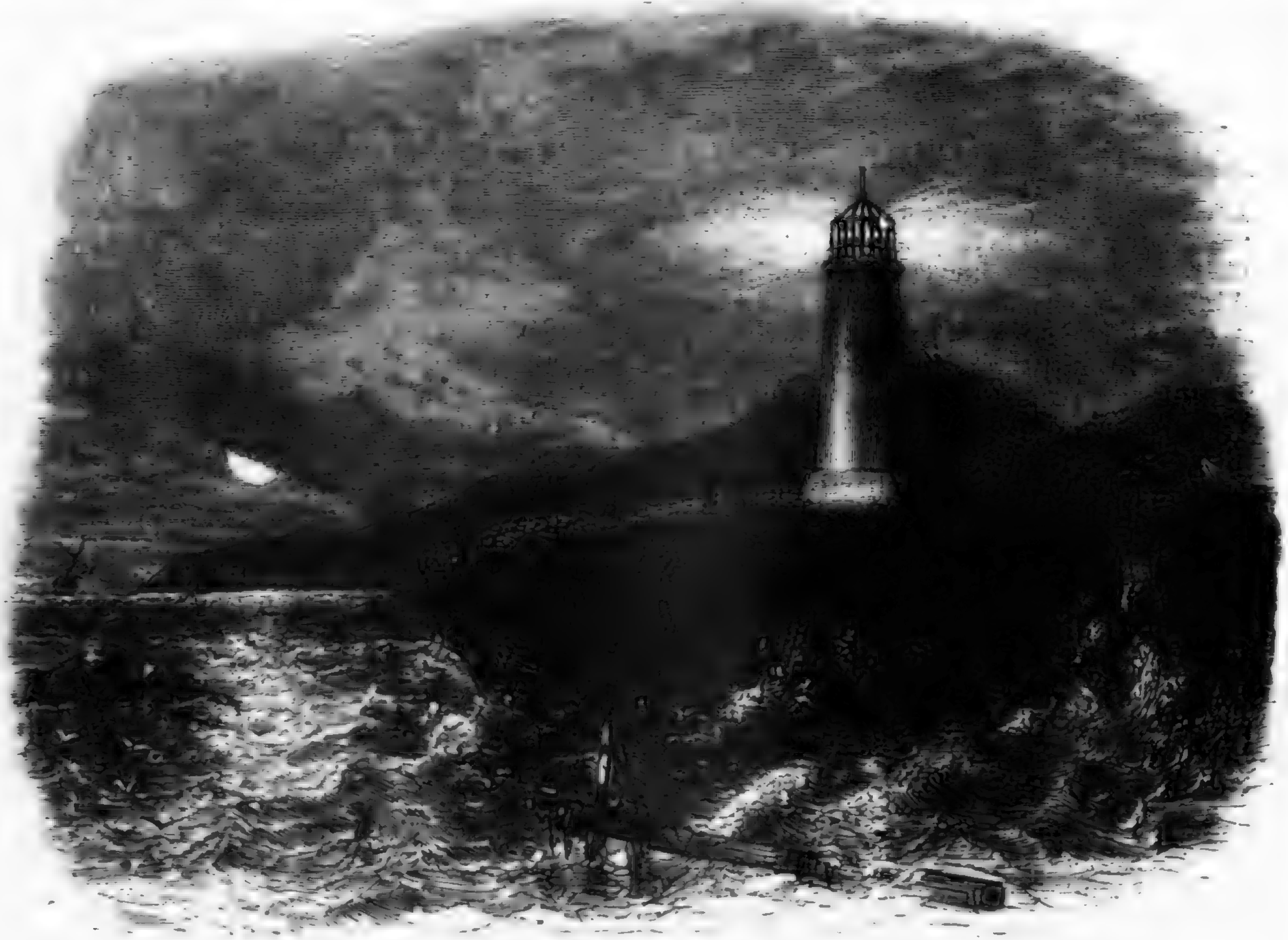
"Thou shalt not steal."



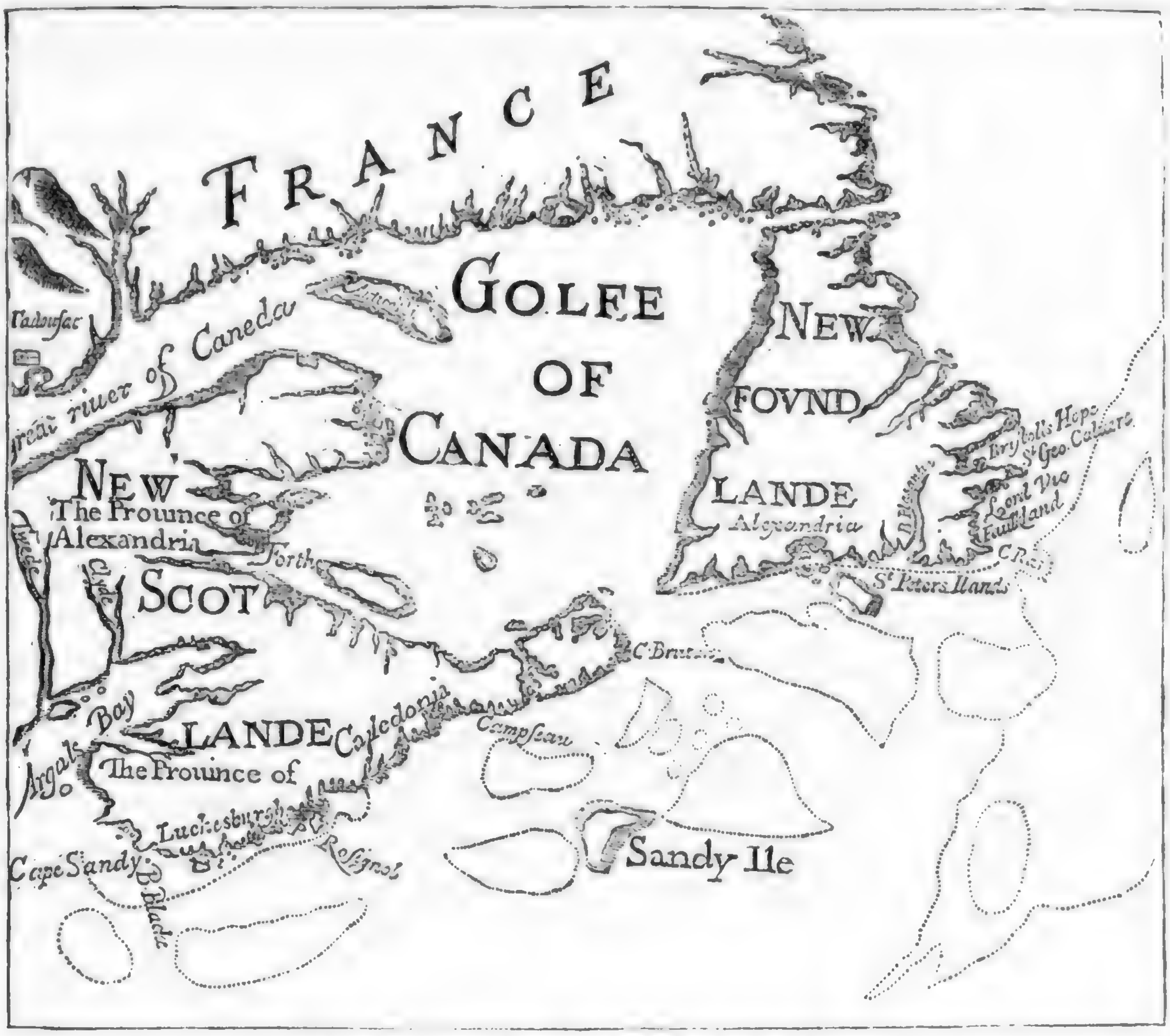
THE OLD AND THE NEW ACADIA.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF HALIFAX.—SEE PAGE 279.

She drew back, placing her hand against her throbbing heart.

"Oh, this is too much!" she moaned, and she stood there for a moment, dizzy, bewildered, a thousand thoughts surging through her brain, her whole wretched, wicked life spread before her eyes—the sin of it all.



VIEW OFF MOUNT DESERT.


FRANCE
GOLFE OF CANADA
great river of Caneda
Tadousac
NEW FOVND LANDE
Alexandria
Brystolls Hope
St Geo. Cabere
Lord Vic Faulkland
C. Race
St Peters Ilands
NEW SCOT LANDE
The Prouince of Alexandria
Forth
C. Breton
Caledonia
Campseau
The Prouince of
Argals Bay
Luckesburgh
Rossignol
Cape Sandy
B. Blacke
Sandy Ile

THE OLD AND THE NEW ACADIA.—EARLY MAP OF NOVA SCOTIA.

Could there be mercy for such sin? No—no, it was too deep, too unpardonable; and what could she hope from the good God in the way of forgiveness? And then he, the captain, what would he think of it, if he knew?

Maggie slipped a small note in between the leaves of the Bible, and then, kissing the Holy Book with solemn, awe-struck manner, she stole away out of the room.

There was some one playing on the piano far off in the other end of the saloon—a girl with a mass of golden hair flying about her face, a jaunty French hat set back on her head, a general air of style about her.

Around the piano there was gathered a gay, pleasant party, listening to "Ada's" music, and commenting pleasantly upon the same.

"Ada, play Strauss's last waltz," said a tall, elegant-looking young man, who always appeared with a glass or traveling-bag strapped across his shoulders.

As Ada dashed off into the brilliant music, some hummed it, and some danced it, in a pleasant, merry way, and the thrilling laughter reached Maggie, and gave her a pang.

"Oh, dear, people's lives are so different!" thought the girl. "That Ada looks like Nancy, but I do not think she would shake hands with sister or even so much as speak to her. It is so dreadful to be an actress, or a thief."

Then the feeling of guilt and utter loneliness stole over Maggie again.

"I don't know where to go," she thought, despairingly. "So many of these people might meet me. I suppose they will be leaving by to-morrow's trains, but I can go to-night. The boat lands at

MOOSE-HUNTING IN ACADIA.

twelve o'clock, and people have been known to go on shore then. I will put on a thick vail, and be about at that time, to pass off with the rest. Jim isn't very observing, and if he does say anything, I will tell him that—that one of my friends was sick when I left the city last, and I am anxious to hear of her condition. They all trust me here, and no one will suspect. I shall take the first train north. When does it start, I wonder? I can look at the time-table down-stairs. If any one notices it, they will think I do it for a passenger. I shall travel—travel until I can go no further, and then Jack and Nancy and the captain will be off my track. After all, though, why do I leave? It may be safe to remain. But no, I must go—I must!"

Maggie ran quickly down-stairs, and stood near the ticket-office scanning the time-table.

She tried not to look anxious, but to be her old, bright self; but, somehow, she could not.

"Maggie!"

The slight form turned quickly.

"Oh, it's you!" said Maggie, with bated breath.

"Well, ain't you glad to see me? You have acted so strangely toward me lately."

Tears were about to surge into Maggie's eyes, but she kept them back bravely.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a tremulous voice.

"That you avoid me, Maggie, and that it pains me to see you do so. Can you not be a little more kind to me?"

The crowd of people faded away from Maggie's sight, and for one blissful moment she seemed in paradise.

So he cared that she was cold, and resented it! Her face was bent downward, and a deep flush was on her cheeks, but she managed to murmur in a low tone of voice:

"Oh, it is so strange! And you really cared, then, that I avoided you?"

"Indeed, I did. I am not one to deceive any woman, Maggie, and I should think you might have seen by my manner that you were very dear to me."

The face of Maggie was raised now, and a bright smile was on it—a womanly smile of purest happiness.

Up-stairs in the saloon sounded the strains of "Nilfluthen," one of Strauss's loveliest waltzes. It mingled in with the happiness in Maggie's radiant face, and ever afterward reminded her of that ecstatic moment. But soon it strangely changed to a dirge-like cadence, and so Maggie's face changed, too, and her head was bent again.

"Oh, Captain Beattie, I am not good enough for you!"

"But, Maggie, we are all sinners. If you have run away from home——"

"I have no home—no mother or father!"

"Then let me protect you, Maggie."

"No, no—it can never be! You will know soon enough; I cannot tell you now. Oh, why did you speak to me?"

"What can you mean, Maggie?" he asked, strangely perplexed.

"You read your Bible, Captain Beattie, very often, and to-morrow morning, when turning over its pages, you will find an explanation of this."

Maggie was gone like a spirit, and in vain the captain sought her amongst the crowd.

That night, at twelve o'clock, the steamer *Steadfast* landed at a certain city dock. The jar and steaming ceased to the vast concern, and people turned in their berths, awakened, for a moment, by the sudden stoppage, and then entered dreamland again. Down at the ticket-office stood the figure of a tall woman, thickly vailed,

"I am going on land, please."

A sleepy voice replied:

"Any baggage, ma'am?"

"This portmanteau, only."

"All right."

The door slid aside, and a plank was laid for the lady to step on.

"Carriage, mum! This way, mum!" greeted the vailed lady's ears.

Maggie, for it was she, engaged a "hack," and was driven off. She, however, dismissed the conveyance at the City Hotel, and left her portmanteau in the room she took there; for, on second thought, she had resolved once again to see Nancy and Jack, and say a few words to them.

So, at early dawn, she pulled again the tinpanny bell of the tumble-down house in the alleyway, and once more stole up-stairs, but this time into a front room.

Daylight struggled in feebly through the closed blinds and struck upon a long table, loaded with the remains of last night's supper. Flowers were scattered about, and here and there scraps of torn dresses. On a chair lay a programme, on which Maggie read, in large letters, her sister's fictitious name.

As Maggie's eyes took in the whole scene her heart failed her, and, drawing a pencil from her pocket, she wrote, in a style we shall not reproduce, a few words:

> "GOOD-BY, Nancy and Jack. I am off, as I think there is danger ahead. You may never see me again, and it is best so.
>
> "MAGGIE."

This she handed to Bella, the small maid, and then was soon gone again on her way northward toward a new land.

Captain Beattie learnt all too soon the meaning of Maggie's strange behavior. The detectives were on the track of Mrs. Harriman's camel's-hair shawl. They, however, never recovered it, nor could they find any clew to its whereabouts; but they at once decided that the escaped Maggie was no other than a famous New York thief, noted for her cleverness in escaping detection.

"Never twice in the same place," remarked Detective B——, in his quiet, quaint way—"always escaping our utmost vigilance. By George, sir, we call her 'Firefly.' She has a brother and sister who are bad enough, but she's the worst of the lot."

The detectives visited a certain theatre that night, but failed to recognize in "Clarabella Drelincourt," the blonde, Maggie's sister—formerly a brunette. So Nancy and Jack staid on in ——— City until they became tired of their post.

Maggie went North, we said, and within the precincts of a certain church finds better work for her white hands than heretofore.

And Captain Beattie?

He, my friends, has only learnt the lesson we all must learn—a lesson of sorrow, a lesson of pain, of a trusting heart deceived, of finding our idols clay—in fine, the lesson of living.

THE Bank of England has no end of valuables committed to its keeping. The vaults of its establishment hold moldering chests, deposited there for safety's sake, and apparently forgotten by their owners. In 1873 one fell to pieces from sheer rottenness, exposing to sight a quantity of massive plate and a bundle of yellow papers. The latter proved to be a collection of love-letters of the period of the Restoration, which the directors were enabled to restore to the lineal descendants of the original owner.

THE OLD AND THE NEW ACADIA.

> "This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
> Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
> Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic;
> Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
> Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
> Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest."

DURING a century and a half—beginning with the first French colonization—Acadia, now known as Nova Scotia, was the scene of predatory excursions, battles and persecutions. Tossed about between the French and English, a positive political shuttlecock, its condition was always precarious in those days, and the terms of living of its inhabitants unhappy and severe. Settled originally by Norman peasantry, these lived at first chiefly by fishing, but after a time turned their attention more especially to agriculture. Their settlements lay along the great Mines Basin or Bay, and here, in the shadow of Cape Blomidon, extended the beautiful meadow-lands and the charming idyllic village of Grand Pré.

In the meadows and lowlands the Acadians had constructed dikes, which kept back the sea and rivers that would else have covered these plains. Here wheat, oats, barley, maize and potatoes yielded lavishly, while numerous herds of horned cattle, numbering, it is said, as many as sixty thousand head, added to the wealth of the provident and industrious habitants. These dwelt in substantial wood houses, furnished comfortably and sufficiently; their usual clothing was the product of their own flax, or the wool of their own sheep; with these they made common linens and coarse cloths. For luxuries, they visited the considerable town of Annapolis Royal, at the head of the Mines Basin, or Louisburg, on Cape Breton Island. The manners of these people were extremely simple, and though they had a Court of Judication, which sat at Annapolis, there seldom arose causes sufficiently important to be carried thither. On the contrary, their little differences were amicably adjusted by the elders of the settlements. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills, for which, and their religious services, the inhabitants paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest, which sums were chiefly devoted to the uses of the less prosperous of the community. But there were few who were poor, and none who actually suffered from want. It was a society of brethren, each of whom was ready to give to those who needed.

Marriage was undertaken at an early age; the community built a house for the occupancy of the bride and groom, broke up land about it, and supplied necessaries to last for a twelvemonth. To this was added the portion of the bride, her flocks and herds. Here, if anywhere on the footstool, peace existed, and happiness was the normal condition. The situation lacked so little of being *Arcadian*, that only one letter in the name of the country was wanting to complete its significance. In 1755 this colony or settlement comprised eighteen thousand souls.

While it has been claimed that the Cabots discovered Nova Scotia in 1497, and that therefore the British were entitled thereto, these discoverers were not Englishmen, and the Venetian banner was planted beside the British wherever they landed. The British of those days had a pleasing method of extending their "discoveries," by the simple process of including miles of coast in either direction, to the extent of their imagination at the period—without taking the trouble to explore or to verify.

> "For the time once was here, to all be it known,
> That all a man sailed by, or saw, was his own."

It is, therefore, not positive that the Cabots are entitled to the reputation which has been given them. Meanwhile, as they discovered land on June 24th, 1497, sailed along the coast for three hundred leagues, and were back in Bristol in August—according to the version of their voyage which is commonly accepted—the whole story of the expedition is at least tainted with question. On their return the Cabots are said to have seen "two islands to the starboard," which, however, they did not stop to examine.

The land which has been set down as Nova Scotia was possibly Massachusetts, and the two islands were perhaps Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. Whether the Cabots discovered Nova Scotia or not, however, it is certain that no attempt at colonization in that direction was made by the British, nor by any other people, until 1604, when the French made a settlement on the southwest coast of the peninsula. But the French are entitled, by still earlier priority, to the credit of this discovery and settlement; for in 1504, some fishermen from Brittany discovered the Island of Cape Breton, which they named after their own home. And it is believed that only a few years later some portion of the mainland was settled by this adventurous people.

While this country was vacant of white men, the English would not have it; but as soon as the French were comfortably and peaceably settled there, awoke the true dog-in-the-manger spirit of your true Briton. And from this time forward, British Acadians, Indians and French were generally in confusion with each other. As to Indians, there were at least two native tribes—the Abenaquis and the Micmacs. From the language of the former was doubtless derived the name which has been currently attributed to the French—Acadie, whence Acadia. In fact, it was a common termination to the Indian names, as is seen in Shubenacadie and Tracadie—forms still extant.

It is to be said of the French Acadians, as was true of William Penn and his followers, that they were always on amicable terms with the Indian natives, because they invariably treated them justly and honorably. In occasions of conflict the Indians were their allies, and it was the intrusion of the British, and afterward of the New Englanders, which brought about trouble with the natives. In 1603, one De Monts received a patent from the French King covering not only Nova Scotia, but also the present province of New Brunswick and part of Maine. The first settlement of Acadia was made under this patent, and was broken up and destroyed by Captain Argall, representing the "Virginia Company," who attacked the peaceful inhabitants, burned their houses, and took such of themselves as did not escape into the wilderness to Jamestown, Va., where they were imprisoned as pirates. This Captain Argall was appointed five years after Deputy Governor of Virginia.

The giving of patents in those days was an easy matter, particularly in reference to "lands beyond the seas"; and monarchs were glad to reward their favorites or buy off their enemies with such easily bestowed gratuities. So in 1621, King James I. gave to Sir William Alexander, afterward Earl of Sterling, a patent to all the land known as Acadia in the Americas. To Sir William Alexander the province is indebted for its modern name of Nova Scotia. At this time the French were just recovering from the

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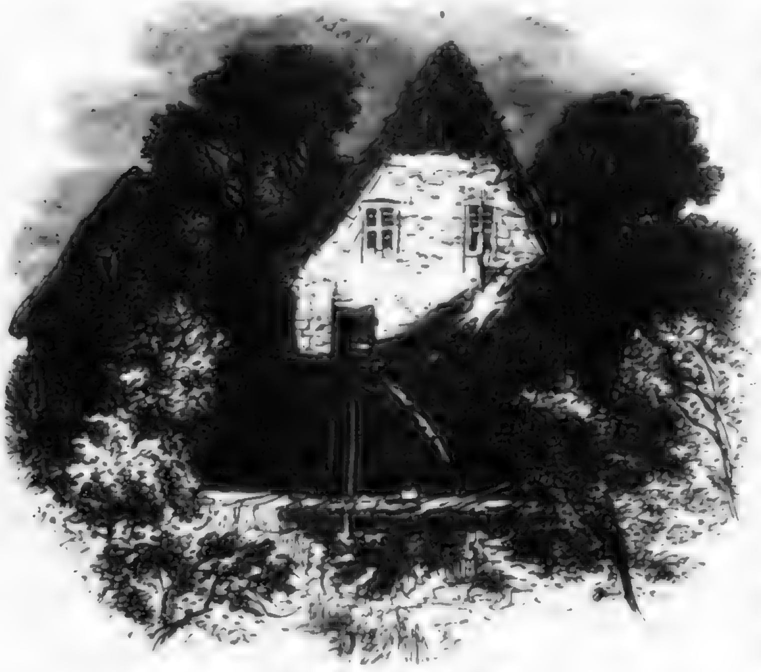


A MILL AT GRAND PRÉ.

effects of Argall's piratical attack on their settlement; they had a fort and garrison at Cape Sable, the southwestern extremity of the peninsula; and as transports were coming out from Brest with emigrants, stores, munitions of war, etc., it looked as if their colony was to be stable. But Sir William Alexander and his fleet ran across the French transports in mid-ocean, captured them, and took them to England; and, being there, he changed his mind, perhaps, about his new patent, for he eventually sold this "for a song."

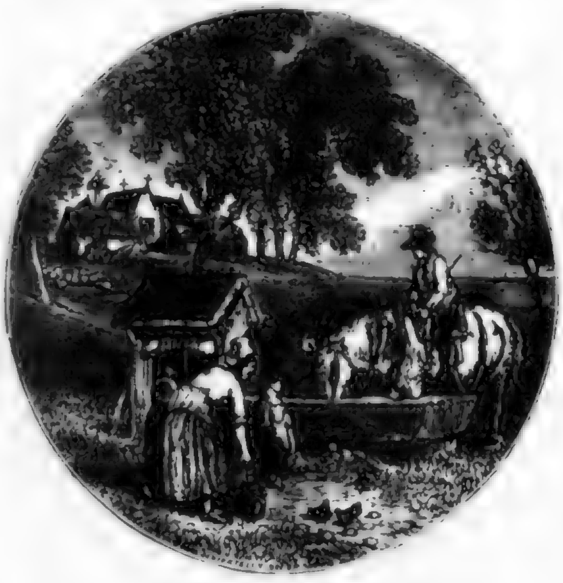
This early history of Acadia is full of romance. Champlain, De Monts, Lescarbot, Membleston, an almost centenarian chief, fill the first scenes. Poutrincourt and the Jesuits succeed. Then come the favorites of Richelieu, the gallant admirals and Knights De Razelly, with D'Aulnay and De la Tour, and the civil war that raged so long between those colonizers full of feudal ideas.

There is in our history scarcely an event more stirring than Madame la Tour's defense of her little fort against D'Aulnay.

HOME OF AN ACADIAN FARMER.

But these French settlements, on an exposed coast, could not escape the penalties of war. Whenever hostilities broke out, as they did periodically, between France and England, they were sure to suffer. Cromwell ravaged them, and when Sir William Phips failed to take Quebec, he vented his spleen on the ill-starred Acadians. That chivalrous New Englander, with true *Punica fides*, violated his own articles of capitulation, disarmed and imprisoned the soldiers, sacked the churches, and gave the place up to general pillage.

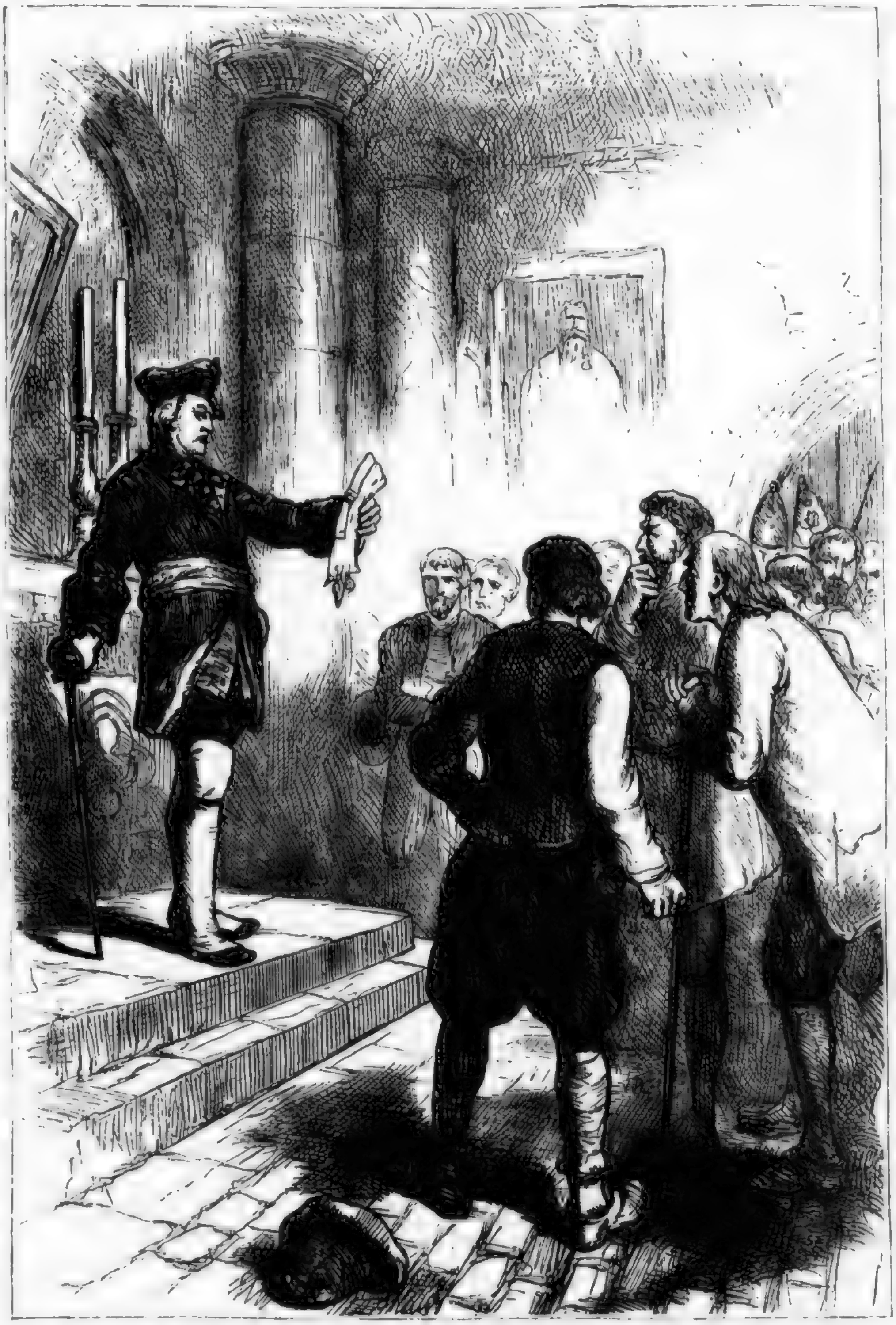
Scarcely had the Puritan pirate and his crew returned to Boston, when French armed vessels appeared before Port Royal, recaptured it, and flung the white ensign of France to the breeze once more, in place of the British flag which had swung there *ad interim*. But from this time forward the Puritan element was in constant action against the unfortunate Acadians, and, as it would appear, from mere wantonness. The jealous New Englanders could not brook the existence of the happy and peaceful Norman peasants in their new home—while themselves were clamoring in constant broils among each other, or varying this amusement by Quaker persecutions and witch-burning. A clever humorist, commenting upon the different natures of the two races, writes as follows: "In order to estimate truly the condition of the respective parties, we must remember the severe iron-and-gunpowder nature of the Puritan of New England, his prejudices, his dyspepsia, his high-peaked hat and ruff, his troublesome conscience and catarrh, his natural antipathies to Papists and Indians, from having been scalped by one and roasted by both; his English insolence and his religious bias, at once tyrannic and territorial. Then, on the other hand, we must call to view the simple Acadian peasant, ignorant of the great events of the world, a mere offshoot of rural Normandy, without a thought of other possessions than those he might reclaim from the sea by his dikes; credulous, pure-minded, patient of injuries; that, like the swallow in the Spring, thrice built the nest, and, when again it was destroyed—



AN IDYL OF ACADIA.

"'Found the ruin wrought,
But, not cast down, forth from the place it flew,
And with its mate fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built the nest anew!'"

Concerning the Indians of this period, this writer says: "In all his dealings with the Acadians, the Indian had found only unimpeachable faith and honor; but with the colonist of Massachusetts, there had been nothing but overreaching and treachery. Intercourse with the first had not led to a scratch or a single drop of blood; while on the other hand a bounty of £100 was offered for each male of their tribe if over twelve years of age, if scalped; £105 if taken prisoner; £50 for each woman and child scalped; and £50 when brought in alive."



WINSLOW READING THE PROCLAMATION TO THE ARRESTED ACADIANS IN THE CHURCH.

So deadly was the hatred of the Puritans for these Indians, that the Acadians were chiefly persecuted on their behalf, and because no injunction, order or threat could force or induce them to betray their native allies to the enemy. "To the honor of these colonists be it said, that although their long years' labor of dikes broken down, the sea sweeping over their farms, the fire rolling about their homesteads, their cattle and sheep destroyed, their effects plundered, and wanton and nameless outrages committed by the English and Yankee soldiery, yet in no instance did they purchase immunity from these by betraying a single Indian."

In 1713 Acadia was once more, and finally, ceded to the English, when the Acadians were forced, on peril of expatriation, to subscribe to the following oath of fidelity:

> "Je promets et jure sincèrement, en foi de Chrétien, que je serai entièrement fidèle et obéirai vraiment sa Majesté le roi George, que je reconnais pour le souverain seigneur de l'Acadie, ou Nouvelle Ecosse, ainsi Dieu me soit en aide."

From this time forth the Acadians were known as "the neutral French," while the wars between the Georges and the Louises went on, and they mingled not therein, either for the one party or the other.

After a time, Halifax was settled by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, and as this brought predatory bands of Indians to the neighborhood of the new town, fresh conflicts arose. The neutrality of the Acadians chafed the newcomers, and at length a fresh oath of allegiance, swearing them to bear arms against the French, was tendered to the "neutrals," and was at once rejected by them. They were then adjudged to be recusant Papists, and the long-intended mine was sprung.

In 1755 it was determined to remove the Acadians from their homes, and distribute them elsewhere, among the British Colonies. To this end Col. John Winslow, with five transports and a sufficient force of New England troops, was dispatched to the Mines Basin, where was located the settlement of Grand Pré. Thither arrived, a cunningly worded proclamation was issued, calling together the Acadians, with the pretended intention of a conference. Accordingly there assembled, in the little church of Grand Pré, on September 5th, 1755, four hundred and eighteen male representatives of the "neutral French," to whom Col. John Winslow addressed the following:

"Gentlemen: I have received from his excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King's commission, which I have in my hand, and by his orders you are convened together, to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution as to the French inhabitants of this, his province of Nova Scotia;

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who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, I shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the crown, with all other of your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province. Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to order you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can, without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all these goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops I have the honor to command."

The pious "hope" expressed in the latter portion of this cold-blooded and specious document reminds one of a similar instance in the case of Artemus Ward's Indian, who, having scalped the showman's organ-grinder, shot his kangaroo and "busted" his organ, hoped that he might "meet him in the happy hunting-grounds."

The conclusion of this episode resembled but little the programme laid down by the doughty Puritan colonel. The unhappy Acadians were forced at the point of the bayonet to leave their pretty and peaceful village, and to enter the transports which were to aid in their expatriation. Families were willfully separated, and many of their members never again met on earth. And thus the whole Acadian population of some eighteen thousand souls were forcibly expelled from the lands which they had reclaimed, and the idyllic villages they had built up, while their places were taken by New England squatters, whose descendants occupy the land to this day. At a later period, to this choice population was added an emigration of some twenty thousand rank Tories, who settled about Digby, Annapolis, Guysboro, Shelburne and Hants.

Thus are the annals of American history disfigured by an event which finds no parallel, save perhaps the massacre of Wyoming. But the entire early history of Nova Scotia recounts a succession of piratical and filibustering expeditions on the part of the New England colonists, which might have been appropriate in the case of the pirates of the Ægean Sea or of the Philippine and Ladrone Islands, but in the present instance must remain a blot upon the chronicles of our country, and a disgraceful instance of that hypocritical puritanism which fled from oppression itself, that it might the more licentiously oppress others.

To such as may conceive that this species of animadversion is over-harsh, we have only to suggest a reading of the history of the murder of Father Ralle and the peaceable Norridgewocks, by 208 Massachusetts men, as set down by Charlevoix.

Nova Scotia became mainly colonized in later times by the Tories, or "loyalists," of the American Revolution, and on the north and east by the Scotch. Halifax grew to be a considerable city, well laid out, and favored with one of the most magnificent harbors in the world, with an inner bay, Bedford Basin, large enough to contain that unknown quantity—"the combined navies of the world." A splendid system of fortification places this city next in rank to Quebec in this regard, and as a garrison town it possesses all the peculiarities which have so frequently amused readers of English and Irish novels of the past half-century. Other prominent towns are Dartmouth, which is to Halifax what Brooklyn is to New York; Windsor, a lovely town situated on an arm of the great Mines Basin, and Truro, located on another; Pictou, which is the seat of the coal-mining industry, for which the province is famous; and New Glasgow, from which shipments of coal are made, the mineral being brought down from the mines a few miles away by rail.

Entering the province by way of Windsor, the visitor is at once struck with the prevailing characteristics of the Nova Scotia forests—formerly the home of the now rare *cariboo* deer, and still tenanted by the moose—forests of pine, spruce, fir, hemlock and hackmatack. By rail from Halifax north, you travel through a diversified and beautiful scenery. Not many miles from the capital you wind along the borders of a chain of lakes, through forests and fertile valleys, meeting, however, with but little cultivation and few habitations, except in the immediate neighborhood of the settlements and villages, which occur about every ten or a dozen miles along the railroad. This road at certain points runs through a district rich in iron and copper ores, in the County of Colchester, and passing Stewiacke and Shubenacadie to Truro, at the head of Cobequid Bay.

Formerly the journey from Halifax to Pictou, something over a hundred miles, was made by means of an old English-fashioned coach with six horses, changing at stations, and occupying from twenty to twenty-four hours in the trip. It was a delightful journey in those primitive times: the start at daybreak to the sound of the guard's horn; the dash along the forest road, with an occasional fox or rabbit scared across the track, or the "whirr" of a covey of partridges in the underbrush; then the long, swinging trot up to the way-station; the clambering down from the vehicle and stretching of one's legs; the hearty, hospitable meal, with the cigar smoked afterward beside a brawling stream just across the road, where trout disported themselves—all this was charming and old-fashioned, and it lasted down to about twenty years ago.

The game of Nova Scotia, though greatly lessened in quantity of late years, is still worthy the prowess of the hunter. The noblest sport is found in the chase of the moose, or North American elk, which is still found in some of the interior forests of the province. Its flesh is highly esteemed for food, and in the season is offered for sale in the markets. In September the bull-moose, which stands about sixteen hands high, with antlers weighing thirty or forty pounds, can be called by the hunter, who makes a very creditable imitation of the cry of the cow by means of a trumpet made of birch-bark. In Winter it is pursued on snowshoes, and more easily caught, as its huge, unwieldy form and immense antlers unfit it for rapid travel through the snow and among the trees.

The cariboo, which is nearly allied to the reindeer, is now almost extinct, though a dozen years ago the writer obtained the skin of a fawn cariboo from an Indian who had shot it in the woods in the northwestern part of the province. The black bear is common, and its flesh still appears in the markets in Winter. Foxes and rabbits abound, but there are few, if any, wolves. As to birds, there are quantities of partridge, snipe, woodcock, plover, ducks and wild-geese in their several seasons, and these may be shot within a mile of any of the settlements. The shooting season commences religiously on the first of September. Trout-fishing is common as to all the streams of the province, but the best, as well as salmon-fishing, is found at Margarie, Cape Breton, about one hundred miles from Pictou. The fishing there is something magnificent, both as regards the size and quantity of the fish taken. British officers from Quebec and Halifax all go to Margarie for fishing, and our American sportsmen might well follow their example, where the finny porgies can be taken with perfect freedom from the nuisance of innumerable mosquitoes and gnats, that destroy the comfort of fishing in the Adirondacks—almost the only accessible fishing-ground to New Yorkers. So much for fresh-water sport; as to deep-sea fishing, excepting Newfoundland, no country in the world can at all approach Nova Scotia. In mackerel, cod, herring, haddock, halibut and shad her wealth is a marvel.

It is generally supposed that Nova Scotia is a bleak and barren country, buried beneath the snows of a six-months' Winter, and seeing little or nothing of warm weather. The fact is, that at its northernmost point the mean Winter temperature is 43 degrees 8 minutes, Fahrenheit, Summer temperature 62 degrees. Yet the thermometer sometimes reaches 96° in the shade in midsummer. Autumn is the finest season in Nova Scotia, when the air is mild, serene and bracing, being also peculiarly exhilarating and health-giving. Indian Summer frequently occurs as late as the middle of November, lasting from three to ten days. The proportion of deaths to population in Nova Scotia is smaller than in Great Britain or New England. It is a common event for people to live eighty, ninety, and even one hundred years.

The town and harbor of Pictou are situated on Northumberland Strait, latitude 45° 41′ north, longitude 62° 40′ west. The town, built chiefly of wood, is pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill fronting the harbor, and is chiefly populated by Scotch descendants. The Gaelic language is spoken in occasional instances in this section of the country. The scene from this town is very beautiful. Three streams—the East, West and Middle Rivers flow into the harbor; on the opposite side of the latter are dense forests, and in the distance are the hills which inclose and shelter the great coal deposits, which are the source of the future wealth of the province.

The mineral wealth of Nova Scotia is unsurpassed by any territory of the same area. Iron of the finest quality, copper, coal, gypsum, quarries of the beautiful Nova Scotia freestone—there is no end to the resources of the land in this particular. Finally, there is gold-bearing quartz in quantities sufficient to employ all the idle capital of the world in its exhaustion of the precious metal, and in quality equal to the best.

The history of the mining industries of Nova Scotia is peculiar. At the period of the first settlement of the province by the British, the crown reserved all mineral rights, and made all grants of land with that understanding. Under special leases, however, the mines of Pictou, Cape Breton and other localities were worked to a considerable extent by private parties until the year 1826, when his Majesty George the Fourth (the first gentleman of Europe, and of blessed memory,) granted to the Duke of York and Albany (brother of the King), his heirs, administrators, executors and assigns ("his sisters and his uncles, and his cousins and his aunts"), for a period of sixty years from date, the sole right to all the mines and minerals in Nova Scotia, of whatsoever character, excepting by name those previously leased to other parties. So cunningly was this grant worded, that it entirely excluded the Nova Scotians from any benefits which might arise from working their mines, since no man, even should he find coal, gold, fire-clay, gypsum, freestone, grindstone, salt, iron, or any other mineral whatever, at his own door, could disturb it in the slightest degree for his own benefit. The secret history of this grant was simply this: The Duke of York, by his extreme profligacy, had become so utterly and disgracefully involved in debt, that it became necessary for the Government to take cognizance of his situation, out of respect to the majesty of the crown. So this scheme was hit upon to pay off the duke's indebtedness with the property of the Nova Scotians.

The grant was made August 25th, 1826, and on the 12th of September of the same year the Duke of York transferred all the rights and titles belonging to it to Messrs. Rundell, Bridge & Rundell, the well-known jewelers and bankers of London, whose money had for so long a time passed through the pockets of his Grace of York, and whose jewels had glistened on the persons of his favorites. In January of the following year, Frederic, Duke of York and Albany, paid his last debt—that of nature—leaving behind him, as a bequest to the Nova Scotians, the fruits of this most infamous robbery for a most vile purpose.

Messrs. Rundell, Bridge & Rundell next proceeded to form a company known as the "General Mining Association," which company presently gobbled up, on one pretense or another, all the mining interests of the province. This proprietorship lasted until 1856, when the Nova Scotia Legislature sent a commission to London to confer with the jewelers, who presently disgorged, and the interest in their possession passed into the hands of the Government of Nova Scotia, excepting the "Albion" coal mines of Pictou, and certain others at Cape Breton, which they retain until 1886.

The result of this change was that the mineral wealth of the province was thrown open to the world. American capital was to some extent engaged in its development. Nova Scotia freestone adorns the streets of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and the great cities of the West; gold was brought to light, gypsum, salt and iron were found; and if American enterprise and capital had been interested in the matter to half the extent of the waste which has occurred in Colorado, Pike's Peak, Deadwood and the rest, this would by this time have proved to be one of the richest States in the world.

The Albion mines, for instance, near New Glasgow, cover an area of four square miles, and have been developed very extensively. The thickness of the coal seams here is enormous—nearly forty feet, though not all of the product is available. Imported machinery and imported colliers (as well as native) have brought out rich results from these and other mines, and in 1876 the total area covered by coal-mining leases was 230 square miles. The gross product of all the coal mines in the province amounted, in 1875, to 781,165 tons; the total export being 551,959 tons (that of the United States amounting to 519,245 tons). The value of the coal sales of Nova Scotia for 1875 was $706,795; and for the five years, 1871-1875, $3,719,360. The number of persons employed in the coal trade was, in 1875, 3,777. The coal is bituminous, and best suited for steam and gas purposes; much of it has been used by the New York and Boston gas companies. Mr. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, paid $52,000 for the "Acadia" coal mine of Nova Scotia, near the "Albion"; and Gen. Lefferts, of N. Y. 7th Regiment fame, was at one time president of the company formed on the basis of this property. The territory of

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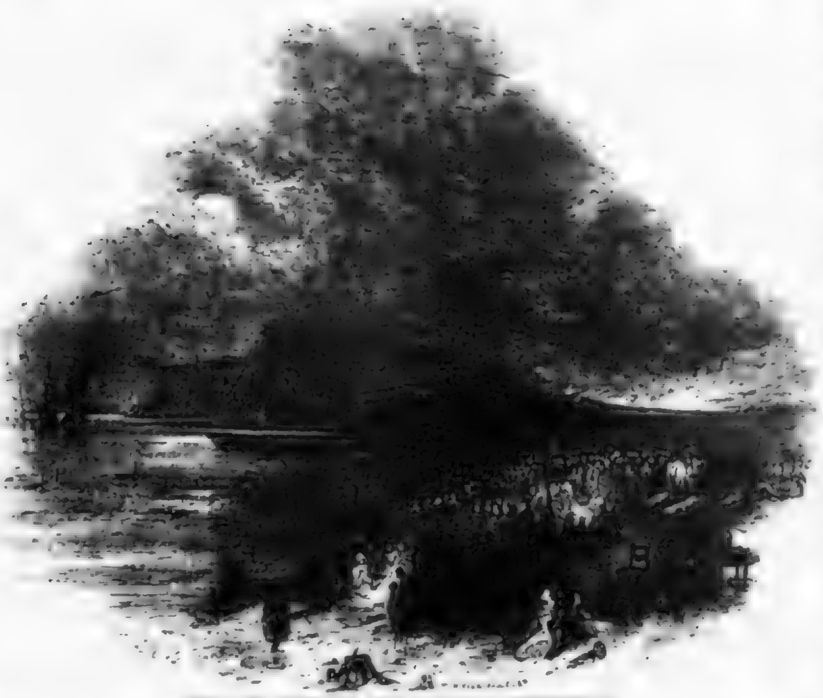


EMBARKATION OF THE ACADIAN PRISONERS.

this company comprised in mining area four square miles, and in surface and woodland, 1400 acres. It was held on a lease of eighty years, paying a royalty on coal sold of five per cent. *ad valorem.*

The subject of gold in Nova Scotia is one that is mythical to the general American public, yet none can be better founded. Gold was first discovered in the province in 1858, near Tangier, by a Captain L'Estrange, Royal Artillery, while moose-hunting. In 1862 it was a regular interest, and its development an industry paying royalty to the Government. The yield (official) in 1862 was 7,275 ounces; in 1867 it had risen to 27,314 ounces; and since then has dwindled to 9,140 ounces in 1874, and 11,208 ounces in 1875. The total gold product of Nova Scotia, from 1862 to 1875 inclusive, was 242,073 ounces, from 325,363 tons of quartz crushed—an average yield of fourteen pennyweights to the ton, and a gross yield valued at $5,000,000, or more than $350,000 per annum, average.

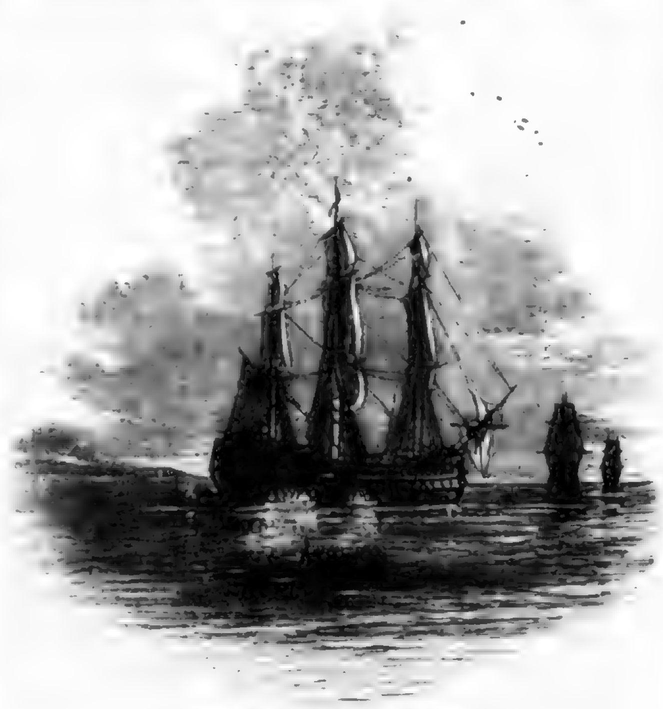
As far back as 1578, when Queen Elizabeth granted one of the innumerable Nova Scotia patents to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a reservation was made of one-fifth of all the gold and silver which might be found by the grantee within the limits of his patent. In the patent of Charles I. to the Earl of Sterling, this subject was again referred to.

Finally, the names given by the early French settlers to different localities in Nova Scotia have a decidedly auriferous flavor. Thus, we have "Bras d'Or," "Cap d'Or," "Jeu d'Or" (Jeddore). One of the gold-mining localities known as "The Ovens," gained this name from certain hollows in the beach, believed to have been made by ancient excavation for gold. Sir Charles Lyell, Professor Gesner and Sir Roderick Murchison all referred in their works to the probability of finding gold at some time in the province. Gold was, in fact, actually found there in 1840 and in 1848, but was passed over as of no special consequence, until the California fever started experiments which resulted in the discovery of 1858. Careful geological surveys have revealed the existence along the Atlantic coast of the Province of a belt of metamorphic, gold-bearing rock, consisting of five distinct bands, extending a distance of more than 300 miles, while traces of gold have been found in most of the streams of the interior.

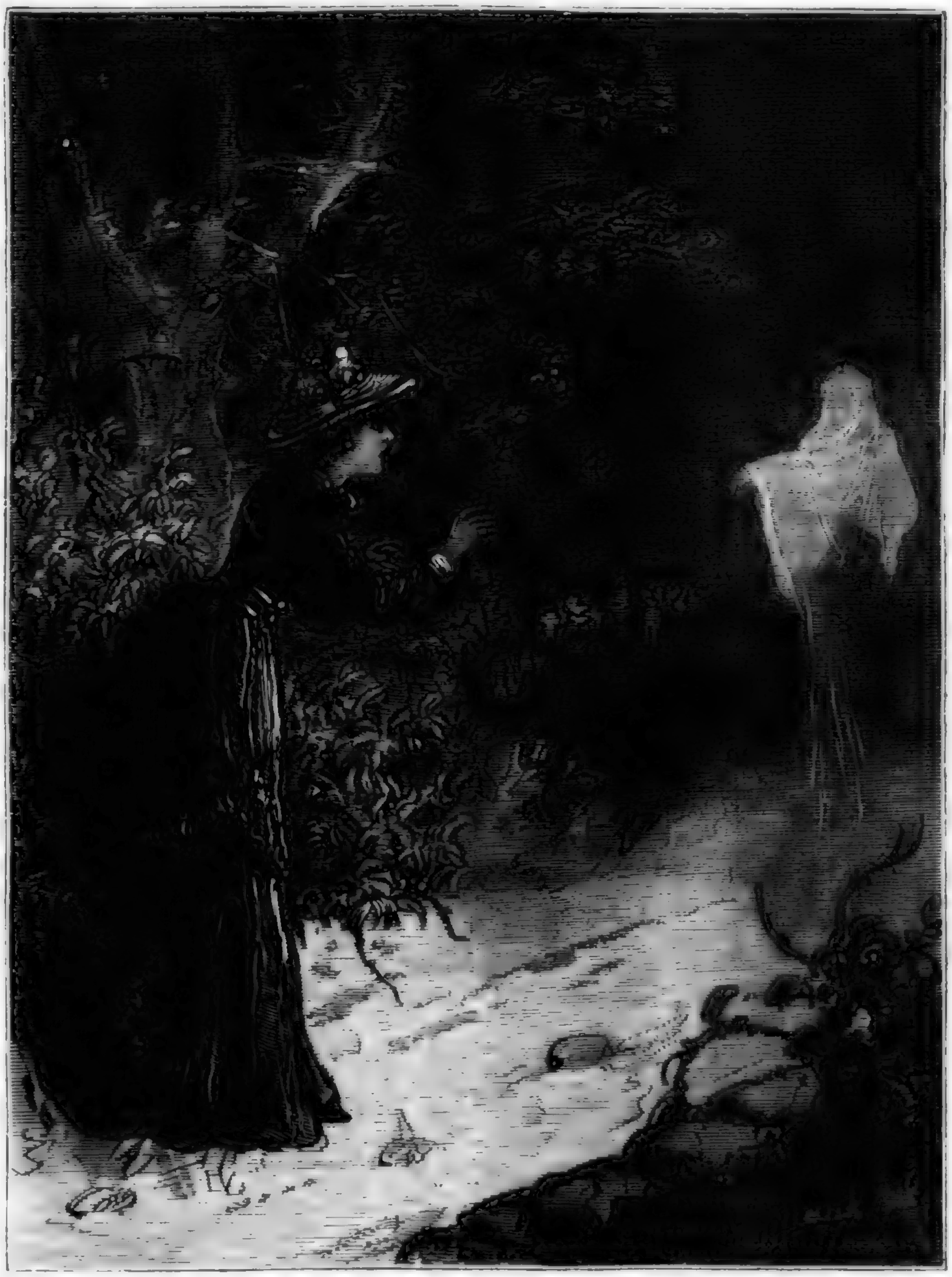
This belt of gold-bearing quartz is, of course, an extension of that which appears at certain points along the Atlantic coast of the United States, notably in North Carolina and Georgia. Traced through the "Wine Harbor" gold district, on the extreme northeast point of the peninsula of Nova Scotia, it dips beneath the strait between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, and is not again heard from; unless, perchance, the recent discovery of gold in the Island of Anticosti should prove to be an extension of this same belt due northward, which is not unlikely. One gold district is very like another, and that of Wine Harbor offers a favorable specimen.

Leaving New Glasgow in a comfortable four-horse English coach, the traveler is borne rapidly along a pleasant road due eastward toward the Atlantic Ocean. A section of country called "The Garden of Eden" is passed through, a beautiful valley adorned by a charming lake, and in whose neighborhood moose are found in Winter. Miles are sometimes passed without the sight of a human being or a habitation, and this sort of thing is varied only by the casual appearance of a lonely farmhouse—the centre, perhaps, of hundreds of acres—whose owners never leave the homestead, except once or twice in a season to visit the nearest town for shopping purposes. Sixty miles of this kind of travel bring you to Sherbrooke, a pretty town on the St. Mary's River, famous for fat salmon. Leaving Sherbrooke, we travel about twelve miles to Wine Harbor. The road keeps along the winding St. Mary's for a while, but soon we begin to jolt over huge rocks and boulders, corderoy-bridges, and every other species of roughness.

The country in all directions now assumes an aspect the most barren and forbidding imaginable. Huge masses of granite and quartzite, or "whin," are scattered broadcast over the plains which stretch interminably in every direction, as though they had been sent forth by a catapult with no end or aim, save to give added melancholy to the already lugubrious landscape. Even the hardy spruce and fir refuse to grow here, and, where they have rashly attempted it, stand gray and grizzly in monumental death, or black and smoldering, the charred ruins of some previous conflagration. Nothing flourishes but blueberries, low cranberries, gray moss and heather. The face of the



THE ACADIANS CARRIED OFF.



ONLY IN FUN.—"MY SISTER STOPPED SHORT. IT WAS NOW QUITE DARK, AND OF COURSE NOTHING BUT MY PALE, GLIMMERING FIGURE WAS VISIBLE TO HER."—SEE PAGE 286.

rocks, black and aged-looking, is freckled with moldy parasites. The whole character of the country is so changed from all that preceded it, that the most inadvertent eye must note the difference. Every rod of land proclaims to such as can read the signs, that we are in a gold-bearing country. Presently we mount a hill, grind slowly down a slight declivity, and we are in the mining village of Wine Harbor, whose little opening to the ocean received its name from the fact of a cargo of wine being lost therein years ago by shipwreck. Of the eleven gold districts in Nova Scotia, Wine Harbor has been the third in yield. Very little has been done there for some years, for want of capital, and the yield in 1875 amounted to only 492 ounces; to 2,000 in 1873, and 4,000 in 1864. The entire yield of this district, from 1862 to 1875 inclusive, was 23,602 ounces, worth about half a million dollars.

It is curious to reflect that within seventy-two hours of New York are extensively worked gold mines, of which the New York public never hear. With the many newly invented machines for recovering gold from "tailings," and for the better crushing of the quartz and amalgamating of the metal; with all the improvements in the prosecution of this industry which are now in the market—the mining of gold in Nova Scotia could undoubtedly be made to pay a handsome return on any amount of capital invested; provided that the business were conducted by Americans, and with the fair exercise of American industry and enterprise.

For the Nova Scotians are the reverse of enterprising, and not enthusiastically industrious. They are the most genial and hospitable and kindly people imaginable, but they like to take life easy, and waste very little time in the accumulation of wealth. So the splendid possibilities of the country are not developed, and, save where a few Americans have taken an interest in them, they are not much thought of.

The astounding fact remains, that here at our very doors, the four counties of Lunenberg, Hants, Halifax and Guysborough, in Nova Scotia, covering an area of 200 miles in length and 50 in width, have been mined, quietly and in rude fashion, during fifteen years, with a net result of $5,000,000; and no excitement or interest whatever has been occasioned by the fact, either in the United States, Canada, or even in Nova Scotia itself, except the ordinary business interest which has been equally felt in the herring-fishery and the quarrying of freestone.

About the year 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who was a half-brother to Sir Walter Raleigh, founded a colony in Newfoundland, and on his sailing thence for England was wrecked off Sable Island. His last words were, "Heaven is as near by sea as by land"; and so the brave sailor perished.

This Sable Island is one of the most curious features of this part of the continent. In the first place, it is a fixed belief in that section of the world that its sands are richly auriferous, being thrown up by waves from the washings of the gold-bearing quartz of the mainland. Then, the island is the habitat of a special breed of ponies named after it, whose origin no man knows. To land on Sable Island, means to pass from your cutter to the lifeboat, which is dragged through the breakers by her crew, and run high and dry on the sand, as the only possible means of getting ther

Once arrived, the scene is not uninteresting. The island is in the shape of a bow, about twenty-six miles long, and nowhere more than a mile wide. A shallow lake, thirteen miles long, occupies the centre; a house of refuge in case of shipwreck, with men to watch and warn by a beacon light; seals playing along the shore; a "crow's-nest" lookout for the watchers; life-boats, a house and

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barn, horses and men, and three or four hundred, perhaps, of the quaint, shaggy ponies, which are as like the same article of the pampas or the Ukraine as though they were bred of the same stock—in form, they are the counterpart of the mustang; and in size, of the Shetland Island animal of the same species.

It is a little curious, this breeding of ponies on the Shetland, Magdalen and Sable Islands. The circumscribed limits of their dwelling-places would certainly seem to have produced its effect in their diminished size. Those of Sable Island are shaggy-necked, with large head, and affect the light-chestnut and piebald colors of the Indian prairies of Western America. Once a year they are driven into a sort of pound, from which two or three dozen are selected, lassoed, and exported to Halifax for sale.

Sable Island is 390 miles southeast of Cape Causo, and is a dependency of Nova Scotia. So many shipwrecks have occurred on its treacherous sands, that an establishment has long been sustained there for life-saving, and sometimes many survivors are detained on the island for a considerable period before being taken off by a cutter from the shore. Often, for three long Winter months at a time, the inhabitants of the island hear nothing from the rest of the world, and the infrequent visits are therefore looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations of letters and newspapers.

Returning to Halifax, after our long round of visits to the other notable points of Nova Scotia, we are attracted to the former residence of his Royal Highness Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, and after whom was named Prince Edward Island. This prince was appointed in 1798 commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America. He is said to have been a gay young buck, who delighted in fast company, and took his full share of "life" while stationed in Halifax. On the edge of Bedford Basin he had erected a spacious mansion, with a music-pavilion, where the prince's band played on occasion, and with charming gardens and luxuriant lawns sweeping down from the "lodge" to the waterside; a bowling-green, a fishing-pavilion over an artificial lake—these were among the attractions of a place which must have been beautiful indeed in its day, and which it is pitiful to have permitted to fall to ruin.

The visitor recalls by imagination those earlier days, "when the red-coats clustered around the gates, and the grounds were sparkling with lamps at night; when the band from the music-house woke the echoes with the clash of martial instruments, and the young prince, with his gay gallants and his powdered, patched and painted Jezebels, held his brilliant court, with banner, music and flotilla; with the array of soldiery and the pageantry of ships-of-war on Bedford Basin."

This paper would be far from finished if we were not to name a few of the natives of Nova Scotia who have become distinguished for qualities of mind, for daring deeds of arms, or for adventurous pursuits or able business enterprise. Sir Edward Belcher, the famous Arctic navigator, was a Nova Scotian; so was Rear-Admiral Provo Wallis, who captured our American *Chesapeake*, now chiefly remembered by the dying speech of her noble commander, Captain Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship!" Donald McKay, the well-known shipbuilder, was born among the "Blue Noses"; so was Samuel Cunard, the father of the great Cunard Line of ocean steamships. Thomas C. Haliburton ("Sam Slick") was a Nova Scotian; so also was William Rufus Blake, the admirable comedian who once divided the honors of the New York stage with William E. Burton. Gilbert Stuart Newton, the artist, was born in the hospitable little province; so was General Inglis, the defender of Lucknow, and, finally, the distinguished soldier, General William Fenwick Williams, "the hero of Kars," whom to name is to praise.

The Nova Scotians are sociable, generous, and, as has already been said, hospitable. An American is certain of kindly and genial treatment whenever he travels in their direction. A dozen years ago they displayed much inclination toward annexation to the United States, and they fought the scheme of the Dominion, and union with the western provinces, to the last, being finally dragged into the coalition by processes of legislation with which we, in this country, are only too familiar. The fishery interests of the "maritime provinces," as they are called—Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island—offered a dazzling bait to the schemers of that period, and treachery at home succeeded in accomplishing what no other influence ever could.

Nova Scotia would have been a rich addition to our list of States; but as this was not to be, common sense would at least dictate that we should avail ourselves as far as possible of its great advantages for the accumulation of wealth. We repeat, that American capital invested in developing the mineral wealth—and particularly gold—of this province, will return to its owners tenfold.

A BARMECIDAL FEAST.

By Richard Dowling.

Love, we tell tales in the night,
Dally by streams in the noon,
Sing, and our ballads of flight
Banish the ghosts of the moon.

Music we find in the brake,
Lent by the birds in their bowers;
Dawn hangs our flags in the lake
Out of the shadow of towers.

We have the red bridal rose,
Pulse of the tune of a song,
Sweetened by azure repose
Skylark has tarried in long,

Silvery light on the spray,
Oceans of opal and spar,
Ruby-faced walls in array
Under the planet of war.

Porphyry vases of white
Roses and lilies we mold;
Yellow pistoles of the light
Dropped in the waters of gold.

Gold of the earth we have none,
Slave of the mart never keep;
Ours is the gold of the sun
Stored in the Palace of Sleep.

ONLY IN FUN.

By Karl Drury.

You ask me whose portrait that is hanging over the mantel just where the warm fire-flashes can so changefully tinge it? Was there ever a sweeter face? And yet it scarcely does justice to the original. I think her eyes were of an even wistfuler and tenderer blue than the artist has there rendered them, and her hair of a softer, warmer gold.

She was my only sister, Pamela, three years older than I. Ah, you see, don't you, that I have grown pale during these few moments? Ever since you came here, Miss Harris, as governess to my little Bessie, I am sure that you have felt convinced of our complete happiness as a loving and united family.

Well, you are right—at least, nearly right. Surely *I* ought to be the happiest of them all, with a husband who worships me and with four charming children whose rosy arms wreath my neck so often. Perhaps my bliss would be perfect, Miss Harris, but for one miserable, childish memory. It is a haunting ghost that will never, never leave me. Take my hand, and hold it in yours while I tell the old sad story here amid the gathering twilight.

My father was what people call a hard man. Pamela and I were his only two children; mother had died when I was born. About twice a year father would inspect the doings of a chief overseer on our great farm; nearly all his time was taken up in reading and scholarly pursuits. He was imperious and dictatorial to Pamela and myself; I think that we both tried hard to love him, but gave up the task in silent despair long before either of us became any age.

He was an aristocrat in tastes and theories, used to be very proud of his old Knickerbocker name, Van Horn, and would sometimes say to Pamela, after she had grown to be a young lady:

"Before long, my daughter, you must go to New York and see a little of metropolitan society. I myself will take you" (with a dignified stiffening of his tall, emaciated figure). "All my relations—and there are quite a number of these among the best people in New York—would at once pay their respects to us."

Again and again father would speak this way to my sister; and at first Pamela's face flushed with expectant pleasure; but after a while she treated these majestic promises as the mere empty air that they merited being considered. Perhaps, too, after she met George Conroy, her desire to get a glimpse of New York society underwent a marked change.

He was a handsome young artist, who had come to spend the Summer in the neighboring village, and fill his portfolio with sketches of our charming surrounding scenery. Pamela met him at the house of a certain friend in the village, whom she often visited. I suppose these two young people had become attached to each other before I even found out the fact of their acquaintance. When I did make my discovery, it was only to pelt poor Pamela with a perfect storm of raillery, for I must now record that I was, at fifteen years old, perhaps one of the most mischievous young hoidens and vixens that it would be easy to find.

Pamela did not dare tell father how cruelly I treated her, and so complete was the awe in which she stood of him, and her fear lest merely to mention the word "lover" in his hearing might make him overwhelm her with wrath, that through many weeks after her engagement to George Conroy they two held clandestine meetings together. I say "engagement," for surely when two young hearts offer a pure, sincere love to each other, the betrothal contract ought not to need other ratification.

On discovering that Pamela met George Conroy secretly, I was filled with an overmastering amusement. In my eyes, at that period, there was nothing on earth quite so humiliating as to be "in love." Doubtless the witticisms of which I made my poor, meek sister the object were very silly. At that time I thought them excessively good, and was never tired of multiplying them. With what patience Pamela bore all the rude giggled things that I said to her! Once I made the important discovery that they used to meet, in the Summer evenings, some time after sunset, at a certain great willow-tree—a sort of immemorial landmark about that portion of the country—and walk together.

"Gracious, Pam," I jeeringly questioned, "how do you ever manage to pass the haunted orchard after nightfall?"

My sister gave a little shiver.

"Well, Gertrude," she answered, hesitatingly, "it *is* hard. Sometimes I turn cold from head to foot whilst I'm hurrying by. Of course, my reason tells me that the story about that murdered woman's ghost haunting it is perfectly ridiculous; and yet, for the life of me, I *can't* control my nervousness."

I laughed as I heard this, and whilst I walked away, an ugly, mischievous thought was taking shape in my brain.

That night, a little before the hour at which Pamela usually slipped out of the house, I myself left it with a large bundle under my arm. The "haunted orchard," as certain stupid country people called it, lay but a short distance off. I soon reached it, and, under the shadow of a great apple-tree, undid my bundle, which consisted of a voluminous white sheet. Draping myself in this, I crouched behind a certain obscuring tree-trunk, and patiently waited.

Presently steps sounded. As they drew nearer I could recognize my sister's quick, nervous tread. I rose, and came forward. The stone fence directly in front of me was broken away, and through this convenient aperture I now flitted forth upon the road, after the most ghostly fashion that I could assume.

My sister stopped short when she saw me. It was now quite dark, and of course nothing but my pale, glimmering figure was visible to her. I could ill control the shriek of laughter that rushed to my lips. At length, however, my fun seemed to me rather monotonous, for there stood Pamela, about three yards distant, still, utterly immovable. I could not see her face, but the rigid outlines of her figure were very apparent to me.

A sudden fear possessed my heart! I sprang forward, and in a moment afterward had caught her hand. It was cold as ice.

"Pamela!" I cried, "it's I. And I was only in fun, you know. Pray forgive me if I've frightened you so very much. I thought you'd merely screech, and that would be the end of it. Pamela, why don't you speak?"

I was very close to her now, and was searching her face with alarmed eyes. She was smiling, but there seemed something horribly vacant in the smile. At last her lips opened, and in a strange, absent way, she murmured:

"Only in fun! Only in fun!"

Oh, the anguish of remorse that I felt as those slow, queerly spoken, *idiotic* words fell upon my ear! I put my trembling arm about her waist and we walked back home together. She was docile as a child. She seemed wholly to have forgotten her purposed meeting with George Conroy. All the way home she kept murmuring in that terrible, altered voice, with that meaningless, empty smile, "Only in fun! Only in fun!"

Her reason was gone for ever. She lived three years, a perpetual reproach to me, an ever-present misery! I think that it was the agony which George Conroy saw me suffer that made him, two years after Pamela's death, ask me to become his wife. He was the wealthy and prosperous artist then as you see him now, and not the poor painter who had wooed my sister. He painted that portrait himself, from memory. And he painted it at my request.

THE affection of parents is best shown to their children by teaching them what is good and true.

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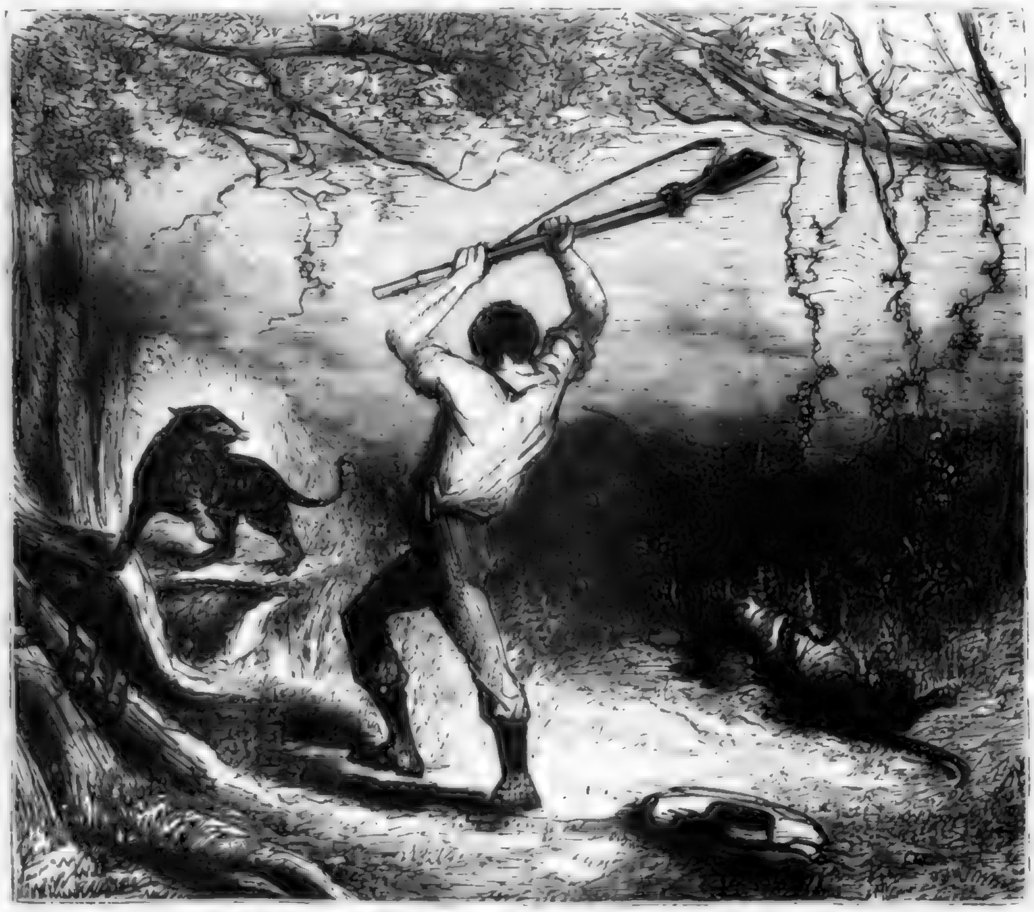
THE THREE OCELOTS.

America does not boast a tiger, but the ocelot, or tiger-cat, is an animal of the same family, and partakes of the characteristics of the Indian tiger too much to be at all such a companion as you would select.

The result of the war sent me to Mexico, where I hoped to build up, with fellow-soldiers, a new State, that would not bend to the sway which had proved too much for us on the battlefield. How our enthusiasm died out, how imperialism typified by a negro prefect disgusted us completely, this is no place to tell.

But I had some queer adventures while a devoted subject of the scion of the House of Hapsburg, and came very near laying my bones in that happy land. The Ministro de Agricultura y Fomento had granted us land very freely —all Mexican governments do—and as dispossessed presidents, governors and secretaries have a way of "raising the wind" by issuing similar grants, and antedating them a few years, there is not much outlying land that cannot be covered a foot deep or so with grants. Our lawyers will win golden honors some of these days in investigating all this. They know some little of the matter already in California and New Mexico.



THE THREE OCELOTS.—"AT LAST A WELL-AIMED BLOW STUNNED IT."

Well, I set out to locate my plantation; and after riding till I was pretty well tired, in search of landmarks to begin my rough survey, and see what wealth, time, patience and industry might trust to wring from its entrails, at last I resolved to treat myself to a meal, and, unsaddling my horse, fastened him with a long lariat, that he should not stray off, and then proceeded to attack the provisions I had brought along. My meal was not a long one. My only companions were my own thoughts, and they were not so gay as to make one spend too much time at table.

I finally leaned against a tree behind me, and fell into an uneasy sleep. How long this lasted I do not precisely know, but I was roused by a snarl, and, opening my eyes, saw three fine ocelots, attracted by the remnants of my meal, before me. They had disposed of that, and, while two were snarling over the last morsel, the largest of all was making her stealthy approaches to me, and already preparing to make her leap. In a moment my rifle was seized and flashed; over rolled the tiger-cat, yelling with pain, and helpless for all but cries. One of the others bounded away, but the third, with a pluck that I could not but admire, made a bold spring at me. I had no time to load, and clubbing my rifle, fought it out, parrying its leaps, till at last a well-aimed blow stunned it. Then my foot on the throat fixed it till my hunting-knife settled its account.

The skins are all the trophies of my Mexican campaign. I left my precious grant to ocelots and their companions, and am trying the old soil with a cheerier heart.

SPANISH RELICS NEAR TALLAHASSEE.

A few years ago, about two miles east of Tallahassee, was found a ponderous spur, of unique and curious workmanship, the like of which has not been seen in modern times. The burr was one and a half inches in diameter, and the bar proportionately heavy. On either side of the rowell dangled small pendent bells that gave forth a tinkling sound in response to each step of the wearer—doubtless some steel-clad and bonneted warrior of the long ago.

Not many days since, while parties were plowing near the identical spot, a solid and shapeless mass was turned up, which, upon closer examination, proved to be an iron stirrup of ancient pattern, as heavy and as massive in proportion as the spur spoken of at first, and firmly imbedded in a thick coating of clay and rust. When this was removed, the stirrup was found to be in a remarkably good state of preservation. The sides represent two Ethiopian figures standing upon the foot-rest, leaning forward facing each other, while they support with outstretched arms what forms the top of the stirrup, or that part which is connected with the leather.

So unlike are both these relics to anything known to the generations of this day and time, and both being found so near the same place, it is not unreasonable to ascribe them to the same era and individual

Many of the papers speak of these as possible relics of De Soto; but De Soto was only one of many who scoured the territory on the Gulf. Pamphilo de Narvaez, Tristan de Luna, and the Cancer expedition, visited it, and many Spanish vessels were wrecked on that coast. To ascribe everything to De Soto is absurd.

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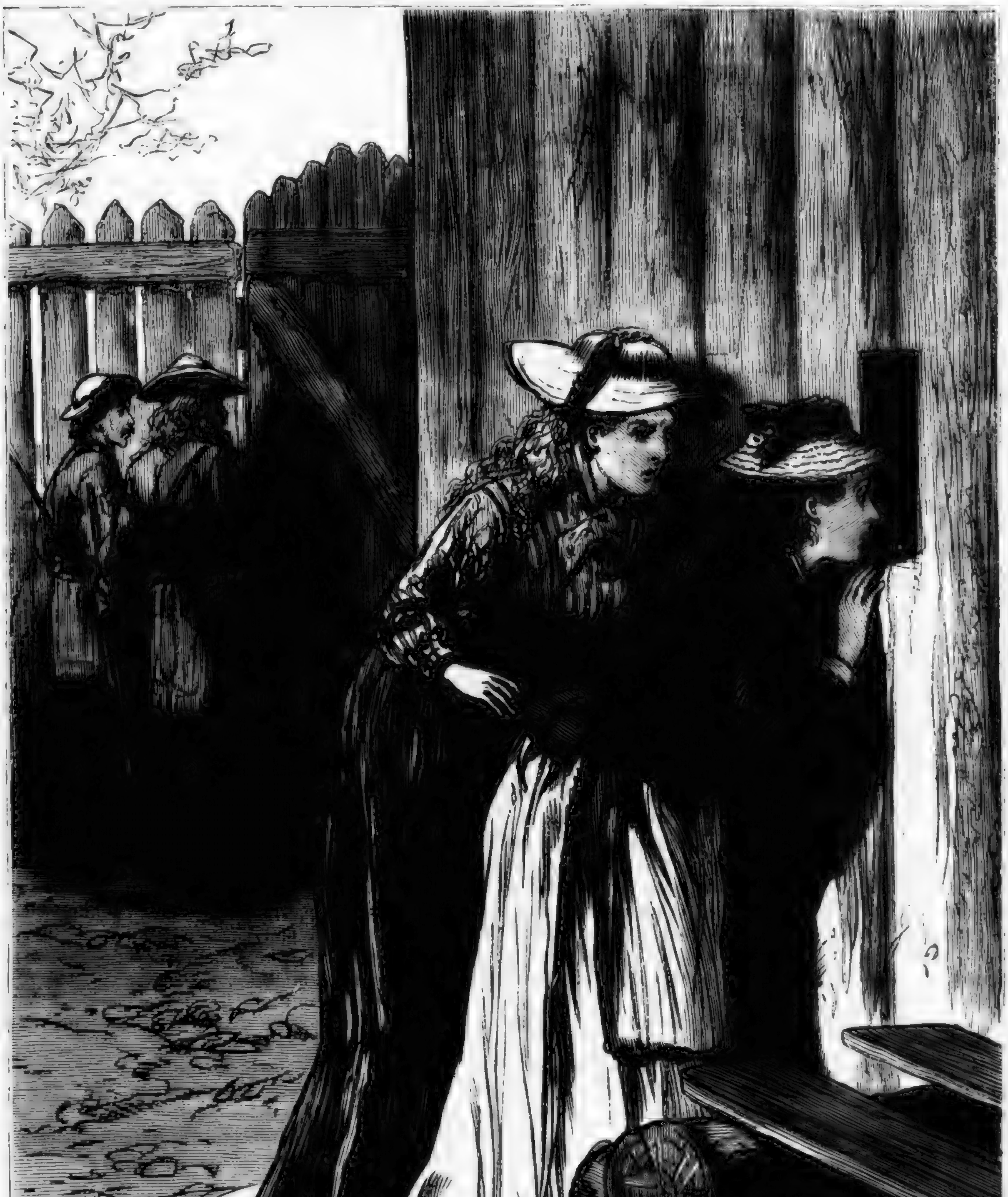

HOLMAN'S OUTFIT.—"IN A MOMENT MORE THEY WERE AT THE STRONGLY-MADE AND WELL-BARRED PORTALS WHICH HAD BEEN RAISED AT THE ONE ENTRANCE OF THE LITTLE FORTIFICATION."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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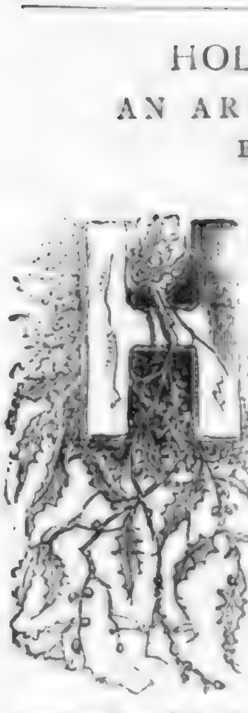
HOLMAN'S OUTFIT.

AN ARIZONA ROMANCE.

By W. O. Stoddard.

Chapter I.



HOW they got there, or where they came from, not the oldest prospector in Cary Holman's mining expedition could guess, and he had the completest outfit and the best men with him that had ever hunted for gold on Bill Williams's Fork, or in the valley of any other mining river.

Old man Hedger said they must have come overland, and Captain Varley, late of the regular cavalry, as he described himself, said they must have come up the Colorado.

"You see," argued the captain, somewhat overbearingly, "they never could have brought all that plunder overland, and boats would fetch it up the Fork within twenty or thirty miles of this."

"How do you know they've got so much plunder?" growled old Hedger, through his grizzly wealth of beard. "You haven't been inside the stockade yet, let alone the house."

"But what puzzles me," interrupted another speaker, "is how they came to be here so long, anyhow, and none of us ever hear a word about them, even from the Indians. It must have taken two years to make all those improvements. Everything's in tip-top order."

The speaker was a tall, bronzed, fine-looking specimen of American manhood, with a world of determination in his firm jaws and his dark, steady, unwavering eye—the very man to lead around two dozen of gold-seekers into the heart of the still bitterly debated domains of the merciless Apaches.

"Cary Holman," responded old Hedger, "I don't reckon you'll find much thar that couldn't ha' been hauled over in two or three good waggins. Cap'n Varley ain't o' no 'count in settling questions o' that sort; but why don't ye go right in onto 'em? What are ye haltin' for, out yer?"

Holman's bearded lips parted in a pleasant laugh, as he replied:

"Well, Hedger, to tell the truth, I scarcely know; unless it be to reconnoitre. Tell the boys to drive on, and we'll see what's the meaning of such a settlement away out here in the diggings."

The halt of "Holman's Outfit," as the members of the expedition had christened it before ever it started from Prescott, and the torrent of comments and surmises of which this conversation formed a small part, had been made on the summit of a "rising ground" in the plain, near a southerly branch of what is put down on the maps of Arizona as Bill Williams's Fork, and in the very heart of a hitherto unknown region, dimly imagined to be rich in all the hidden treasures which fire the imaginations and tempt the adventurous souls of the daring gold-hunters of the West. That is to say, the immediate cause of the halt had been the sudden discovery that the "unexplored" country into which they had penetrated was not so altogether unexplored as they had fondly deemed it.

There, before them, less than half a mile away, nestling between a curve of the stream and a high, precipitous *mesa*, or prolonged bluff of volcanic rock, lay a very comfortable patch of cultivated ground, watched over, at the foot of the *mesa*, by a strong stockade, in the centre of which arose a well-built dwelling of stone, hewn logs, and unburnt brick or *adobe*. Moreover, while the bluff itself, to the perpendicular wall of which the stockade extended, formed an all-sufficient protection on that side, the experienced eyes of Cary Holman and his comrades instantly detected the signs of something more than ordinary housekeeping.

"Thar's been something more than deer-meat roasted at the foot of that thar chimbly," growled old Hedger; "but thar's a good deal about it that I don't more'n half understand."

"Maybe, then, thar's something out yonder you kin git a meaning from," sharply responded the rugged mountain man he had spoken to. "Hark to the captain! Hurrah for Cary Holman!"

"Apaches! Apaches!"

"They're surrounded!"

"No, they ain't. That Varley's a good one."

"Better'n ever I reckoned on, anyhow."

Amidst a storm of shouts and comments, the ready miners rapidly drew their teams together in the traditional style of the plains, under such circumstances scarcely needing the swift commands of Cary Holman, for he, and not Varley, had been the "captain" whose energy and promptness had been recognized by the ready cheers of the men.

Nevertheless, the ex-officer of cavalry was just then winning for himself a very good place in the opinions of his comrades.

Accompanied by two others, he had been sent out on flank when the train was put in motion after its brief halt—for Holman was a cautious leader as well as a bold one—and before the little squad had ridden three hundred yards, they had found themselves in one of those predicaments which test human pluck and nerve to the uttermost, and which yet form a part of almost the daily life of the Arizona gold-hunter.

Right close upon them came riding a squad of four white men, whose weary steeds in vain attempted to keep up the semblance of a gallop, while behind and on either side of these there wheeled and charged a swarm of painted demons on horseback, whose numbers seemed every moment to increase and multiply.

Plucky fellows were those four white men, and full of faith in their kind and color, for no sooner did they catch sight of Varley and his comrades and the compact line of the train in their rear, than they deliberately slackened their gait, and began to ply their repeating rifles at every tolerable redskin mark which presented itself.

It would have disgraced them for ever if the three miners had faltered in face of an example like that; but Varley and his two friends showed no signs of the "white feather," merely halting, with wise deliberation, till the strangers joined company with them, and then adding their own keen marksmanship to that which the yelling Apaches already seemed to hold in wholesome dread.

Now, however, the savages gathered fast, in a cloud whose very numbers gave it boldness, actually sweeping down to close quarters, and it was at this juncture—for the whole thing had come "like a flash"—that the behavior of Varley himself had called out the enthusiastic plaudits of the whole train.

Whether or not he had ever been a cavalry officer, he had persisted in wearing a regulation sabre, in spite of the unconcealed derision of not a few of the "mountain men" and miners, and now he displayed a skill and power in its use which was of more than a little value.

Meantime, while giving his other orders, Cary Holman had picked out eight or nine of his best and best-mounted men, and, while the train moved steadily forward, he led them at full speed to the rescue of the apparently doomed victims of the Apache "surround."

It seemed a foolhardy thing to do, and so it might have been for men of any other sort of training; but it was a sore thing for the savages and a wonderful help to their antagonists, less than a minute thereafter, when the foremost braves began to roll from their saddles, and the sabre of Varley could once more be sheathed long enough for him to slide fresh cartridges into the chamber of his carbine.

He had but four men with him now, for one of the strangers and one of his own had already gone down hopelessly, as the remainder desperately maintained the steady struggle of their retreat.

No use to think of stopping to pick up wounded men at such a time, if wounded they were, and "down" was as good as dead. The approach of Cary Holman and his party was none too soon, and their fire had been none too true, for the safety of all concerned.

Steadily, therefore, and plying their rifles as they went, the white men fell back toward the now hastening train, followed at a more and more respectful distance by the yelling swarm of Apaches.

"There are more of them coming, sir. They have gathered on our trail for two days, and it must be a preconcerted thing, for we've had no trouble with them before, and this is our third year. Perhaps they knew of your own movement."

These remarks were addressed in a calm, well-modulated sort of style to Cary Holman himself, and the young leader could scarcely believe his ears, accustomed as he was to meet singular men among the diggings.

The speaker seemed to be in a manner the leader of the strangers, and this was the first evidence either of them had given that they knew how to talk. A tall, gaunt, rough-bearded, bronzed old man was he, with long white hair falling down over the tattered remnants of what might once have been a coat. His other garments would scarcely have tempted a rag-picker, but Cary Holman needed no one to tell him that he was talking to a gentleman.

"No, indeed," he responded. "All our movements have been kept a secret—so close that our own men had scarcely an idea of where I meant to lead them. Still, I must say we calculated on having to shoot a few Apaches."

"A few of them!" exclaimed the stranger. "I shall be glad if we do not have half the tribe to deal with." And then he turned in his saddle and added to his silent companions, "John, my boy, you and Percy ride on with me. We must get things ready for our guests. Hurry up your train, captain. We have room for you all, and there will be some comfort in being behind a stockade for the rest of the day."

"Never a doubt of that," growled old man Hedger, "and lucky for you to have a garrison like this for your stockade."

Whether he heard or not, the white-haired stranger politely touched his greasy broadbrim as he struck spurs to his weary horse, and Cary Holman responded as politely and as silently, while the queer trio slowly cantered away.

The distance they had to go was not great, and the train in a manner "covered" them from redskin pursuit, but it was an odd sort of thing to do, after all.

"I say, Holman," remarked Captain Varley, "did you twig that fellow he called John? Face like a hawk, with a touch of wolf in it. I never saw such a pair of eyes in the head of any human being."

"The other one's as bad," testily added old man Hedger. "More like a corp on hossback than a live human. They kin all shoot, though, and the old feller's as game as a chicken."

"He's right about the stockade, too," cheerily responded Holman. "We're in for a rough sort of time, and I'm glad our fort's ready made to our hands. Steady, now, boys. Forward all. We'll be there inside of fifteen minutes."

Perhaps Holman's calculation was not so far out of the way, counting by the watch, but minutes are long things under some circumstances. Heavily loaded wagons, full of mining-gear and provisions, do not travel fast over rough ground, even with four spans of mules to the wagon, and the threatening cloud of redskins was momentarily gathering with a darker and more ominous show of force.

If one thing was clearer than another, it was that no considerable amount of mining, or even of prospecting, was likely to be accomplished until something should happen to burst that very "cloud."

"A storm of lead, for instance?"

Perhaps, as well as anything.

CHAPTER II.

It may have been half an hour or so before Cary Holman's "outfit" drew up for its brief halt on the rise, and in a sort of shaded veranda in front of the stockaded dwelling between the little river and the bluff there were seated two young women. Both had more than ordinary pretensions to womanly attractiveness. Neither could apparently have seen more than twenty Summers, although the sun of Arizona had been none too friendly with them, and their garments were such as might have been expected under the circumstances. The very hands with which they plied their busy needles, though shapely, bore tokens of severer toil than that, and the two fair young faces were darkened by an expression of the most painful anxiety.

"Four days, Laura, and no sign of their return. I'm glad they cleaned up all the ore before they started. We did well to finish all that smelting in forty hours."

"We worked day and night, Nellie," was the quiet reply; "and what will the ingots be worth if your father does not come back?"

The speaker was the shorter and more slightly formed of the two, almost a brunette in her clear complexion, dark eyes and luxuriant raven hair, but with a face full of that steady individuality which goes to the formation of what men call character. Her companion, on the contrary, was a blonde of the intense, clear-colored and passionate style which the old Norsemen half worshiped, as endowed with more than human energy for good or evil. The very color of her hair was suggestive of wealth of gold, and her ripe, red lips parted half impatiently as she replied:

"What if we did, Laura Paine? Was it not the end of our work in the mine? More's the pity. Oh, if we only had machinery, what could we not bring up out of that vein!"

"But what for, Nellie? Have we not already more than even your crazy brother and his evil genius raved about on our way here? And what is it worth, I ask again, more than the cinders yonder, if they and the men and your father do not come back?"

"But they will come back!" sharply exclaimed Nellie; "and they will bring with them all we wanted to know of the new mine. There are eight of them, all well armed, and the Indians have never troubled us since we came here."

"I know all I want to know now!" exclaimed Laura,

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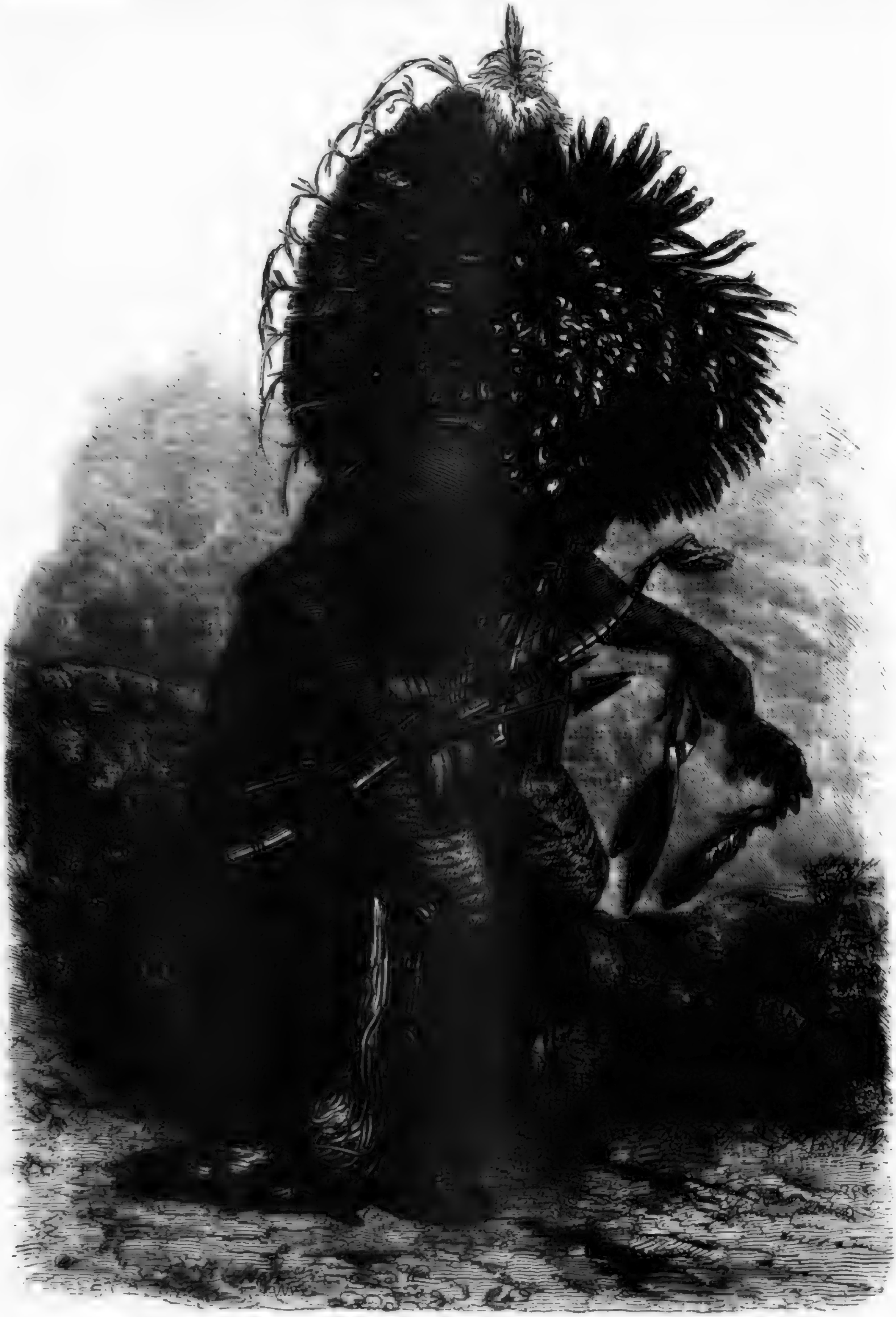


HOLMAN'S OUTFIT.—"A PAINTED DEMON."

with mournful firmness. "Life is better than gold, and I have wasted all I mean to of my own in this dreary, sordid wilderness. I am of age now, and your father has no right to forbid my going where I please. He never did have. I came more for love of you than fear of him."

"Fear, Laura!" exclaimed Nellie. "He loves you as if you were his daughter, and I almost wish you were. Come with me, dear, I want to show you something."

Almost mechanically Laura arose, and followed her friend into and through the house, to where, in the rear, a sort of storehouse had been built of heavy blocks of roughly-hammered stone. There were no windows, but when the massive door was swung open the glare of midday shone full upon the grimy yellow of stack after stack of neatly piled ingots, the results of many a hard day's toil and long years of unceasing peril.

The sight called forth no answering enthusiasm in the dark eyes of Laura Paine, and she said:

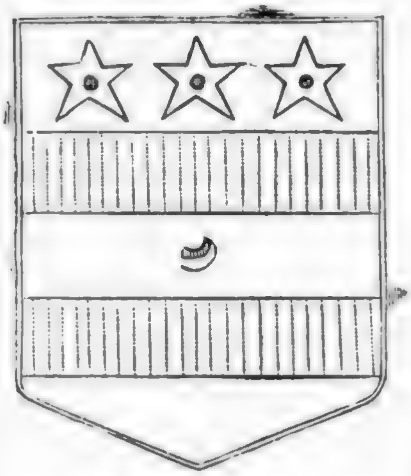
"What of that, Nellie? I have seen it before, only too often. Those are the idols of this house."

"And of the whole world besides!" exclaimed Nellie, feverishly. "Do you not know that your share of that will make you a princess, if ever you return to the world you long for?"

"Nellie Westfield," earnestly and sorrowfully returned Laura, "I would not have believed, three years ago, that you would ever bow down your soul in such a way——"

"Hark!" said Nellie. "Do you hear it? Out to the stockade! To the gates—quick—come with me!"

"Yes, I hear it—firing!" exclaimed Laura, as she followed the swift feet of her friend. "Ah, me! I knew that I should hear it, sooner or later."



ARMORIAL BEARINGS OF THE WASHINGTONS. SEE PAGE 302.

In a moment more they were at the strongly-made and well-barred portals which had been raised at the one entrance of the little fortification.

They could see the tilted wagons of the train and the accompanying horsemen, but not the combat, the sounds of which the wind brought to their ears from the plain beyond.

"Not our own people," murmured Laura. "I wonder who they can be. Oh, how I wish your father had returned!"

"I will not let them in, unless it be to save their lives," said Nellie.

"If they know only you and I are here," said Laura, "they may not ask your permission. There, I can see an Indian—more of them. Nellie, is not that your father?"

"Yes, Laura, and I can see John and Wetterman, but I can't see any of the others," said Nellie.

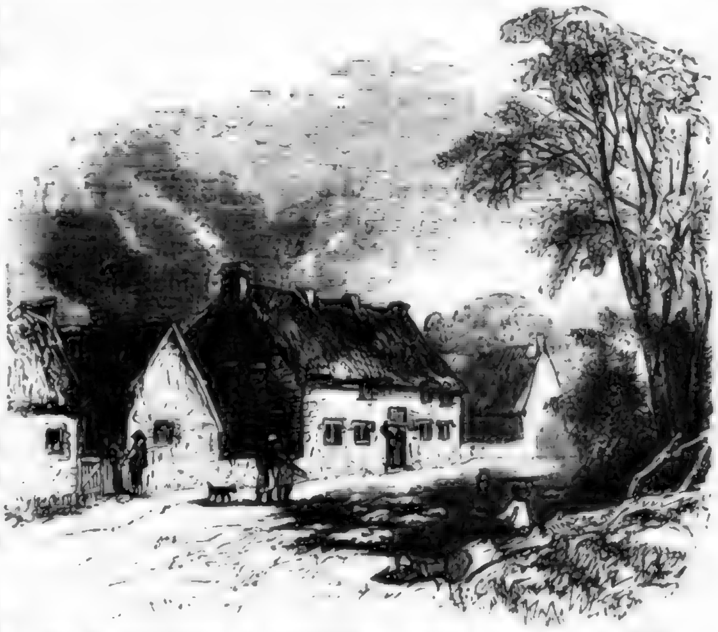
"There are a good many of the strangers around them," suggested Laura; but very quickly the two parties again separated, and there were, indeed, but three who came riding toward the gate.

"Your father and John and that gold-demon," said Laura. "What can have become of the rest? Let's open the gates, Nellie."

"To them, of course, but not to everybody," almost sternly responded the golden-haired young Amazon, and the two girls threw aside the heavy wooden bars with a show of muscular strength which would have astonished any of their fair sisters of the settlements and "society."

Still, it was no work of a moment, even for them, and they had small time to wait, after the ponderous gates were swung open, before the three weary and powder-blackened horsemen came riding in.

Not at all sordid, certainly, were either those who came or those who had waited for them, to judge by the intense, passionate earnestness of the few brief words of greeting and of welcome.



THE WASHINGTONS OF YORKSHIRE.—HOUSE IN LITTLE BRINGTON, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN OCCUPIED BY THE WASHINGTONS.

A flush and a smile lit up even the pallid face of him whom old Hedger had stigmatized as "a corp on hoss-back." To him, indeed, Laura Paine frankly and heartily extended her hand, and the flush and the smile grew brighter as she did so, only to fade away into a more ghastly whiteness than ever, when Nellie Westfield turned from him, with something like a shiver, to ask her father:

"But where are the men, father? Have they staid with the train? Will any of the strangers come here?"

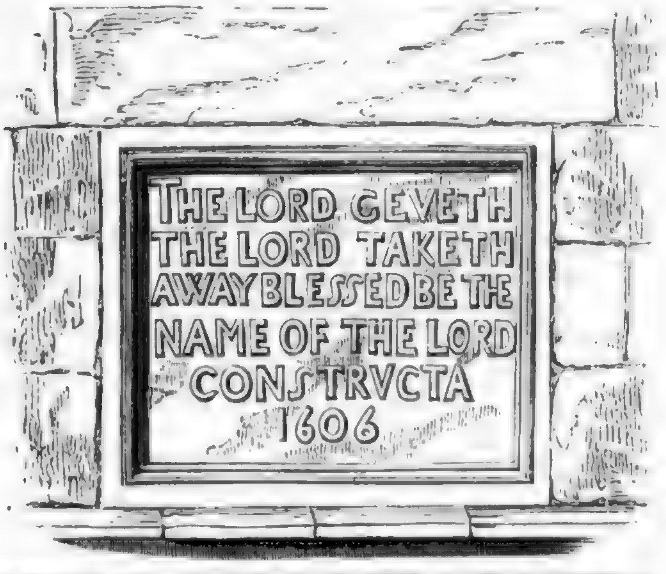
"The train, Nellie? Oh, yes, the whole train is coming. We can't help that. They saved our scalps just now, and they'll have to do it over again, right away. The men! Our men, do you mean? It's a hard thing to say, Nellie, but not one of them will ever do any more mining—not one."

"The Apaches?" exclaimed Laura, inquiringly.

"Yes, dear, the Apaches," mournfully returned the old man. "There are only half as many to divide with as there were a few days ago. We're a good deal richer all round."

"Oh, Uncle Westfield," almost sobbed Laura, "how can you speak of gold in the same breath with human blood!"

"Because" (here broke in a strange and hollow voice)



INSCRIPTION OVER THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF THE WASHINGTONS.

XUM

"the one has almost always cost the other. Our pile was never fairly earned till now. It's a good deal to win for only five lives, anyhow, and I ain't sure but what more will have to go before we get it away."

Again a sort of icy shiver swept over the frame of Nellie Westfield, as she looked askance at the speaker. A strange face it was to look at, on which even the burning sun of Arizona seemed to have no power; but the words which came from the colorless lips had an effect in an unexpected quarter, for John Westfield almost shouted, as he threw himself from his staggering mustang:

"Shut up your croaking, Percy Wetterman! I'm sorry for the boys, but we took our chances with them. That is, I did, and so did the old man. I believe you're charmed somehow, or they'd have had your scalp a dozen times. Is everything all right, girls? The train'll be here in less than no time, and it won't do for them to learn too much. They're a pretty good lot, but gold is gold."

The few remaining minutes were spent, in spite of the assurances of Nellie and Laura, in an inspection tour of the premises, even the yawning mouth of the mine, in the face of the precipice behind the house, being looked into, as if to see if it showed any symptoms of a disposition to tell tales.

A strange company were those dwellers in the mining wilderness, and it was by no means an easy task to gather what might be their opinions of and relations to each other.

Brief time as they had at their disposal, neither of the men, old or young, seemed easy in his mind until they had actually opened the door of the strong-room, or gold storehouse, as the girls themselves had done before, and glared in with hungry and feverish eagerness upon the yet undisturbed evidences of their wonderful success.

The face of old Westfield took on sharper lines and an appearance of even greater age than before; that of Percy Wetterman grew more grayishly white, as if the soul had left it more utterly and for a longer time; while the wolf and the hawk seemed to struggle more savagely than ever in the hungry lineaments of John Westfield.

Soaked through and through were they with that wild fanaticism of the mines, which is less avarice, or mere love of wealth, than the insane craving for gold, purely *as* gold in its subtle metallic fascination, and which has filled the world with sane lunatics ever since Nebuchadnezzar set up his idol. Before that, too, it may be; but there must have been a wonderful deal of mining and digging before that idol was ready to cast.

And now the sound of lumbering wheels, cracking whips, shouting men, and the clear, stern, penetrating tones of command, announced that the coming train was already at the gates. In another instant, as the occupants of the stockade hurried forward to receive their guests, all other sounds were momentarily drowned and lost in the wild chorus of yells that betokened a last desperate rush of the Apaches upon their escaping prey.

"I reckon they'd try another blow if they could only gather strong enough in time," growled old Westfield. "I hope the expedition won't lose too many men; say half, now, and I wouldn't mind it. There's too many of them for me to manage just yet, but I could get along with anything less than a dozen."

The white lips of Percy Wetterman parted in what, for a living being, would have been a smile of acquiescence; but other ears had heard as well, and Nellie Westfield gazed at her father's placid, calculating face in a sudden spasm of undisguised horror.

"Oh, Laura," she whispered, "did you hear father?"

"Yes, Nellie, I heard him," quietly responded Laura. "Gold did it."

"Yes; but, Laura," hoarsely added Nellie, "that isn't what hurts me, but the same thought was in my own mind. What was it Percy Wetterman was saying about gold and blood?"

"Speaking the truth," exclaimed Laura. "Oh, Nellie, listen to that horrid yelling, and the ringing of the rifle and the pistol-shots. Isn't it dreadful! I must look!"

A dreadful scene for a young girl to look upon; but Nellie followed her friend's example, and in a moment more they were peering side by side through two loopholes in the palisades, which had been cut for much more deadly weapons than a couple of pairs of bright young eyes.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the two Westfields and their corpse-like associate had ridden away from the train, it had been evident enough, to all concerned, that the Apaches had only "let go to get a better hold." The prize for which they had gathered, and which had already cost them so dearly, had been magnified before their very eyes by the addition of the scalps, mules and other treasures of Cary Holman's outfit; and they had no idea of allowing such an accumulation of wealth to escape them. With genuine savage impatience, moreover, heightened by the taste of blood and the stinging sense of loss, they never for a moment paused to calculate the chances of a siege, or any such subsequent and protracted operation. They did but wait to gather their swarming horsemen for an immediate rush; and Cary Holman was precisely the man to divine their purposes and to be as ready for them as the circumstances permitted.

Forward, under the sharpest urging of voice and whip, were pressed the struggling teams of mules. One poor, misguided wearer of long ears, who chose that ill-omened moment for the exercise of his right to "balk," was promptly jerked out of the traces and left as wolf-meat by the wayside, while a spare animal was harnessed in his place with lightning rapidity. No time for nonsense now on the part of mules or men, for every human being in the train knew that his escape depended on the utmost haste.

The haste was made, too, in such efficient style that the foremost spans were almost within reaching distance of the open gates before the yelling swarm of the Apaches made their reappearance over the roll of ground on which the train had halted for their survey of the unexpected "improvements" of old man Westfield.

Even then there was no time to lose, for the redskins dashed unhesitatingly forward, undeterred by the deadly rifle practice of Holman and his unflinching mountain men.

That is to say, they charged right on to close quarters; but they would have been something more than Plains Indians, if not something more than human, if they could altogether have disregarded the steady fire, every bullet of which found its mark on either horse or man.

The foremost and most reckless braves went down too terribly fast in front of that dark line of mounted heroes, and the wagons were already beginning to defile through the gateway before their painted pursuers actually managed to close with the rear of the train.

"Close up, men!" shouted Cary Holman. "Give them the rear wagon. Nothing in it but salt pork. Let it slide. Fall back! Give it to them now!"

And they did "give it to them," but yet another team and wagon had to be surrendered, and with it, alas! its unlucky driver, captured alive, as he held steadily to his reins in spite of the warning shouts of his comrades and commander.

"So much for obstinacy and bad discipline," growled old Hedger.

"He was a wonderfully plucky fellow," soliloquized Holman.

"Better for him if he'd died before they took him," replied Captain Varley. "It's awful to think of what he'll have to pass."

Brief comments, indeed, and small time for any more; but the sacrifice of the two wagons had momentarily delayed and puzzled the Apaches, so that the remainder had a better chance.

Then, indeed, at the very gates, the desperate squad of white men were called upon to face the last and deadliest charge of their bloodthirsty assailants, and they met it like men of iron.

"In! Come in!" shouted old Westfield. "We are swinging the gates to."

"In or out!" echoed John Westfield, with wolfish coolness. But not a sound escaped the tightly closed lips of Percy Wetterman.

Slowly the gates were brought around upon their hinges, mercilessly contracting the narrow area in which the tigerish conflict was raging, while down, down, down, man after man, with three for one of their yelling assailants dropping at their sides, fell the best and tallest miners of Cary Holman's outfit.

He himself, splendidly mounted, had performed feats of almost superhuman valor, and now, after rescuing old Hedger and Varley from what had seemed certain death, he urged them in before him and stood alone in the front of the narrowing aperture whose closing would seal his fate.

And then, as a storm of lances and arrows hurtled through the air, and he felt the good steed under him sinking with half a dozen mortal wounds, suddenly, as the gates closed behind him with a clanging crash, the sound of a woman's voice rose above the tumult in a piercing shriek of:

"Save him! Father, save him!"

But it may be that the stalwart and agile young commander had not been altogether foolhardy in his natural determination to be the last man inside the stockade; for, as the wailing voice died away, he suddenly shook loose his heavy stirrups, sprang erect upon the saddle of his sinking horse, caught the pointed heads of the strong palisades behind him, and, with one vigorous spring, vaulted clean over, and alighted safe and sound upon his feet inside the massive gates.

"Wonderful!"

Not a bit of it. Any ordinary gymnast could have repeated the feat all day long. The only wonderful thing about it was the unfailing pluck and presence of mind which made it possible in the face of those Apaches.

To do them justice, even the red men burst out into an involuntary yell of appreciation and approval. The leader of the white men who had so baffled them was evidently a "great chief," and tenfold stronger grew their determination to secure the scalps of him and his.

As for Holman himself, he did not seem to have a thought to spare for so mean a thing as self-glorification, but instantly began to busy himself in ascertaining the precise extent of his losses and the nature of the defenses which were to protect what he had left.

"You closed the gates too soon, sir," he sternly remarked to old Westfield. "I understand your motives, but there was no reason for quite so much haste."

The old man's face colored, and he hesitated a moment, but his son interposed for him.

"I think we will do as we please with our gates. We might have shut you all out if we had chosen to do so."

"Might you?" quietly responded Holman. And then after a brief moment of thought, he added, "Very well seeing you have let us in, and you hold our lives so lightly I think I will take command of this fort myself. Boys do you understand? All orders are to come from me It's life and death with us now, for we've only sixteen men left. These three here must fall in and obey, or we will throw them out to the Apaches."

A wise decision, truly, and worthy of a man who held himself responsible for the lives of others; but before even John Westfield could muster his passionate wits for a reply, one came from a singular and unexpected quarter, as Nellie and Laura pressed toward the speaker.

"How dare you——" began the former, but her lips hesitated as she looked in the clear, deep eyes of the man whose recent peril had so shaken her, and Laura Paine added:

"Thank you, sir; it is full time we had some one here fit to be a commander. There is some hope for all of us now."

And then a pallid and ominous countenance was thrust forward beside those of the two girls, and Percy Wetterman hoarsely croaked:

"You may command the men, but I command the mine. There has almost blood enough been shed already to let us out with our profits. More won't hurt."

Holman glanced curiously at the last speaker, almost contemptuously muttering, "Crazy! Yes, gold-crazy;" and then turned, with polished politeness, to the ladies, saying:

"I dare do anything which is right and best. My men will obey nobody but me, and so I am compelled to take command. Do I look as if I could not be trusted where such as you are concerned?"

"I could trust almost any man who had never been a miner," said Laura Paine.

"But I am a miner," smilingly responded Holman.

"He is, and he is not, Laura," interrupted Nellie. "Come away. He has better business on hand than talking to us. Come into the house with me."

Laura turned a very puzzled look upon her friend, but silently complied, nevertheless, and the two strolled slowly away, arm-in-arm, while Nellie's father actually extended his hand to Cary Holman, saying, with something like an approach to seeming frankness:

"All right, sir; I understand very well that your men would never think of taking orders from me. So you beat off the Apaches for us, I do not see that we shall have anything to complain of. You will find the stockades strong enough, I think."

"I see that already," began Holman, but just then old Hedger grasped his arm hard, and growled in his ear:

"This way a minute! I've been a-scoutin' round. This way!"

And Hedger was a man to whose counsels any leader might be glad to listen in an hour like that.

The Apaches had fallen back, for the present, from the sharp fire which had been opened on them through the loopholes of the palisades, and Holman merely added to his strange host, "We will talk these things over by-and-by," as he yielded to the urgency of the veteran miner. Only John Westfield seemed to care to follow them, and that none too closely, as the two strode away across the very moderate inclosure toward the little river.

"Do you see that?" asked Hedger. "They knew what

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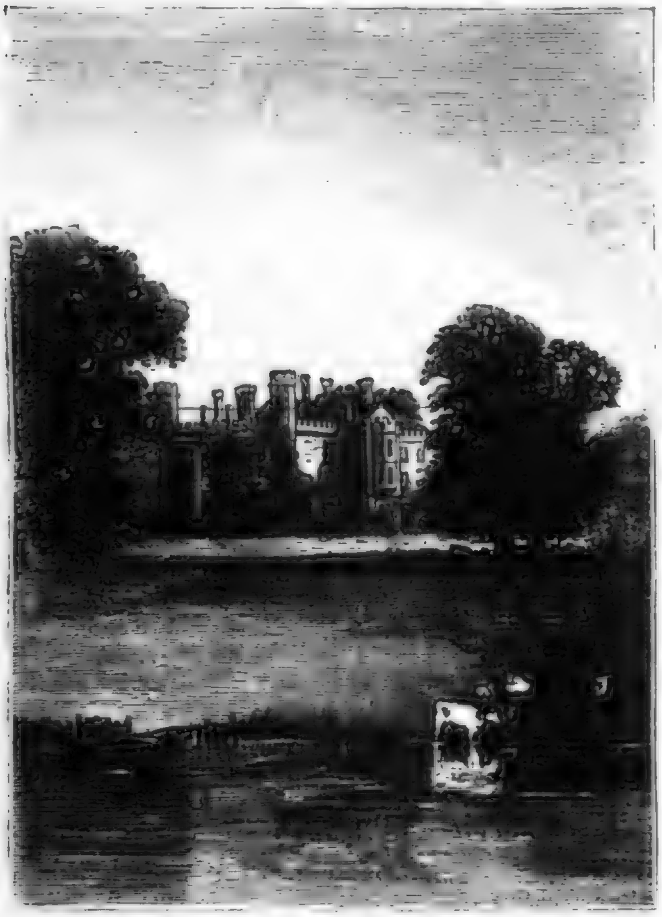


SOUTH CAVE CASTLE, THE SEAT OF THE WASHINGTONS.
SEE PAGE 302.

they were about when they picked their site. The other bank's a good fifty feet high, straight up and down, but the river's dreadful low. There's the boat—and it's a big one, too—hard aground, and I reckon the redskins could ride right in, up the channel, if they only knowed it."

"The river is rising," quietly returned Holman—"can't you see that?"

"I didn't see it—that's a fact; but it is!" exclaimed Hedger. "That's worth something, anyhow."

"Worth everything," said Holman. "We've lost our provision-wagons, and, if the Apaches hang around, we can't stand a siege."

"That's so," dolefully returned Hedger.

"They'll stay till Winter, but they'll have our scalps now," added Holman. "Our mining-trip is wound up, old man."

At that moment the ears of all the little "garrison" were startled by a strange, hollow, triumphant, almost inarticulate cry, and the two adventurers by the riverside turned involuntarily in the direction from whence it came.

On the tongue of one of the wagons, from which the mules were not even yet cast loose, stood the lean, ungainly, squalid form of Percy Wetterman, peering keenly forward under the tilt, with the air of a man who had just made a grand discovery.

"I knew it!" he shouted, after his singular yell had died away. "I knew what must be there. Oh, if we'd only had 'em before! Tools, crushers, machinery, pumps, and there's a steam-engine. It's a little one, but it'll do. We're all right now, only there's too many of 'em to divide with, that's all."

It was even so, for Holman's outfit had been of the completest sort, and that one wagon did not by any means contain all of its varied inventions and appliances for the work it had been meant to do.

The smile on Holman's face grew sad enough as he listened, and he muttered: "But for the Apaches!"

"That's it," repeated Hedger. "But for the Apaches, we could unload and go right to work."

"We will unload, anyhow, work or no work!" exclaimed Holman, as he strode suddenly forward. "Old man," he shouted to Westfield, "where's your mine?"

"Yonder," replied father and son in a breath, and the latter added, "But what can you do with our mine just now? It isn't yours, even if you could work it. We haven't abandoned it, if we did go off prospecting."

"You'll have to give it up for a while," was the calm response, "and we can hide our traps in it till we come again."

"It'll do first-rate for that," said the old man, "and I'd as lief as not you'd deliver your goods to me."

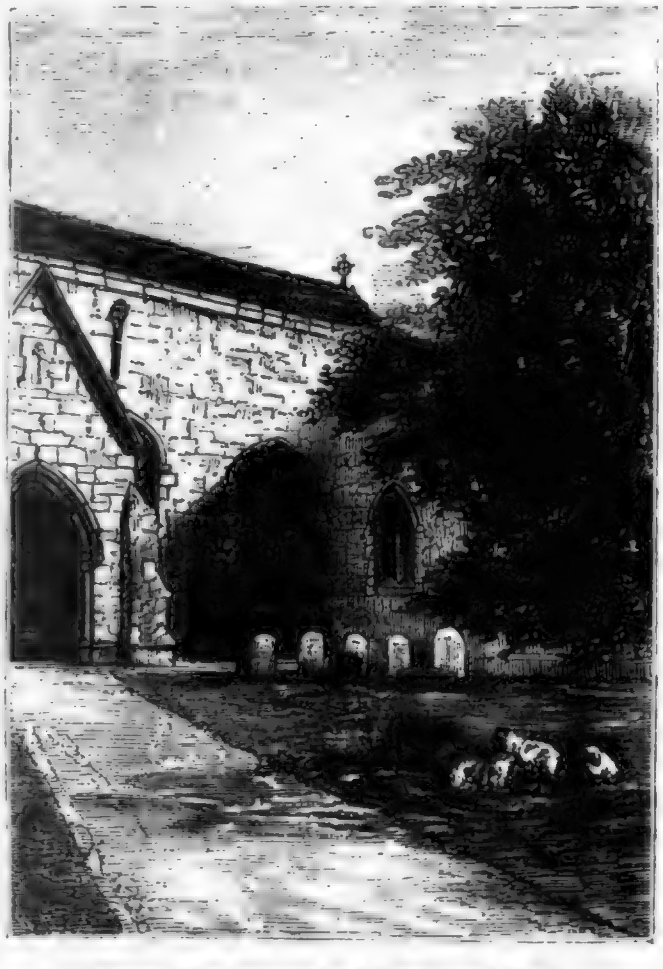
"That's what it amounts to, I suppose, if we don't come back to claim it," replied Holman; but in another minute he had given the necessary orders to his men, and all who were not absolutely needed at the stockade—the wounded men answered for that—were speedily at work unloading and moving the heavy materials which had so stirred the enthusiasm of Percy Wetterman.

As for that ghastly gold-worshiper, not the strongest man of the whole train performed such feats of frenzied strength or worked with a more subtle and provident intelligence.

The wagons were driven around to the very face of the bluff, and the ample jaws of the mine stood ready open to receive whatever might be fed to them; while, from time to time, the toiling men were granted stray bits of information as to the depth, extent and richness of the gloomy hole which their grand "outfit" seemed so unluckily to have "run to earth in."

"Like a hard-pushed coyote," snarled old Hedger.

"But the Apaches will scarcely go for it there," responded Captain Varley, "if we close it up right."



SOUTH CAVE CHURCH, IN WASHINGTON'S PARK.

XUM

"We'll do that," said Hedger. "I kin cork up that rat-hole in the bluff so that the Apaches won't ever dream of it."

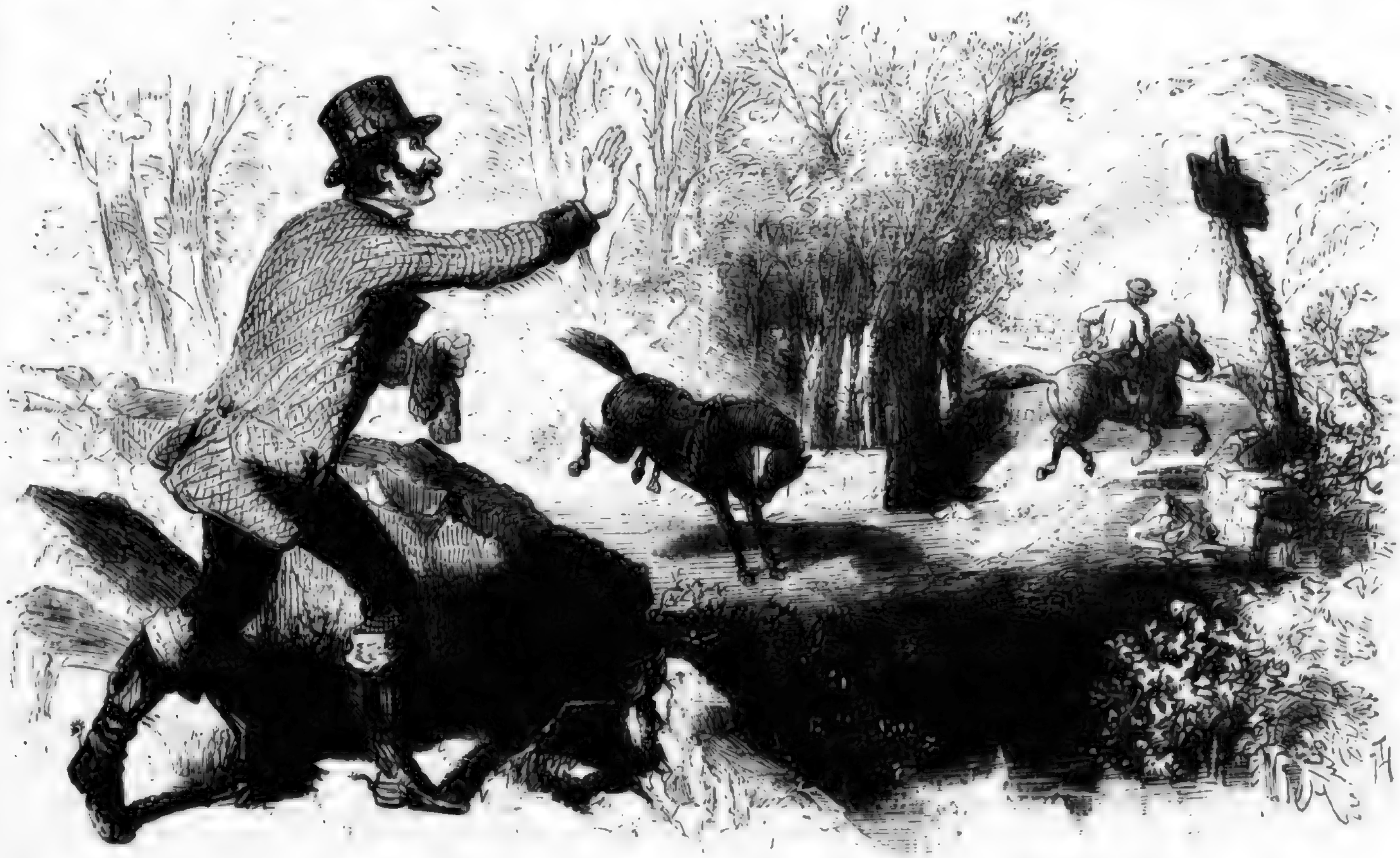
"But how will they ever get in here to hunt for it?" asked a soft, low voice behind him, and the old miner turned in his tracks to find himself face to face with Laura Paine.

"Why, bless your pretty face, miss," hesitatingly responded old Hedger, "we can't eat machinery. Even gold is the poorest kind of feed."

"I think I understand you," murmured Laura, as she dropped her eyes and walked away. "Can it be that even the Apaches are bringing me some hope of liberty?"

At that very moment, not many paces off, Cary Holman was standing in a sort of brown study, gazing at the house, the rude but well-constructed smelting apparatus, and the strong walls of the storehouse.

"It will go hard with them," he said to himself, aloud. "They'll have to leave pretty much everything."



OUTWITTING A HIGHWAYMAN.—SEE PAGE 303.

"Even the gold?" asked a clear, firm speaker at his side, in a tone that made him start involuntarily.

"Perhaps not, Miss Westfield," he instantly replied. "If there is not too much of it. But what is gold compared to human blood?"

"And yet they said you were a miner," returned Nellie.

"A miner," laughed the young commander, "but not an idolater. The failure of my expedition costs me half I am worth, but what of it? I took all the risks when I made my plans, and I must say I did not count in the scalps of two young ladies."

Nellie never smiled, but seriously, and almost solemnly, responded:

"I don't know exactly what to make of myself, sir. For three long years I have thought of nothing but gold, day and night, and now it seems as if it were the most worthless thing in the world. And I am not a bit frightened, either—not since I saw you spring over the stockade."

A very unsophisticated girl was Nellie Westfield, for there are some things that cannot be learned among the solitudes of the Arizona mines; but the man she was talking to was just the one to comprehend her.

"She has no idea how splendidly beautiful she is looking," he said to himself, and then he added, aloud: "Do you think you have courage enough to run the gauntlet of the Apaches in an effort to escape?"

"I have had courage enough to stay and work here, day after day, with no company but Laura's," simply responded Nellie. "The trouble will be to get father and John and Percy Wetterman to think of going."

"We will take their idols with us, and then they will come," laughed Holman. "How many of them are stocked away in that bit of a temple? Oh, I don't care to know your secrets—you need not tell me."

Nellie's evident doubt and hesitation seemed instantly to vanish, for she looked him straight in the eyes, and answered:

"You mean, how much gold is there? Well, I don't know—only there's more than you can safely carry in the boat, and carry anything or anybody besides."

"Whew!" whistled Holman. "That may make it bad for all of us. I must leave you now. It's nearly sundown, and we shall have another brush with the Apaches between this and morning."

Nellie hurried away into the house without a word, but she did not go without an errand, as Holman learned before many minutes had gone over his head. Long minutes they were, too, and busy ones, for a man with such awful responsibilities on his hands.

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE beings are the men of the Western mountains, and full of numberless queer and wonderful expedients, taught them by the varied exigencies of their wild and wandering life, and handed around from man to man

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among the gulches and around the camp-fires. It is not easy to imagine a "corner" out of which some of them have not "found a way or made one."

Thoroughly posted as was old man Westfield, however, he was puzzled to the last degree, as he stood in front of the house watching the proceedings of a squad of his guests and defenders.

"What can they want of such a quantity of mule-beef?" he muttered. "One of 'em would have fed the lot of us for three days, if we only had feed for the rest. Ah, yes; they mean to jerk it and keep it. Not so bad an idea. But what are they doing with the hides and with those wagon-tilts?"

A curious piece of work it was, to tell the truth; for, as mule after mule was ruthlessly slaughtered, till a whole team had been sacrificed, their hides were stripped off with marvelous celerity, the strong hickory tilts or frames of the wagon-covers were torn down and clapped into them at their upper edges, as a kind of stretcher, until so many mule-skin bowls, so to speak, had been manufactured by lacing the edges of the skins roughly and tightly to the tilts.

"What's all that for?" he mechanically inquired of one of the busy mountain men.

"Ask Cary Holman," was the curt response. "I'd take off any hide in this yer stockade, if he gave me the word. Them things'll float, won't they, old man?"

A gleam of light flashed across the countenance of old Westfield, but just then the hawk-like face of his son was thrust into his, and the latter hoarsely exclaimed:

"They mean to desert us, and carry the girls and the gold away with them!"

"Not so bad as that," calmly and sternly interrupted Cary Holman himself, as he slowly approached. "If the Apaches give us a chance, we will be half-way to Bill Williams's Fork before sunrise; but we don't mean to leave anybody behind us, and I'll give you my word to bring you all back again."

Just at that moment, however, a fierce, all but animal, yell, from the rear of the house was followed by the sound of angry contention and the voice of Percy Wetterman shouting:

"John, old man, this way! The villains are walling up the mine, machinery and all!"

"Your friend is crazy," said Holman. "That's the only thing to do in the fix we are in. How long can such a mere squad as ours hold this place without a hope of help, and without ten days' provisions, except mule-beef? Our only chance is to move at once."

"And rob us!" roared John Westfield, as he put his hand on his revolver, menacingly.

"None o' that, now," quietly interposed one of Holman's men, as the muzzle of his repeating-rifle rose to a level with John's head. "No nonsense, mind yer, just now, if you please."

The grasping hand came away from the revolver, but the shouts of Percy Wetterman were changing into yells of such frantic and desperate ferocity, that the whole of them rushed forward toward the mine, as if impelled by the same instinct.

The strong-armed miners were, indeed, rapidly closing up the entrance to the shaft with such a mass of slabs and boulders of rock as to give very good warrant that no lazy redskin would ever take the trouble to remove them; and at a few paces' distance stood, or rather danced up and down, the lean, ghostly form of Percy Wetterman, restrained now from any violent interference, strange to say, by nothing more or less than the small, sunburned hand of Laura Paine herself laid upon his arm.

"Be quiet, please, Percy," she said, in a low and steady tone. "Do you not see that the mine cannot get away, nor the machinery either?"

"Of course it can't," hoarsely responded the ghastly miner; "but how are we to get any more out?"

"We shall lose all we have, and the machinery, too," said Laura, quietly, "unless we drive away the Apaches. Don't you see it's nearly sunset?"

"We can mine just as well——" began Wetterman.

But his frenzied will was fast yielding to the magnetism of the fair girl beside him, and she seemed all unconscious, as she led him away toward the house, of the admiring glances which were turned upon her by more than one pair of manly eyes.

"She's no ordinary girl," muttered Captain Varley to himself; "but how she has changed since three years ago! I must have changed, too, for not a soul of them all appears to remember me. Perhaps because they have had something more interesting to think of this busy afternoon."

"Varley," just then growled the voice of old Hedger in his ear, "this way, if you please. The captain says he'll be ready for a move as soon as ever it's good and dark. The rise is a-comin' down right smart."

With but a dim comprehension of his comrade's meaning, it must be confessed, the ex-officer of cavalry turned away and followed toward the bank of the river.

Here, indeed, gazing out through the fading twilight over the rippling and glancing water, stood the stalwart leader of Holman's outfit, and by his side, as if joining in the same silent sort of occupation, was no less a companion than Nellie Westfield herself.

Cary Holman's "gazing," however, like whatever else he might do, was likely to have a meaning in it, and he quietly remarked to Hedger:

"The boat's nearly afloat, old man. Half an hour more of this, and we'll be all right. I only wish I knew more about the navigation below."

"We came up when the river was quite low," said Nellie, "but not so low as this. There are some sand-bars between this and Bill Williams's Fork."

"Of course there are," growled Hedger; "but a good rise'd kerry us over 'em. I ain't afeared of no bars, if once we kin get shet of them 'Paches."

"We'll do that," said Holman, cheerily. "Captain Varley, Miss Westfield tells me she has met you before."

The last remark was made in an abrupt and somewhat singular tone of voice, while the speaker looked steadily in the eyes of the ex-officer of cavalry.

"I am happy to be recognized," firmly and politely responded the soldier-miner, with a slightly heightened color on his bronzed cheeks; "but I would like to ask if the recognition includes the other members of her family?"

"Not till I told them—but it does now," responded Nellie, with something of a tremor in her voice. "And I must know if Captain Varley is still our enemy?"

"Your enemy!" exclaimed the captain, with a hearty ring of surprise in his voice. "I was never your enemy. Never mind now what John did, or Percy. All my wrath has long since been worked out of me. Tell them I will keep their secret even from Cary Holman—even from yourself. As for Miss Paine, she knows it already."

"So do I," faltered Nellie; "but if you will keep it——"

"Keep it!" exclaimed Varley. "I'll keep that as carefully as they seemed to have kept my—well, never mind that. Tell them to come right along with us, and save their scalps, and their gold, too—I want none of it."

"You always was a good fellow," here broke in the hoarse, metallic voice of John Westfield. "I don't ask you to forgive me, Varley, but I'll promise to make everything right and square——'

"And Cary Holman and the rest of us'll try and help ye keep yer promise," growled old Hedger. "I don't want to know yer secrets, but yer come the boys with the mule-hides, and you fellers had better trot out yer bullion short order. The redskins won't wait till long arter dark afore they turn on thar music. Go in, now, and do yer level best. The boat's all stowed and trimmed a'ready."

A glance was enough to assure all concerned of the truth of this assertion, and Nellie Westfield gazed curiously on the toppling and frail-looking bowls which the miners were launching at the waterside, securing them firmly together with their hide lariats.

"When they're all fastened together in that way," explained Holman, "no single one of them can upset, and they're easier to manage."

"I see," said Nellie; "and you mean to keep the boat for the human part of your cargo."

Just then their ears were saluted by a piercing cry, and they turned to see Percy Wetterman struggling in the grasp of John Westfield and his father.

"Robbers, robbers!" he screamed, at the top of his voice. "Varley has come for his money. I saw him out there. They are carrying it all away, now they've shut up the mine. Let me go—let me go!"

"Percy, please be quiet," answered the steady tones of Laura Paine. "How will the ingots ever be coined unless we have them carried to the mint? Ingots are not money."

"They are gold, though," said the crazy miner, but less excitedly. "Not a counterfeit among them. Varley needn't be afraid to take 'em this time. 'Twon't hurt him to have them bars found in his quarters. Nobody won't ask him to resign for buying *them.* It's all right, Varley, my boy; take 'em to the mint. I'll go with 'em. Do you s'pose old Linderman would let them coin me? I've worked in that vein till I feel as if I was all pure gold—all but my head. Put 'em in, boys—put 'em in. I'll ride right along on the top of the load.

"I'm glad it's getting dark," muttered Holman. "That fellow'll throw away all our scalps if we can't keep him still."

"Let him ride on the gold, then," said Laura Paine. "I'll tell him he mustn't say a word, or he may lose it."

In a moment more an utter hush in the direction of Percy Wetterman announced the success of Laura's stratagem, and "on the gold" was not by any means an unsafe place to ride, now the strongly-made bowls of mule-hide were so heavily ballasted.

No danger of upsetting now, and they swung out into the stream as steadily as any boat could have done, while in one of the central floats cowered the emaciated form of the gold-lunatic.

Pitch-dark, and the increasing roar of the torrent, no less than its steady climbing of the low bank, told how fast the flood was coming down from the mountains.

"All ready now, Hedger?" asked Holman.

"All ready," responded Hedger; "but it's all-fired queer thar ain't no sign of the redskins."

"Cast off, then, as soon as the raft gets well out. Silence, all!"

Silence it was, in the crowded boat and in the abandoned stockade; but the miners of Holman's outfit had no doubt in their own minds that their trip was likely to be a "good thing," for they had emptied the Westfield treasure-house with their own hands, and what were a few mules and wagons to a haul like that? If they got away with it!

That was the point, indeed; but where could all the Apaches have gone to?

Where? Gone? Not gone at all, perhaps—or what could be the meaning of that shadowy line of dusky figures slowly advancing into the torrent just below the stockade?

"If the rise hadn't come," exclaimed Holman to Nellie Westfield, "they'd have had all our scalps in ten minutes. Pull well out, boys—now, down-stream!"

But, as the latter order was obeyed and the well-pulled oars seconded the swift strength of the current, the night became suddenly hideous with savage yells and fierce shouts of anticipated triumph, as the Apaches discovered their intended victims, and urged their horses forward through the water.

Not deep enough to swim in, truly, but quite deep enough to impede the motions of even such wild horsemen, and that was a terribly dangerous craft to ride too close upon.

Touch and go it was, through that screeching, plunging, charging line of shadowy foemen, with the rifles and revolvers all the while replying to the twanging of the bows and the whirring of the lances, and many a painted rider rolled from his saddle to be swept away on the fast-gathering strength of the torrent from the mountains.

"Oh, it is terrible!" exclaimed Nellie Westfield, as she cowered in the boat between her father and Cary Holman.

"Courage, my dear young lady," returned the stalwart commander. "We shall be out of their reach in three minutes."

"And all this for gold!" exclaimed Laura Paine. "Oh, Captain Varley! I never want to see any more gold in all my life.'

"Gold is good, Laura," said the ex-officer, with the tone of an old acquaintance, "and yours is fairly earned. It is only ill-gotten gold that one should never wish to see."

It was a strange moment in which to moralize, with the Apaches yelling around them and with the deep groans of their own wounded men ringing in their ears; but Laura seemed to understand the matter.

In a few moments more, indeed, Cary Holman's prophecy was fulfilled, and the boat and its precious convoy were spinning away down the swift current, with no remaining danger or difficulty apparent than might belong to the task of keeping the centre of the stream, and making the best possible use of the oars.

Even this was suspended at last, in spite of the certainty that their foes on land would make an effort to follow; for not more than half the occupants of the boat had passed that perilous gantlet uninjured.

No such thing as going ashore, or even striking a light; but the best was done that could be for all the wounded. And then old Hedger rose to his feet, and there was a melancholy solemnity in his voice as he tersely reported:

"Only ten men left of Holman's outfit, besides him and Captain Varley, and thar's two won't live till daylight. John Westfield dead and overboard—sprung right out when the arrer struck him."

"I'm glad I forgave him," said Captain Varley.

"Gold!" murmured Laura.

"Forward! Give way, boys!" sternly commanded Cary Holman.

But Nellie Westfield was sobbing above the white head of her father, bowed in her lap, and she did not hear them, a few minutes later, when they reported that the "gold-float" contained no trace of Percy Wetterman.

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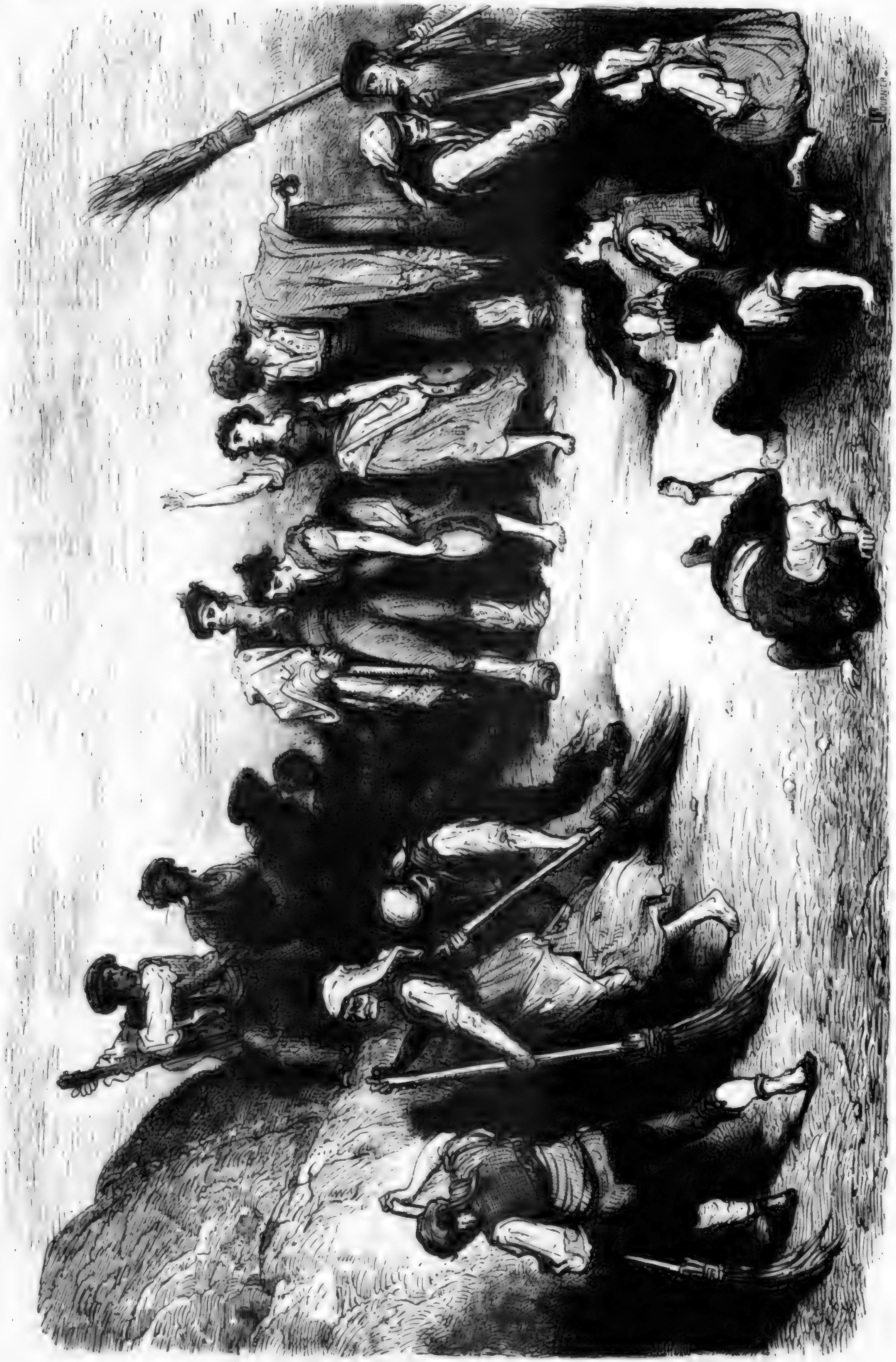
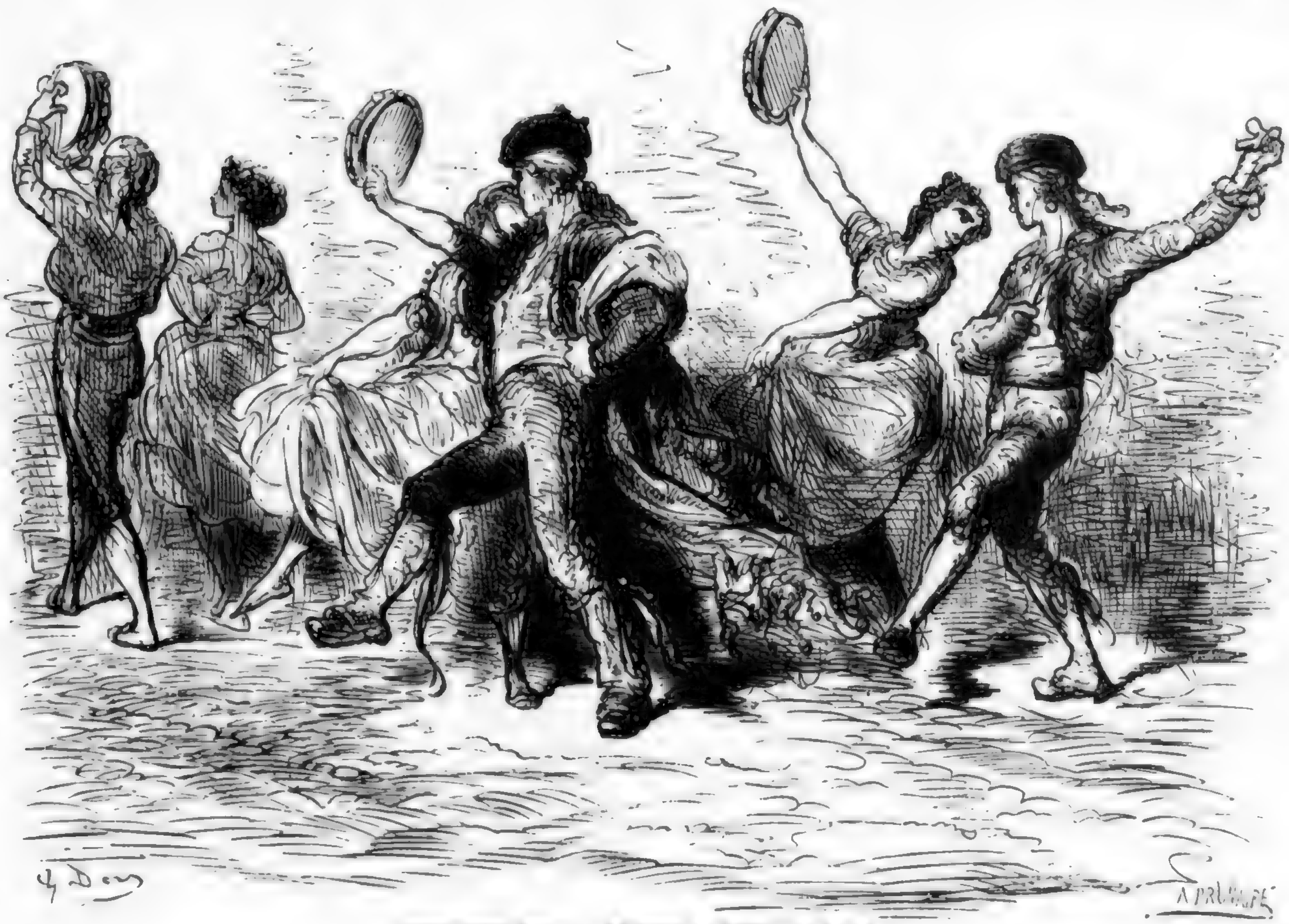
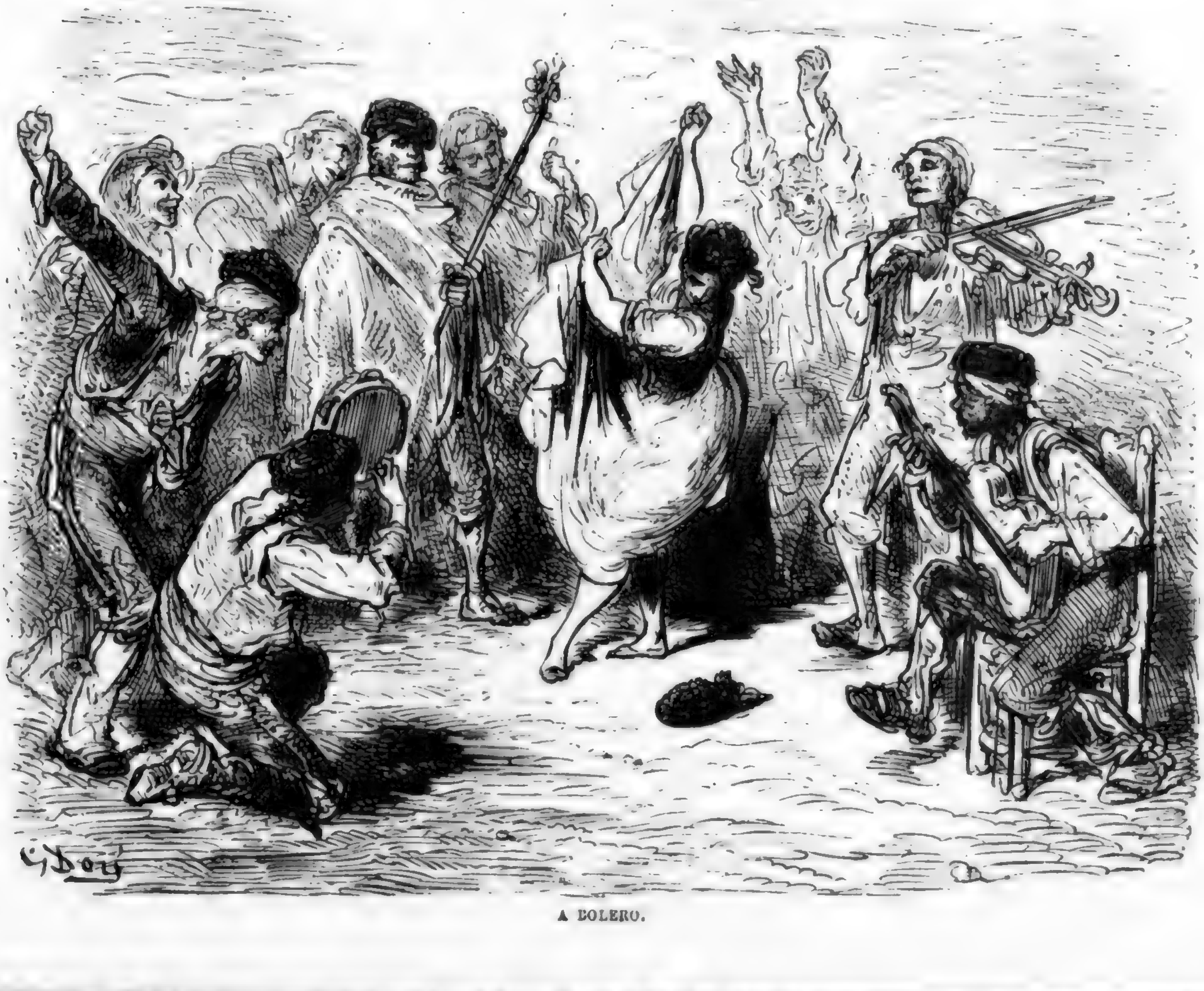


A SPANISH WEDDING IN ANDALUSIA—CLEARING A PLACE FOR A DANCE.—SEE PAGE [illegible].



RETURNING FROM A WEDDING IN SOUTHERN SPAIN.



A BOLERO.

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And so all night long, till the burning sun of Arizona once more came back to show their way toward safety and civilization, the boat and its convoy spun along, more and more swiftly, and there was little remaining danger of their being overtaken.

Nor have we any need to follow, mile by mile, the voyage down Bill Williams's Fork, or the intermediate incidents of the strange return of Cary Holman's outfit. But, a few weeks later, a white-haired old gentleman stood on the deck of a Panama steamer, with a youthful pair on either side of him, whose every word and look revealed their unmistakable story to the most casual observer.

"Go back!" he was saying. "I go back? The Apaches may open the mine if they will, but it seems to me as if the mouth of it were sealed with blood."

"Don't speak of it, father, please don't," said Nellie. "Cary and I will try and make you forget all about it."

"Laura, dear," half whispered Captain Varley, "I must fix that matter of my resignation, you know; but I think we are beginning to find that even gold has its uses."

"But only because we have found something better," responded Laura.

And so the great steamer puffed away through the "Golden Horn" with the bridal party that came home together from the wreck of "Cary Holman's Outfit."

THE WASHINGTONS OF YORKSHIRE.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was descended from a Yorkshire family of importance, as were also Penn, and Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts. These three were merely private English gentlemen, men of education and leisure, who might have lived and died unknown had their lot been cast in happier times. Fervent loyalty was always the characteristic of the Washingtons, and even George Washington himself fought for the Georges against the French. In Cromwell's reign an attempt was made to restore Charles II., and John Washington and his brother were implicated. But they were more fortunate than their companion-in-arms, the Earl of Derby. They managed to get away to America; but Lord Derby, less fortunate, was captured and executed at Bolton; and the quaint old house in Chester where he spent his last night is an object of great interest with all visitors to the city. It is now divided into cottages, but a richly carved oak front speaks of its former splendor.

The nephew of John Washington was Sir Henry Washington, who defended the City of Worcester in the cause of Charles I., and indeed held out to the last, with only scanty means. He was repeatedly called upon to surrender, as his affairs were hopeless, and was promised that his life should be spared; but he refused to do so till he had the permission of Charles; and at last, when resistance was no longer possible, he wrote to Fairfax, who was marching in triumph from Haddington, the following letter:

> "SIR:—It is acknowledged by your books, and by report of your quarter, that the King is in some of your armies. That granted, it may be easy for you to procure his Majesty's commands for the disposal of this garrison. Till then I shall make good the trust reposed on me. As for conditions, if I shall be necessitated, I shall make the best I can. The worst I know, and fear not. If I had the profession of a soldier had not been begun, nor so long continued, by Your Excellency's humble servant,
>
> "HENRY WASHINGTON."

This was in the year 1646, and five years later the Mayor of Worcester, Thomas Lysons, was sent to Warwick Castle in imprisonment till he should be tried in London for proclaiming Charles II. the rightful King of England. This Lysons was the direct ancestor of the Colonel Lysons (now Sir Daniel) who held a command in Canada.

That the mayor should have been consigned to Warwick Castle will not be wondered at, when we remember that Lord Warwick himself had so far meditated an emigration in Laud's time that he secured the proprietorship of the Connecticut Valley.

The family of Washington can be traced, however, much further back than the period we are speaking of. Formerly they held estates in Durham, and the name is spelt variously De Wessyngton and Wessington. In the venerable library of Chester Cathedral, where this is written, Bondo de Wessyngton's name occurs in copies of charters six hundred years old. John Wessington, as appears from Dugdale's "Monasticon," was the prior of Durham in the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. He wrote a treatise on the rights and privileges of Durham Cathedral, which is still preserved in the Cotton Library. He held his dignities for thirty years, and was engaged in a dispute with the Pontiff upon certain privileges which the latter wished to encroach upon, but found the prior not so pliable as he could have desired. One of the family, John Washington, lived at Washington, in Lancashire; and his only daughter and heiress married James Lawrence in the year 1252, bringing him as a dowry a large landed property. His descendant is Mr. Laurence, of Sandywell Park.

But the more immediate ancestry of George Washington must be sought in Sulgrave, Northamptonshire. At Sulgrave was a monastery, and it was dissolved by Henry VIII. at the same time as the other religious houses. A large part of its estates were granted to the Washington family; and in the old church of Sulgrave is a plate of brass with the names of Lawrence Washington and his wife incised on it, and also of his eight sons and nine daughters. Sulgrave is in a pleasant rural part of England, not far from Banbury and from Whittlebury Forest. The mansion of the Washingtons was probably at one time the priors' dwelling, and altered for their use. Part of it still remains, and is converted into a farmhouse; and in a buttery-hatch is a piece of stained glass with the Washington crest upon it.

John Washington, of South Cave Castle, was the great-grandson of the lord of the manor of Sulgrave. South Cave Castle, engraved on page 296, is reached by the railway that runs between York and Hull. Brough is the nearest station, and from there to South Cave is a walk or drive of three miles. The road is a pleasant one, and lies through a shaded lane, with here and there a long opening, and some comfortable dwellings, set in dark evergreens. A road that turns to the right leads us to Hull and the village of Rowley, which is quite worth a visit, as it was the veritable parent of Rowley, Mass.—indeed, all the inhabitants left Rowley, York, with their vicar, and crossed the ocean to their new home. South Cave Castle is a truly delightful residence, and is well seen from the road—whence, in fact, the drawing shown is taken. It has, of course, undergone some modernizing since the Washingtons resided there; but the dimensions are the same, and the pleasant park is circumscribed by the same boundaries. Plate-glass windows have superseded the old-fashioned mullions and lead lights, and paneled doors have been placed in frames, instead of the heavy ones studded with nail-heads; but an old engraving I saw in York gives the same walls and elms; and doubtless the rooks are lineally descended from those that heralded Springtime to John Washington.

In one corner of the park stands South Cave Church, a small but venerable building, in the shadiest of churchyards. An embattled gateway, with a wrought-iron gat , that leads up to the Hall, juts out on the road opposite to where the view is taken from, and one of the sides of the archway is extended into a quaint lodge, covered with ivy. The wall of the lodge forms a boundary of the churchyard, and the whole group is of exquisite beauty. Of course a private path through the park leads into the chancel, where the family pews are. There is a fine collection of paintings here—one of President Washington, on which a great value is set, among them. The little church has the dignity of being a parish one and possessing a rector; and here the parish records are kept. Unhappily, they are very imperfect; those relating to Washington's great-grandfather are not to be found, and there are others of later date that are very puzzling.

It would appear to have been the opinion of most of the historians of the family that their connection with the Yorkshire property ceased after the emigration in the middle of the seventeenth century; but this is not the case. Henry Washington, variously described as of Symond's Inn and Lincoln's Inn, Doncaster and Cookham, etc., married Eleanor Harrison, in the year 1689. She was the daughter of Richard Harrison, *armiger;* and the singular part of it is, that he succeeded to the property in right of his wife. The question naturally arises, Who this Henry Washington was? and, curiously enough, it was impossible for us to decide, even with the advantage of being on the spot, with the registers all before us. Various theories suggested themselves to a gentleman who resides not far from South Cave, and has made the Washington family a study; but none are free from difficulty; and it seems to both of us that South Cave Castle has come into the family possession twice over, and Henry Washington is only an episode. He may have been, and probably was, a connection of the gallant defender of Worcester; and it is curious that he had two daughters, Susannah and Elizabeth, whose baptism is duly recorded in the register; Sir Henry, too, had two sisters, also named Susannah and Elizabeth, which would point to these being family names. Susannah died, and is buried at the church in the precincts of the park; and the estate seems to have become the property of her sister, who married John Idell in the year 1719; and they sold it to the present proprietor's family.

It is a little singular that after so short a lapse of time there should be the least difficulty in exactly tracing out all the connections of the parties; but in many similar instances the troubled times and family changes caused records to be mislaid or lost.

OUTWITTING A HIGHWAYMAN.

As THE chivalrous Robin Hood suffered more than one defeat from tanners, tinkers and sturdy beggars, so Redmond met a vanquisher in a shopkeeper's apprentice. The youth's master having to receive a good round sum of money in Newry, was afraid, on his return to Dundalk, his native town, to risk an encounter with Redmond or some of his gang. In the master's perplexity, his apprentice, sixteen years of age, offered his services, which, after some hesitation, were accepted. The youth, in the words of Mr. Cosgrave, author of the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees," went to the field and brought home an old vicious screw (much of the same humor with Sir Teague O'Regan's war-horse, on which he rode out to meet Duke Schomberg at the surrender of Charlemont), that, when any other came up to meet him on the road, he always strove to bite or kick, and by which means he commonly kept the road to himself. As he wended on his way he was overtaken by a well-dressed gentleman, with whom he freely entered into discourse, making no secret of his business, or of his expectation of being about the same place on his return to-morrow with one hundred pounds in his possession.

"I wonder," said his fellow-traveler, "you are so free in your communication with strangers. How can you tell but that I may be Redmond O'Hanlon, or one of his gang?"

"Oh, oh!" said the boy, bursting out laughing, "such a nice-looking gentleman as you are to be a robber! Do you think I haven't eyes?"

"Well, at all events I advise you to be more discreet. Redmond is famous at disguises, and will pin you if he gets wind of your business. Here's a crown to drink my health, but keep a bridle on your tongue."

The youth sobered at once and made the promise. And, even as the boy expected, the gentleman overtook him as he was returning next day, and the conversation was resumed.

"Well, my boy, I suppose from your looks you have not met with any bad company, and your money is safe?"

"Indeed it is, sir; many thanks for your good advice."

"How are you carrying it?"

"In the two ends of this ticken wallet."

"Dear me, I would like to feel the weight of it, out of curiosity;" and he approached, but the horse lashed out, and he was obliged to keep his distance.

"Throw over that wallet," said he, rather sternly for such a fine-spoken gentleman.

"Oh, sir, honey, you wouldn't rob me! What would the master say?"

"I don't know, but this is what I say: If you do not surrender it at once I will send a bullet through you, and another through your garran."

"I promised my master not to let myself be robbed till I was in danger of my life. Here is the money, but you must take the trouble of crossing the ditch for it."

So saying, he heaved the bag over the slough that bordered the road, and the hedge beyond it, into the next field.

This annoyed the highwayman, but, judging the prize worth the trouble, he dismounted, scrambled over the dyke and fence higher up, and laid his hands on the bag. Hearing a clatter, he raised his head, looked over the fence, saw the innocent youth making the road to Dundalk short on his own (Redmond's) good steed, and the vicious steed prancing about the road, and longing for some one to fly at. He was enraged at being so taken in, but much more when he found that the two ends of the precious wallet contained nothing more valuable than the copper half-pence of the time, value of thirty or forty shillings. So there we must leave our outlaw, encumbered with his copper, and not daring to lay hands on the ill-tempered and dangerous garran left at his discretion. The boy arrived safe in Dundalk, with the hundred guineas quilted into his waistcoat.

CUSTOMS OF OLD SPAIN.

SPANISH WEDDING DANCES.

SUNNY SPAIN! The "traveling ten thousand" ignore the fact that Madrid is but thirty-six hours from Paris. Nobody thinks of crossing the Pyrenees, and yet behind the "purple ridge" lies one of the most quaint, the most interesting and the most picturesque countries in the wide world. Quaint, because it is two hundred years behind its time; interesting, because of its antiquity and its conservative clinging to the traditions of its glorious past; picturesque, because of its *sierras*, its valleys, its plains, its rivers, its vegetation, its costumes. I have wandered

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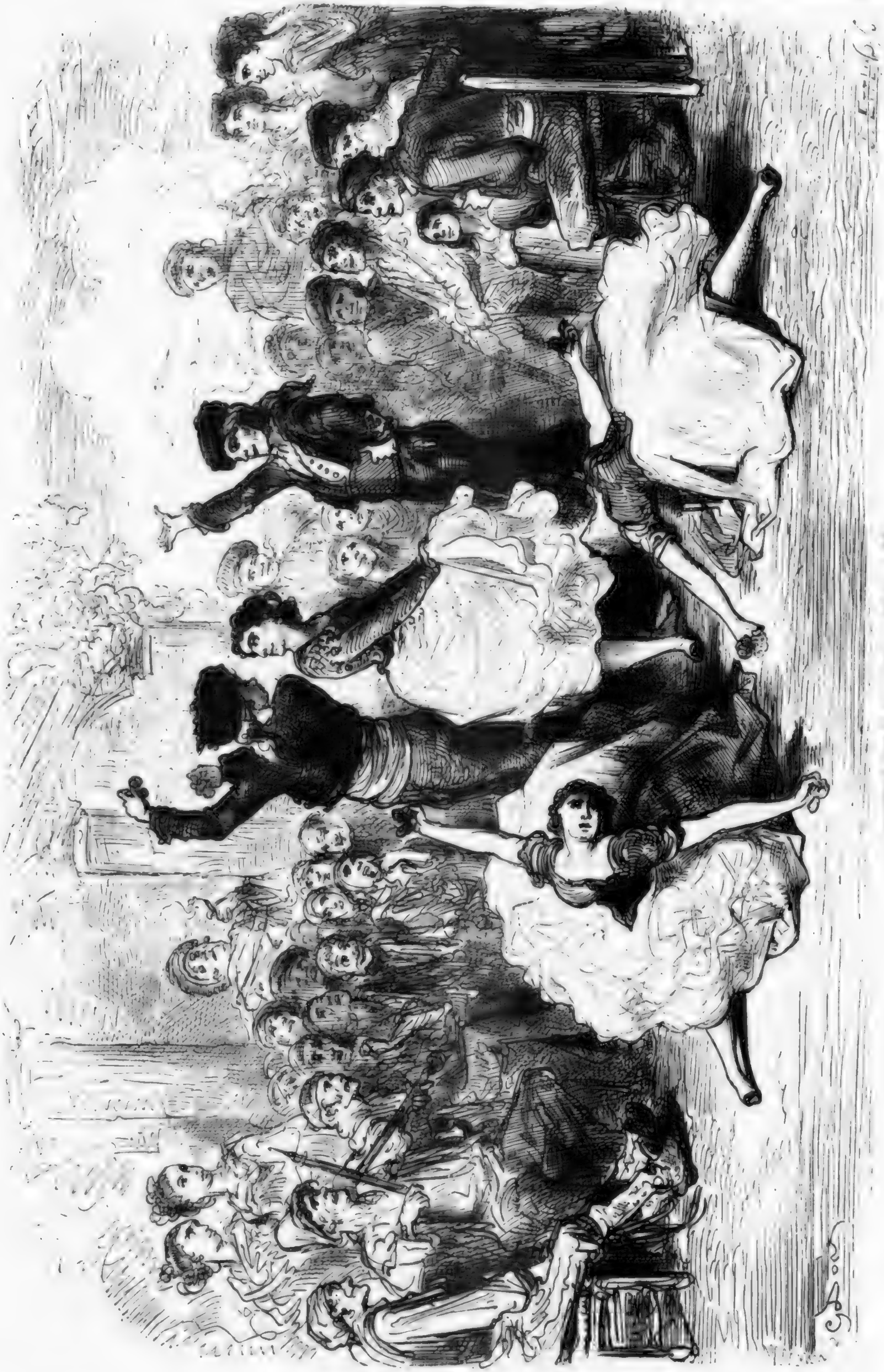

A WEDDING-DANCE IN ANDALUSIA.— SEE PAGE 303.

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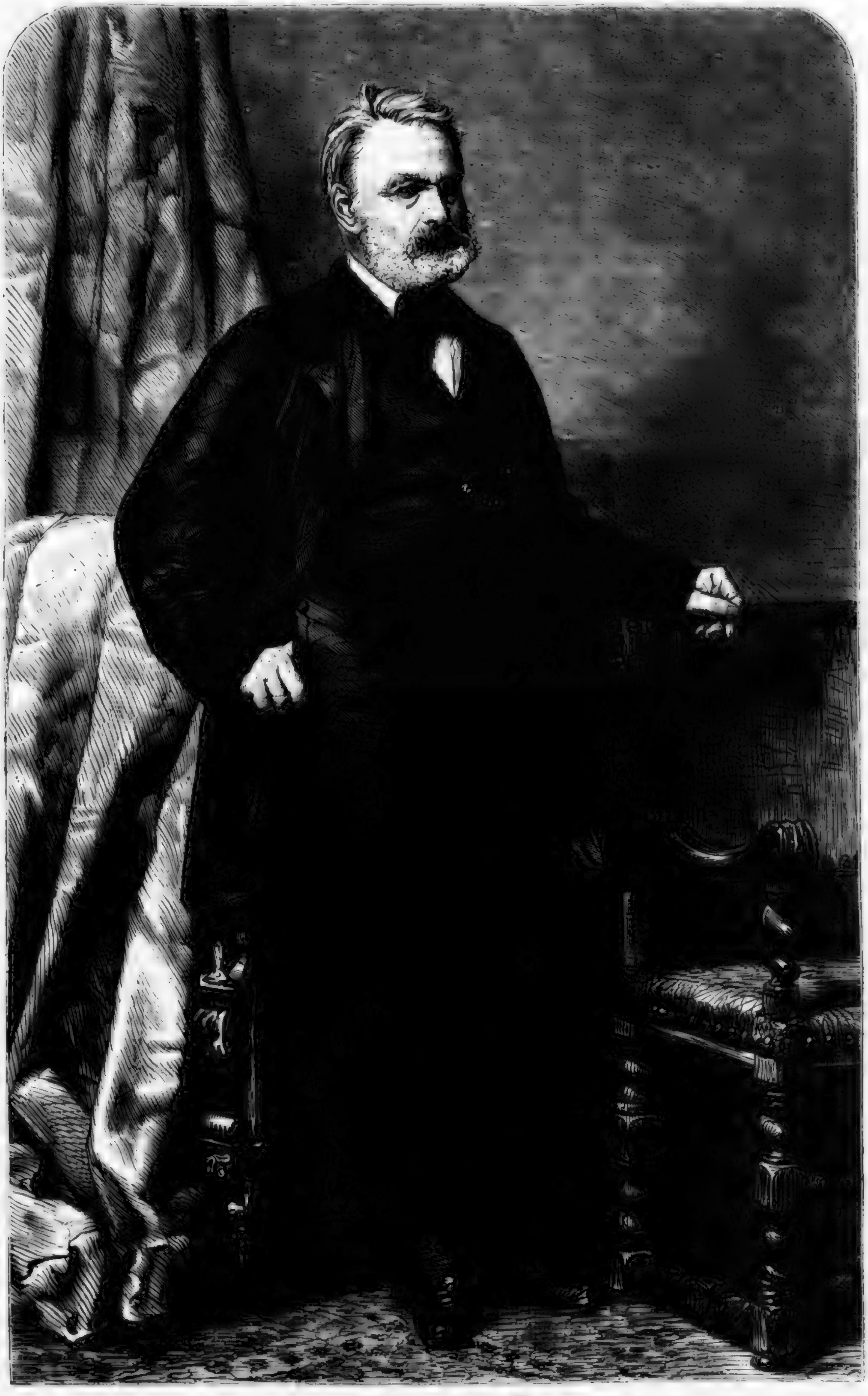

VICTOR HUGO.—SEE PAGE 307.

through Spain, and my *souvenir* is what a painter would call a "clot of color." Fortuny dipped his brush in sunlight, and gave the world Spain.

My first visit to Spain was *via* Paris. I struck Marseilles, and then Perpignan. The Carlists had destroyed the railroad, so I crossed the Pyrenees to Gerona, and from Gerona I took rail to Barcelona, the Manchester of Spain. What a wondrous city is this same Barcelona! It reminded me of an old tree upon which new timber had been engrafted. What wondrous old streets, and wondrous old houses, the façades and balconies carved in superb relief! what wondrous old buildings and churches and gateways! jewelers in one street, shoemakers in another, trunk-makers in a third—each street confining a special trade within its limits. Then the new town, with its glittering Calle Fernando, too French by half, and its Rambla, stretching two miles from the Mediterranean, with its four rows of trees, and its flower-market like a gaudy ribbon bordered by green. Then the Gracia, with the residences of the merchant princes; Mauresque, in white marble, with gilt balconies, open courts and fountains. Then its Mon Juich—that steep hill leaning over the city, crowned by a fortress bristling with guns; then its *gitana* or gypsy quarter, Sanche, four miles away in the hills, glowing with flowers and the tender gray-green of the foliage of the pepper woods. Barcelona! I lay down my pen to waft a kiss to thee from the tips of my fingers!

Madrid is too Parisian. Go on the Puerta del Sol, and you imagine yourself on a third-rate boulevard. The costumes, too, are all Frenchy—the men in high hats, and short-tailed coats, and wide-at-the-feet trousers, and impossible boots, while their linen is up around their ears and out to the tips of their fingers; the ladies, too, have cast aside the picturesque and becoming vail, comb and mantilla, and emulate the cheap fashions of the Bois de Boulogne.

To behold Spain, *as* Spain, you must either linger in the Basque Provinces or go south to beautiful Seville, the city of the Giralda and the Alcázar—the birthplace of Murillo, the shrine of his most magnificent masterpieces. It is in Seville that the *cigarrera* and *maja* flourish—those seductive types of Andalusian femininity, so often mentioned in song and story, and in whom are now vested the national dances of Spain. The Andalusian *maja* is often a maker of cigarettes, but still oftener—I must sacrifice poesy to fact—a vender of fried fish, or a *castañera*, that is, a lounger at tavern doors. As the *manola* of Madrid has disappeared, so in a short time will the *maja* become an institution of the past.

The *maja* is passionately fond of the bull-fight, and will acknowledge no suitor but a *torrero*. She never quits the front row of the stalls allotted to spectators until the last bull, *el toro de gracia*, receives its death-blow from the *cachetero*. She is present at all ceremonials, from christenings to funerals and mortuary masses; but it is at village weddings that she is supreme, for she is queen of the dance, and it is at her bidding that the guitars strike up the drone of the *fandango*, or the fiercely fascinating strain of the *bolero*.

I was fortunate enough to be present at a wedding-party given at a *venta*, or wayside inn, on the Cadiz road. The cavaliers or *majos*, including the bridegroom, wore the well-known Andalusian costume, consisting of the *sombrero calañés* coquettishly poised on the ear, the vest a perfect eruption of silver buttons filigreed, the jacket of figured velvet, with a bouquet of vivid flowers embroidered on the back, not forgetting the two pocket-handkerchiefs embroidered by the *maja*, which stuck out conspicuously from pockets inserted in the breast. The remainder of the costume is composed of a silken sash, short breeches, and leathern gaiters embroidered in silks of the most lively colors. The *majas* were attired in short skirts, with crape shawls of yellow or cerise. Their bodices were of blue or scarlet, and richly trimmed about the shoulders with gold and silver beads. Some bore guitars, and all were armed with castanets. The happy couple had just been joined for better or worse by the padre at the adjoining church, the bells of which clanged as if bent upon deafening the villagers for life, and the blushing bride, a superb specimen of the blue-black-haired, dark-eyed, red-lipped, white-toothed, swarthy, exquisitely formed Andalusian, was seated in a chair of state in the little portico of the *venta*, the bridegroom beside her, all idiotic smiles, begotten of the *vino tinto*, or red wine, administered to him from the great *bota*, or sheepskin.

"A dance! a dance!" was suddenly shouted by one of the male guests to the rattling of castanets. The word was taken up as in chorus, and in an instant an old hag—how hideous the old women of Spain are!—aided by several of the villagers, proceeded to brush the dust from the roadway with brooms made of the rushes which grow so plentifully on the banks of the beautiful Guadalquivir. The small boys turned somersaults in a very ecstasy of joyous expectation, and the little girls squatted on the ground, forming a sort of ring.

While the *majas* and *majos* are preparing to perform on the light fantastic toe, let me say a word or two on the subject of the national dances of Spain. The *pavana*, danced in the Middle Ages, was a stately and graceful step, which spread into France and Italy. Its motions resembled the movements of the peacock, hence the name. It was a dance at which Catherine de Medicis excelled. The short cloak and rapier of her courtiers imparted an especial grace to it.

The *paspié*, so well known in France in the seventeenth century, was but the *pavana* in another form. A Spanish dance, very popular during the sixteenth century, was the *pasacalle*, the name signifying a "walk in the street," and it had its origin with the young people, who danced in the streets by night. The *folias*, or folly dance, was very early known in Spain. It is stated that Peter I., King of Portugal, was so captivated with the *folias*, that he often passed entire nights in dancing it with his children and with his courtiers.

In the sixteenth century, a distinction was made between the *danzas* and the *bayles*. In the former, the legs only played the important *rôle*; in the latter, all the body was in play. The *saraband* was an offshoot of the *bayles*, and was named by Cervantes "the dance of the devil." The *saraband* was danced by several couples of men and women, and to the guitar.

The *gira* may be reckoned amongst the most ancient dances. A person was placed in the middle of a circle formed on the floor, within which it was necessary to dance to a lively measure on one leg, without touching the line, and with a glass full of water on the head. The *danza prima* is equally one of the most ancient dances, and it was danced by a number of persons holding hands and singing. The *villano* was danced by clapping the hands and striking the soles of the feet alternately.

A curious dance, the *danza de espadas*, or dance of swords, was very much in vogue in Castille during the time of Cervantes. The Arabs and Moors of Spain had also their dances—the *zambras* and the *leylas*.

By degrees the national dances disappeared from the theatre. At the commencement of the last century the *saraband* and *chaconne* were completely abandoned, as well as the other dances of the same character. At this epoch ap-

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peared the *seguidilla*, the *fandango* and the *bolero*. The *seguidilla* has a livelier movement than the *bolero*. I must not omit mention of the *fandango*, so celebrated amongst all the old Spanish dances. An enthusiastic Spanish writer declares, "it is worthy of being executed at Paphos in the Temple of Venus."

The national air of the *fandango*, like an electric spark, strikes and causes all hearts to leap; women, girls, young men and old—all are struck by it, and all are moved to sing this air, so fetching to the ears and souls of Spain. The dancers fling themselves into the dance, one set furnished with castanets, the others snapping their fingers to imitate the sound. The women signalize themselves by the delicacy, the lightness, the flexibility of their movements, and the voluptuousness of their attitudes. They mark the time with charming accuracy by tapping their heels on the floor. The dancers advance, retreat, unite and pursue in turn; but suddenly the music ceases, and the "high art" of the dancers is to remain as if suddenly petrified. Then the guitars recommence to twang, the castanets to click-clack, and the seductive dance is resumed, the voluptuous movements of the dancers causing the on-lookers a frantic pleasure and delight.

The Andalusians of to-day are passionately fond of the *seguidilla bolera*. This dance is depicted on the fans sold on the days of bull-fights, which are named *abanicos de calaña*. Village Murillos select this dance as the subject of their masterpieces. The verses sung to the *seguidilla* are of great simplicity. They are called *la copla*, and are four in number. The following is a specimen:

En el mar de Cupido
Siempre hay borrascas,
Y en ninguno zozobran
Tantas escuedras:
Pero non obstante
Siempre son infinitos
Suo navegantes!

On the occasion of this wedding the favorite dance was performed, all the on-lookers joining in singing or chanting *la copla*. The dance commenced by a twanging of the guitars, followed by a banging of tambourines. Then each dancer chose his *pareja*, or partner, and the couples stood *vis-à-vis* at about four paces from one another. The *copla* was then heard, and at the end of the last words of the final verse, the dancers began to rattle their castanets, then with a bound they leaped into the dance, turning and twirling and flying and pursuing, all in superb time, and with a grace, agility and vivacity that was irresistibly fascinating. With the last note of the air the dancers remained rigid, and as if turned into blocks of marble; then came unstinted applause, with the cry, "*Bien parado! bien parado!*" Again and yet again was the *seguidilla bolero* danced, and until the moment arrived when the stirrup-cup of *vino tinto* came to be presented to the bridegroom, who, after sipping, offered it to the bride, seated pillion fashion behind him.

The newly married man had already been imbibing freely of *anisao* as well as the red wine of the country, and it was with no steady hand that he raised the beaker to his lips. The bride merely tasted it, and then, amidst the click-clack of castanets, the twanging of guitars, the rattling of tambourines, the shouts of the company, the yelling of the children, and the barking of the village curs, the newly married pair rode off in the direction of the farm of which the bridegroom was proprietor. Then the roadway opposite the *posada* was again carefully swept, and the much-loved *seguidilla* recommenced with a *brio* that touched upon the pronounced gymnastics of the *cancan*.

VICTOR HUGO.

By the Author of "Roman Violets," etc.

Paris is the capital of the civilized world. At least, so say her inhabitants, the artists, politicians, literati of France. Modern patriots may, perchance, complain that she draws into her resistless arms all the genius, the beauty, the freshness of the country, and by her weird magic so transforms them that they can no longer live away from her; and thus the great tide of "centralization" flows ever upward toward her gates—as the stream of barbarian Teutons of old was drawn unceasingly onward to the wonders and the treasures of Rome—returning never again.

But, after all, who shall complain, when she thus draws together all the mighty minds of France, so that her *salons* alone in all the world still glow and sparkle with the wit and mirth of genius, and the laughter of the gods? We used to long, perhaps, for the days of De Sévigné and De Staël, of La Rochefoucauld and La Fontaine, of witty abbés and *précieuses* ladies; but where has the world seen a more marvelous assemblage of genius than the group who shone side by side some thirty years ago: Béranger, Lamartine, De Musset, Alexandre Dumas, Georges Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Jules Janin, Delphine Gay, Théophile Gautier—and last, but not least, Victor Hugo!

Seventy-eight years have passed over his veteran head, and Victor Hugo alone of all that brilliant company survives to receive the homage of the world. What must it be for him to look back on the days that are passed, and revive forgotten memories of those who once stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the battle! Surely he, if any man, could well write—after the fashion of our days—on "Dead men whom I have known." Hours with Chateaubriand, chatting over his big "*cuvette d'eau*," sleeves tucked up and soap in hand, discussing politics with his young visitor in the intervals of his toilet. Days when he breakfasted with the celebrated preacher l'Abbé Frayssinous, and sandwiched in a dinner among the actresses of the Opéra-Comique, before calling on his confessor, M. de Lamennais, that brilliant but fallen star of the Church of France, who might have done better things in that hour of grace begun by the perusal of "Le Génie du Christianisme," than to "*remplacer la confession par une causerie*," when his young penitent confessed as a "*gros péché*" the *agaceries* of his fair hostesses!—or essayed a word of counsel, with boyish patronage, to a fair, ruddy, feminine-looking youth of twelve, who occasionally spent his Sundays with the Foucher family, and kept the whole table in a roar of laughter by his clever mimicry, scribbling verses in a corner between whiles with the signature "Alfred de Musset"; or exchanged rhyming letters with M. de Lamartine, and vowed that their names should go down to posterity together.

This was the season of youth and struggle, when he was literally "passing rich on forty pounds a year"—one thousand francs his sole fixed revenue, on which he lived and married, and even traveled; the last a charming little tour in Switzerland, on the proceeds of a book which has never yet come out, to be written by MM. Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Charles Nodier and Taylor, conjointly.

One is apt to wonder whether, in some corner of Bohemian Paris, any modern "Marius" is, like his prototype, living now on fourteen francs a week, with three shirts in a big wardrobe, and very little else, but always finding means of giving a five-franc piece, or even a fifty-franc dinner on occasion, to a friend in need. If such a one there be, waiting for future fame, we may be sure the

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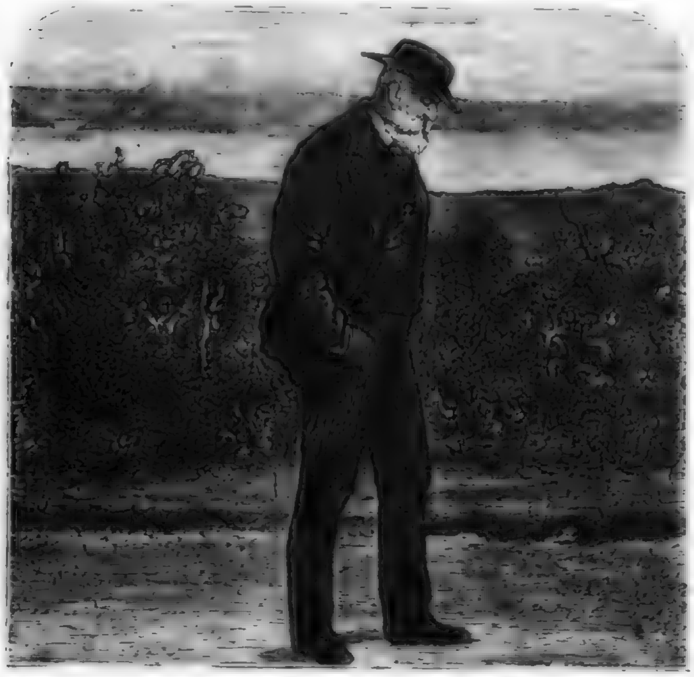
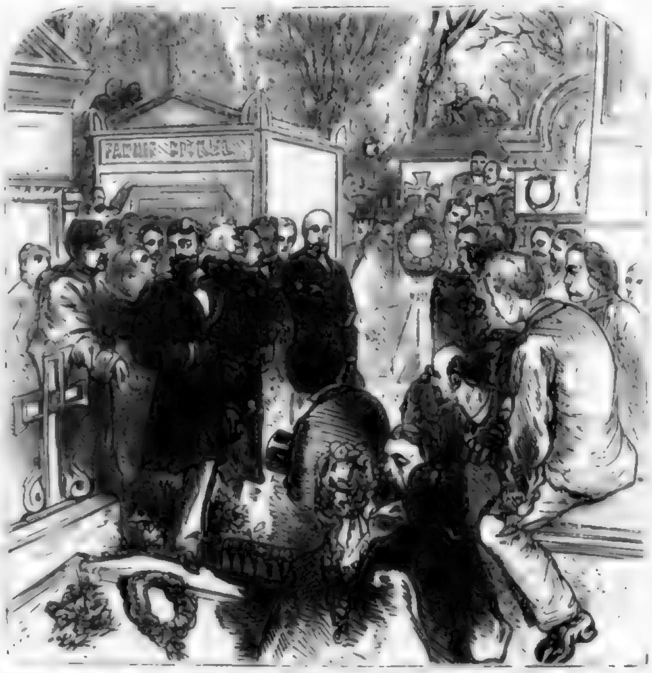


VICTOR HUGO IN THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

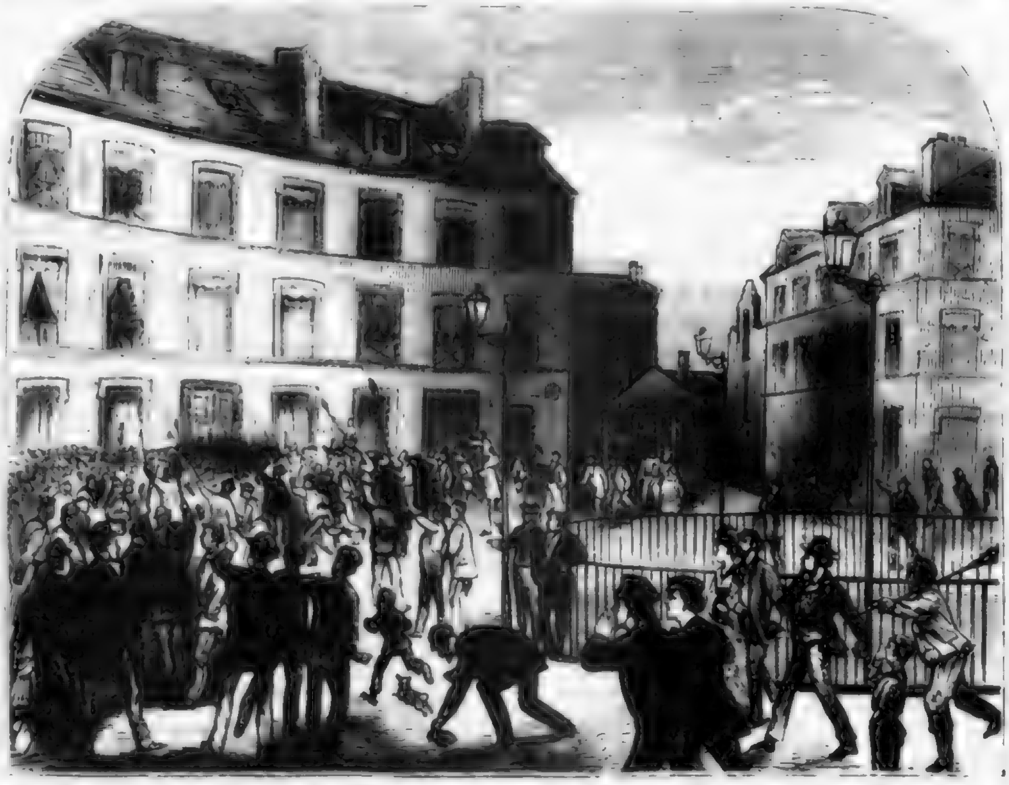


VICTOR HUGO DELIVERING A FUNERAL ORATION AT THE TOMB OF FREDERICK LEMAITRE, IN MONTMARTRE CEMETERY.

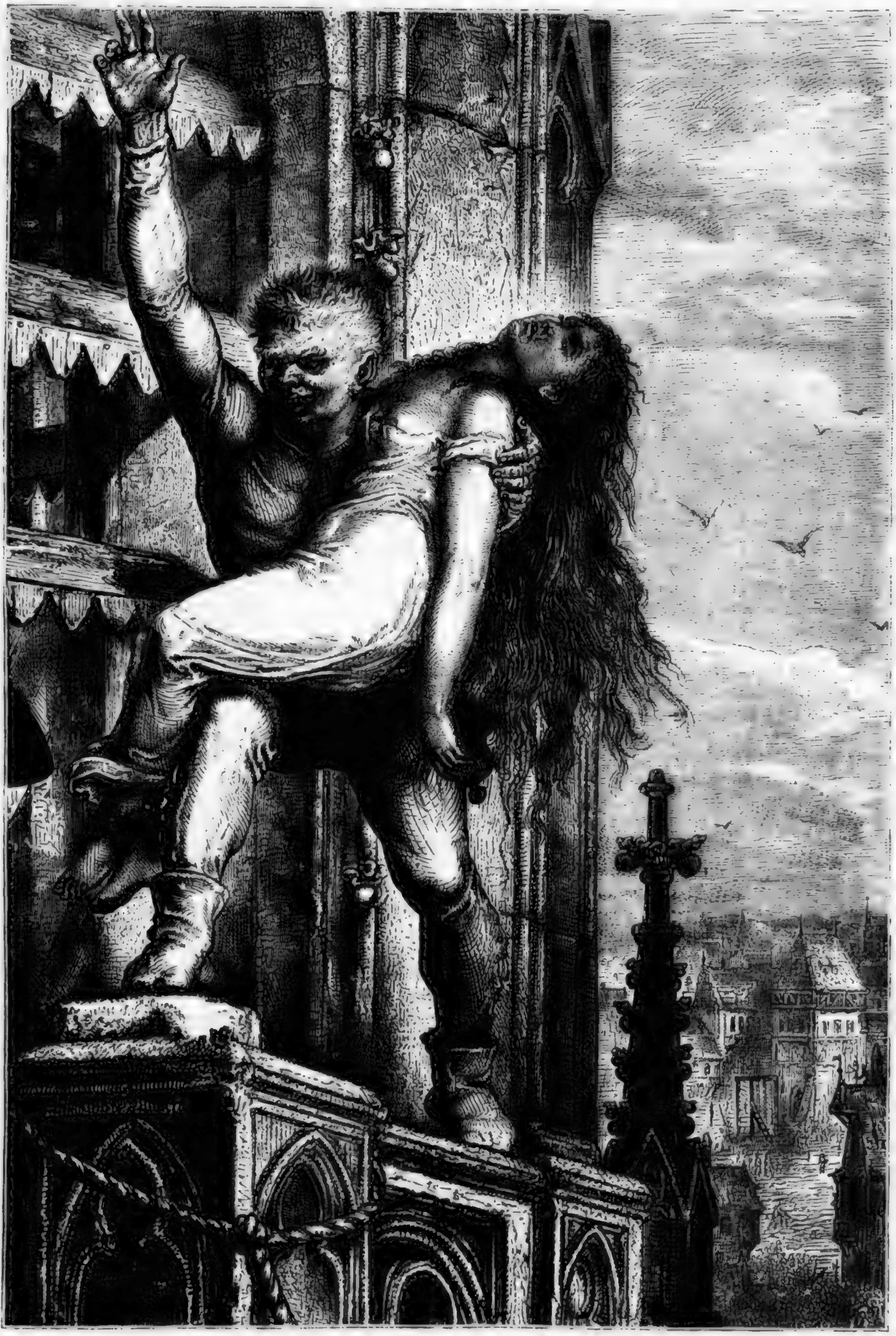
old poet's heart would warm toward that youth from the brilliantly-lighted and thronged *salon* in the Avenue d'Eylau, where he now holds his little court, and reigns over the world of literature like a king. The *enfant sublime*, so hailed by Chateaubriand at his first entrance into life as a worthy successor to himself, has outlived most of his contemporaries. In his day and under his guidance, the whole French drama, the entire range of poetry and fiction, have been enrolled under the banner of Romanticism; and he stands forth alone as its master, its representative, and its hero.

Yet, how the times have changed! As one of his reviewers said to him, "The two men who are most thoroughly detested in all France are M. de Polignac and you!" His very name was as an apple of discord everywhere. One poor youth in the provinces fought a duel, with fatal result to himself, on behalf of "Hernani," at a time when its author was receiving such threatening anonymous letters that his supporters thought it necessary to form a body-guard round his person each night in going to and returning from the theatre where it was represented; while far away from the scene of action another disciple, a poor corporal of dragoons, was writing in his will: "I desire to have the following inscription on my tomb, 'Here lies one who believed in Victor Hugo'!" One thing is certain—that he believed in himself. Believed, not with the vulgar vanity of the little-minded man, or the conceit of the parvenu, self-made, self-taught, self-important; but with the sublime consciousness of genius which can afford to be infinitely humble, while yet, like poor André Chenier, with his despairing pressure of the throbbing temples so soon to grow cold and still, it whispers, "Pourtant il y avait quelque chose là." And in this consciousness lies the germ of victory.

Victor Marie Hugo was born on the 26th of February, 1802, at Besançon. He was the youngest of three sons, and their father, General Hugo, being engaged in the various campaigns in Italy and Spain up to the time of Napoleon's defeat and exile, Madame Hugo and her children followed him into both countries, and thus their early years were spent amid strange sights and scenes, following the fortunes of war. After the fall of the Emperor, General Hugo was deprived of his command, and he then came to Paris and placed his two younger boys in a preparatory school in the Rue Sainte Marguerite, with a view to their entering "l'École Polytechnique" later on. Here, in the intervals of study, young Victor organized dramatic representations among his school-fellows, and filled volumes



VICTOR HUGO'S HOUSE AT BRUSSELS.



VICTOR HUGO.—THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.

of copybooks with poetry. Within three years (from thirteen to sixteen) he had written a collection of verses comprising odes, satires, poems, tragedies, elegies, idyls, imitations of Ossian, translations from Virgil, Horace, Martial and other Latin writers; romances and fables, epigrams, madrigals, charades in rhyme, impromptus, a comic opera, an epic of five hundred lines, called "The Deluge," etc. All this, of course, during his hours of recreation, and over and above the boyish pastimes shared with his companions.

He has always been specially tender—with the tenderness of a noble and manly nature—toward the weaker sex; and at this age the one woman in the world for him was his mother. To her he addressed some of the most delicately polished of his early verses; from her he derived the passionate royalism which in his youth held the place of creed to him; from her, also, alas! he imbibed the spirit of antagonism to Christianity which, except for one brief moment in youth, has outlived the rest of his traditional creeds. She was an ardent disciple of Voltaire, and her influence asserted itself upon the boys from their earliest years. When placing them for a time in a Catholic school in Spain, she objected to the rule that all the scholars should attend Mass daily.

"It is an absolute rule of the school, madame," urged the master.

"Then enter them as Protestants," replied the mother, "for they shall not go."

And later on, in Paris, when the rest of the school went on Sundays to Mass, Victor, by special permission, remained at home, and amused himself with his beloved verse-making.

When his mother joined a circulating library, the good old librarian kept all the works of "*philosophie*" and of questionable morality in a room apart, well locked away, and protested to Madame Hugo that her boys should not be allowed to read those works, which, of course, they clamored to look into. "Let them alone," said the mother, "*books have never done any harm*;" so they read—everything.

One day, while the whole school is taking its usual Thursday walk, solemnly stepping out two by two, one dark, slight, nervous-looking youth of fifteen slips quietly from the ranks as they pass by the "Institut," a building which holds within its sacred walls the Academical Secretary's office. Signing to the usher in charge of the boys to follow him, the two run noiselessly up the great staircase, and enter, breathless with agitation, a door marked "Sécrétariat." Here young Victor holds out a little roll of paper, stammering and blushing as he explains that it is a poem for competition at the annual prize-giving on the subject named, viz., "The Pleasures of Study." The official gravely receives the precious document, marks it with the number "15," and putting it on one side, nods their dismissal, and the two boys hastily rejoin their companions.

About a fortnight afterward, Victor's elder brother, Abel, comes to the school, beaming with kindly satisfaction, not unmixed with surprise, to announce to his little brother that he has received an "honorable mention" from the great "Académie Française." "You little donkey!" was the fraternal salute; "what possessed you to put *your age* into the poem? You might have had the prize!"

It was his first success. The newspapers spoke of him, academicians invited him to dinner, and as for his schoolmaster, as his biographer amusingly exclaims, "Le soleil se serait mis en pension chez lui qu'il n'aurait pas été plus ébloui!"

His next attempt was a short story called "Bug Jargal," written during the holidays in the space of fifteen days, and read out before a select little band of admirers, who had incautiously accepted a bet made by the self-confident young author, that he would write a whole novel within that period, or, failing, give a dinner all round. The story was voted a success. Abel Hugo gave a dinner in its honor, and young Victor was again the hero of the evening.

After this he naturally adopted literature as a career, and he and his brother, Eugène, who was ambitious of a like success, left college and lived at home with their mother, who delighted in her sons' literary tastes, and encouraged them to compete for prizes, and write verses and articles in a magazine founded by Abel, as the first step toward supporting themselves by their pens in the future.

But all this quiet, happy life came to an end in 1821. Madame Hugo died suddenly, and General Hugo, who, up to this time, had allowed his wife the entire guidance of their sons, now came forward and offered them a regular allowance if they would quit the path of literature and adopt a regular profession. Victor alone of the three brothers gave an unconditional refusal to this proposition, and thus cut himself adrift from the paternal guidance. Henceforth he contrived to provide himself with a scanty maintenance by his pen, living very much the life he has portrayed in the young student "Marius," on something like seven hundred francs ($140) per annum. In after years the father and son grew to appreciate each other better, and the most cordial sympathy existed between them; but at this period of his life Victor stood alone in the world, save for one or two friendly hands which never failed to clasp his own.

It was no play work, this student life, rising early and toiling late over prose and verse; poems for prizes, articles for magazines, anything that would "sell," and procure the daily bread. More especially as the youth, still a boy in years (he was scarcely nineteen), had chosen to engage himself to the daughter of his father's old friend, M. Foucher, who, on her side, was little more than a child, and could bring him no fortune whatever. The parents protested, Victor persisted, and Mlle. Adèle proved faithful, though there seemed at first but small chance of their constancy being rewarded.

When he first wished to publish a volume of short poems which had appeared from time to time in one of the periodicals, no publisher could be found to undertake the risk. Abel Hugo, however, generously came forward and paid for its publication; while, the bookshops refusing to allow the modest volume so much as a place in their windows, it was exposed for sale through the kindness of a personal friend. The book was entitled "Odes et Poésies Diverses." Fortunately for its author, the first person who happened to buy it was M. Mennechat, Reader in Ordinary to Louis XVIII., who brought it under the King's notice. Its success was so rapid as to exhaust the first edition, one thousand five hundred copies, within four months. This, of course, brought him in a certain amount of ready money; not much, one would think, seeing that the publishers reserved to themselves three francs out of the three francs fifty centimes which was the price of each volume; still, the author's portion served to buy a magnificent cashmere robe for the "*corbeille de noces*," and when, about the same time, he received the first-fruits of a pension of 1,000 francs per annum, granted him by the King, he felt justified in demanding the hand of his Adèle, and they were married at St. Sulpice in the year 1822, Victor being then twenty, and his bride eighteen years old.

During the halcyon period which succeeded this event, "Han d'Islande" was written; a story now relegated to a place among the author's minor works, but over which many a fierce battle was waged on its first appearance—proclaiming, as it did, the young poet's adhesion to the cause of Romanticism—among the followers, or, rather, imitators, of Walter Scott.

We, who for three hundred years or more have found our dramatic ideal in Shakespeare on the one hand, and among whom the author of "Waverly" took place as *facile princeps* with scarcely an effort on the other, can scarcely realize the storm of opposition which broke forth in the literary world of France, when the present school of writers, headed by Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and all the youth of the day, came boldly forward with novel after novel, drama after drama, founded on principles utterly opposed to those which every critic, reader and audience had been trained to consider the first rudiments of art. And it was naturally over dramatic novelties that the fiercest controversy raged. Books might find their own public, and a hostile review only provoked more readers; but a tragedy was at the mercy of its interpreters, and stood or fell by the verdict of the audience—often a packed house of *claqueurs*, hired by the opposition, or, what was almost as hopeless, a prejudiced majority who went prepared to condemn.

Space would fail us to record in detail the vicissitudes of our author's career: weary wranglings with actresses; misunderstanding of managers; devoted little bands of ardent admirers, with Théo. Gautier and Balzac at their head, smuggled secretly into the theatre before the doors were opened to the general public, that they might post themselves at intervals among the audience and lead applause! And in spite of it all his dramas did not succeed. "Cromwell," "Amy Robsart," "Hernani," "Marion de l'Orme," were one after another rejected by the public, though sustained by the first actors of the day.

At length "Lucrèce Borgia," the first of M. Hugo's dramas which appeared in prose, came out at the Théâtre du Porte-Saint-Martin, with Mlle. Georges as *Lucrèce*, and Frédéric Lemaître as *Gennaro*, and was a brilliant success; so great, in fact, as to give rise to a somewhat amusing incident. M. Harel, the manager, asked for another play from the now popular author, to be produced after "Lucrèce." M. Hugo refused to promise it; whereupon the fiery manager challenged him to a duel. Fortunately, he afterward reflected that if he killed or wounded his author, he would be even less likely than before to obtain the desired piece, so he made ample apologies, and finally received and gave to the world "Marie Tudor." This was followed, at the Théâtre Français, by "Angelo," which proved moderately successful, and the next year, 1836, by "Esmeralda," a tragedy founded on "Notre Dame de Paris." With that "fatality" which is the key-note of the original, the drama of "Esmeralda" seemed to bring misfortune on all who were in any way connected with it. During its first performance the death of Charles X. was publicly announced; the *prima donna* lost her voice immediately after its withdrawal; the first actor met with a violent death; a ship called after the heroine foundered at sea, and all on board perished; and a valuable mare, which received the same name, broke her neck while practicing for the racecourse. As for the drama itself, it was literally hissed off the stage.

In the year 1836, M. Alexandre Dumas, who also wrote for the stage, requested M. Hugo to join him in a movement for the establishment of a new theatre, which should be under more liberal management than those already existing; and by the authority and assistance of M. Guizot a manager was found willing to organize its company, which gave as opening piece "Ruy Blas," written for the occasion, and played by Lemaître with great applause. To this succeeded "Les Burgraves," at the Comédie Française, which was hissed, but ran its course in spite of opposition; and the author, tired out with the petty annoyances and insults to which he had been subjected, turned his exclusive attention to other works.

"Notre Dame de Paris," which involved much collateral study—one copybook full of notes alone, lost during a change of dwelling, being the result of two months' hard work—was written during the Revolution of July, 1830, while bullets were whistling across his garden, and barricades being erected almost at his door. He shut himself up in one room, locking away his clothes lest they should tempt him to sally forth, and spent the whole of that Winter wrapped up in a big gray comforter, writing against time to complete his work by the first of February, 1831; while his children fed the soldiers who fainted from hunger in the streets, and begged piteously for a drink of water at their doors.

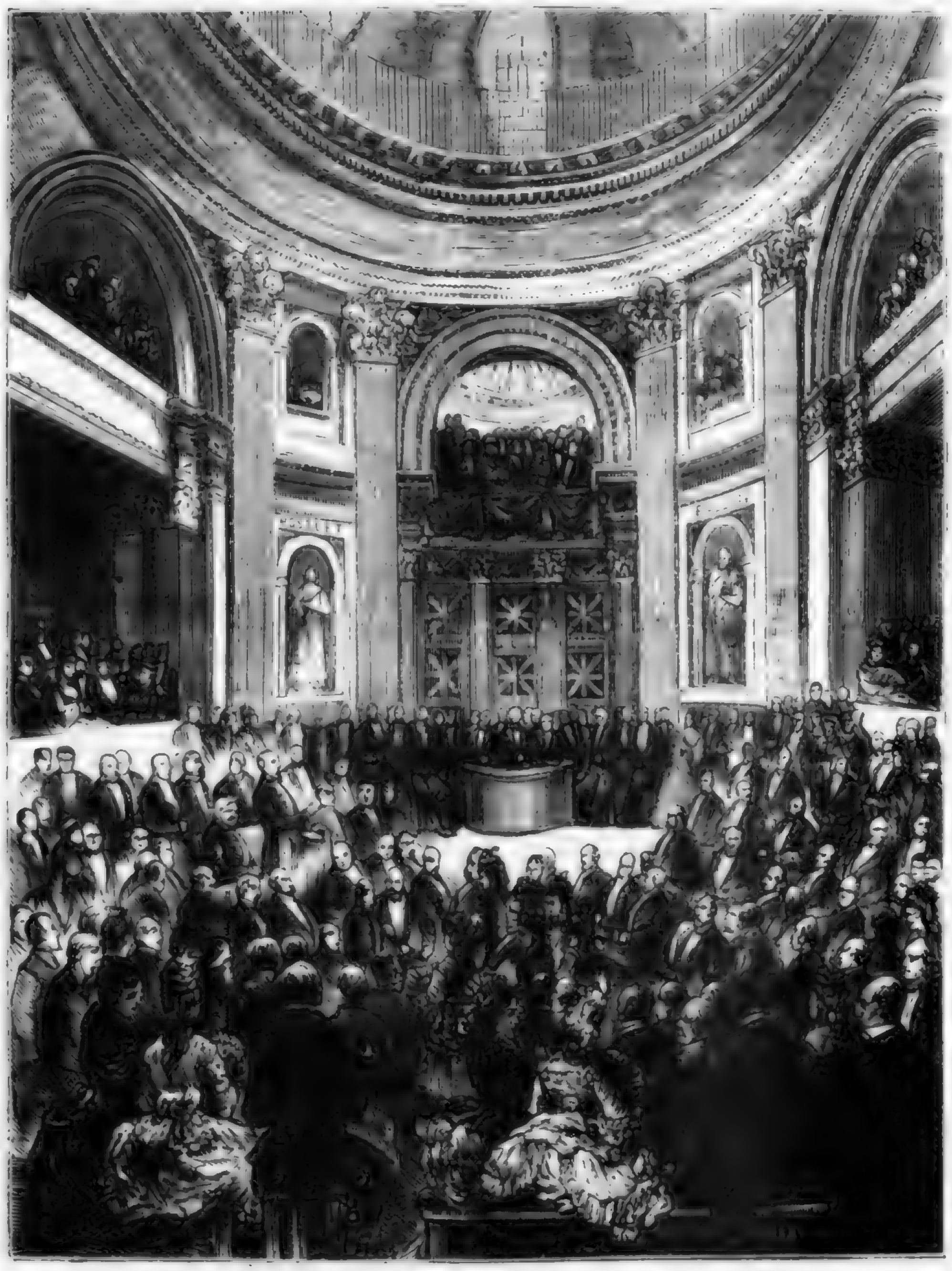
Scarcely was the book finished, when its author saw the grand archiepiscopal library sacked by the mob, its contents destroyed, and among them a unique ancient chart of the cathedral, which he had used just in time to prevent its precious contents from being wholly lost. So true is it, that in our seemingly least important actions we sometimes "know not what we do."

It is perhaps not generally known that "Notre Dame de Paris" was originally intended by its author to form one of a set of three historical novels on the Middle Ages under their several aspects. The two following, however, were never written; not from any lack of appreciative welcome of "Notre Dame de Paris," which was hailed with rapture by the public, and took its place at once among the classics of modern literature; but through the pressure of work and widening of interests which year by year drew him toward the front in political movements, and made the *coup d'état* and his subsequent exile almost a thing to be thankful for, since it has secured to the world works which might never have appeared but for that enforced inaction.

Less serious studies, though not less valuable in their way, were the lyrics which he published from time to time: "Les Rayons et les Ombres," "Les Voix Intérieures," "Les Feuilles d'Automne," "Chants du Crépuscule," etc.; and while weaving revolutionary sentiments into exquisite odes, he addressed some delicately generous lines to the fallen King, Charles X., which the paper that published them described as "the poet's sad farewell to the past." It was so, in truth. Gradually his royalism faded, and, with the whole youth of Paris, he and Lamartine together espoused the cause of republicanism.

It would be impossible wholly to omit, in the most superficial survey of M. Hugo's life, that "burning question" which has always occupied so prominent a position in his thoughts. "Claude Gueux" and "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné," two of the most thrilling appeals which have ever been written on behalf of the abolition of capital punishment, were supplemented by consistent and energetic action toward the same end. He exerted himself strenuously, both in Paris, and later on in Jersey, on behalf of particular criminals lying under sentence of death; undertook the personal defense of his own son, who was cited before the Court of Bordeaux and condemned for violent expressions of feeling on the same subject; used every opportunity afforded by his position as Pair de France in later years, and the whole strength of his most graphic pen in journal, letter, or romance, to awaken the sympathies of his fellow-countrymen on behalf of "*les condamnés à mort.*" Nay, those who have entered the poet's little *sanctum* in the home of his exile, in later years, notice with surprise that the only picture which adorns (?) its walls represents a ghastly gibbet with a dead man hung therefrom—the portrait of John Brown, the man for whom he once pleaded to America—in vain. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom or utility of M. Hugo's political career on other sides, one can scarcely blame his perhaps unpractical humanitarianism in this, that unlike his fellow Communists he held life sacred, and denied the right of human law or human justice to take it away.

XUM



VICTOR HUGO IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.—SEE PAGE 307.

On his father's death, in 1828, he became Count Hugo, but never used his title; however, being anxious, some time later, to take a more prominent part in politics, he came forward as a candidate for admission to the Académie Française, from which august body the King sometimes chose his new creations for the Chambre des Pairs. Député he could not be, as he did not possess one single rood of land or property—so he presented himself for election to the Académie, and after having been rejected for three years in succession, he obtained admission into its ranks in 1841, and was raised to the peerage some time later by Louis Philippe.

His political life we need not detail. After the *coup d'état* in 1851 he refused the amnesty offered by Napoleon III., rejected with passionate scorn the triumph of imperialism, and went into a voluntary exile for nineteen years. In this time of exile (from Jersey first, and afterward from Guernsey) his most brilliant successes were achieved. His prose works during this period include “Les Misérables,” “Les Travailleurs de la Mer,” “L'Homme qui Rit,” and “Quatre-vingt Treize”; his poems, “Napoléon le Petit,” “Les Châtiments,” “La Légende des Siècles,” “Chansons des Rues et des Bois,” and “Les Contemplations.” They were all published in Belgium, their sale being prohibited in France under the Empire.

When Sédan came and Napoleon fell, Victor Hugo returned to Paris just in time to participate in the privations of the siege, and to immortalize them in “L'Année Terrible,” beside the cradle of “petite Jeanne.” During the Commune he was at Brussels on family business; but though removed from the scene of action, he incurred the displeasure of the Belgian Government by his offers of shelter to fugitive Communists. Finally, having been expelled from Belgium, he returned to Republican Paris, was elected a member of the Senate, and now takes part in all the debates and political movements of the day, with the more interest that his widowed daughter-in-law's second husband, M. Lockroy, is a prominent Radical deputy.

In his domestic life, M. Hugo has passed through many sorrows. His wife, the faithful “Adèle” of his youth, lived long enough to know him hailed as a master-mind by the whole literary world, but the hand of death was laid on her just two years before the end of his long exile.

His idolized eldest child, the “Léopoldine” who inspired some of the most exquisite of his “Contemplations,”

> “Elle disait souvent ‘Je n'ose,’
> Et ne disait jamais, ‘Je veux,’ ”

was taken from him by an early and sudden death, and both his sons died in the prime of manhood. The elder, Charles Hugo, former editor of *Le Rappel*, has left two children, the “Georges et Jeanne” of later poems. Child-worshiper and loving-hearted as he is, these two frail barks seem to hold all his happiness on earth—hopes, ambitions and delights, centred by a passionate poetic nature in a little laughing fairy playing about his knees, and a grave, silent boy, with splendidly chiseled features, and large dark eyes like those of the Holy Child in Raphael's Sistine Madonna, looking with far-away wistful gaze into the unknown future.

A SINGULAR OLD MAID.

By Prudence Bowers.

When Mrs. ex-Congressman Perkins brought home a pretty waiting-maid, the latter attracted the attention of the whole village.

When this fresh young girl was known to frequent ghostly old Miss Prim's desolate abode, the gossips wagged their tongues, and the juvenile cuticle rose in an universal goose-flesh.

Miss Prim's cottage-door opened to admit Dolly, and closed again, untouched by human hands.

So, at least, claimed the village urchins who were wont to feed their taste for the horrible by watching old Miss Prim as she nightly chopped her kindling-wood.

The Dorcas Society, and the parson even, had long since given up all attempts to save Miss Prim's soul, if, indeed, she had room for one in her lank body. How unnatural, then, the affinity between her defiant-eyed leanness and Dolly's plump form and soft, soul-lit blue eyes!

One night Dolly remained within that unlighted cottage until it was time to hasten home to put the hair of Mrs. Perkins in crimping-pins, and make her otherwise ready for the reign of Morpheus.

Then she stepped alone out into the night, a man's voice from within bidding her a tender farewell.

Still alone, Dolly sped toward home at a pace that made her own shadow seem to be leaping and running in the moonlight to keep up with her.

She did not reach the Perkins mansion unmolested.

At the bridge, the very spot that it had made her heart palpitate to think of, she was intercepted.

"I would as soon believe harm of an angel as of you, Dolly, but what means this?"

The man who stopped her spoke as one having authority.

"Edward," cried Dolly, "do you watch where you promised to trust?"

It was bitter to the lover to find that the maiden was not glad to see him, and his wrath rose with his jealousy. He said, sternly:

"Whatever this business is, it has stolen your heart from me. I am not one to brook mysterious and unknown rivals. I *saw* you come forth from that house where they tell me only an old woman lives. I *saw* the shadow of a man, and I heard his voice. I believe in you, Dolly, but I also claim your confidence. Explain this to me now, or cast me off for ever."

Dolly trembled like the moonlight shadows in the Summer wind, but she answered bravely:

"Then this, too, this last sacrifice of all! If only it may not be in vain! Edward, I am not free to confide in you!"

The man stood silent. As the meaning of these words entered his heart, he seemed to petrify. He uttered no appeal. In a moment the night resounded with the echo of his receding footsteps.

Mrs. Perkins, in the magnanimity of a sympathetic nature, allowed her hair to be well pulled that night, and showed herself worthy to be the mistress of no ordinary maid, by abstaining from teasing her with questions.

The following morning, when the lady appeared in fresh toilet in their elegant breakfast-room, the Hon. Mr. Perkins, who was a fastidious gentleman, informed her that her rich lace cap was on awry, and also that her necktie was veering as idly as a weathervane.

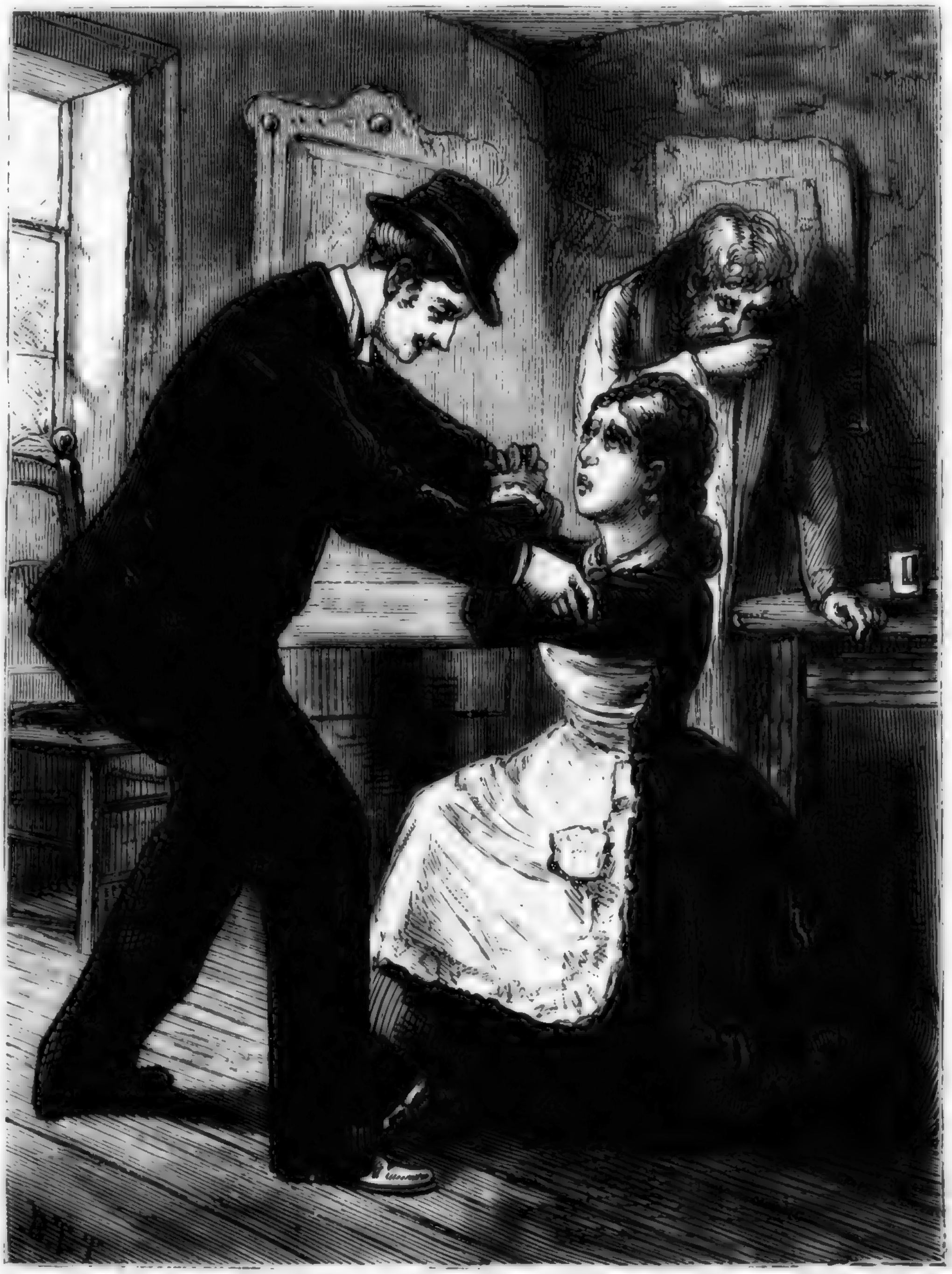
Mrs. Perkins glanced anxiously at her reflection in a shining coffee-urn, where she saw it, combined with the reflection of the firelight, dancing wildly.

It required more fortitude than a big man would believe, to sit there consciously disfigured, and it wrung from the pretty little woman the ejaculation:

"My Dolly is certainly bewitched!"

As soon as possible she made the signal to rise, and, under pretense of warming a dainty French-slippered toe by resting it on the bright steel fender, she surreptitiously regulated her toilet in the mantel-mirror over the fireplace.

The husband, much amused with such pretty vanity, followed her in a bantering mood. He was diverted by the arrival of the morning mail.



A SINGULAR OLD MAID.—"'DEAR, FAITHFUL, TRUE GIRL! I HAVE FOUND YOU OUT AT LAST!' DOLLY THREW HERSELF IN AN ATTITUDE OF SUPPLICATION AT HIS FEET."

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Throwing himself in his easy-chair by the fire, he opened the first letter.

"Why, love!" he soon exclaimed, "that fellow you made me work to get clear from the charge of house-breaking proves to be a son of the old murderer Larkins, who escaped from justice ten years ago, and for whose recapture there has been ever since a reward of five thousand dollars offered."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Perkins, conclusively. "Why, you forget that my man is Dolly's father!"

"As if that hindered it!" impatiently ejaculated Mr. Perkins, rising. "I tell you my lawyer has evidence that 'your man' is a house-breaker, and the son of a murderer, and you've made me make a fool of myself, and it ain't the first time."

"But do consider, dear," replied the wife, in a mollifying and convincing tone, "I've had Dolly years, and she'd be as afraid of a house-breaker or a murderer as I would myself."

"What geese you women are, and what idiots you make of us!" responded the Hon. Mr. Perkins, stopping to survey the pretty wife, whom he now felt to have been a great besetment to him. "Marc Antony was no bigger fool than the rest of us. Here I am mixed up in a disgraceful mess because, forsooth, Dolly coaxed you to coax me."

Mrs. Perkins here evinced some indications of bursting into tears. Mr. Perkins, knowing his own weak point, hastened to avert such a painful climax.

"After all," he said, conciliatingly, "it is likely to end in the securing of both men. A detective is——"

At this moment the conjugal confidence was interrupted. Dolly herself stood before them.

She looked excited, and asked permission to "go out for an hour's airing."

When she was gone, the master of the house said, severely:

"That girl must be watched. Let this be the last time she goes out alone."

Mrs. Perkins perceived a certain look in her husband's eyes that caused her to meekly respond:

"Yes, dear."

"How ridiculous men are!" she petulantly exclaimed to herself, when alone. "As if I would keep poor Dolly in to prevent her from such absurdity as seeing murderers!"

Meanwhile Dolly, by a circuitous route but with great speed, hastened again to old Miss Prim's.

She entered unbidden at the rear of the cottage, where no opening was visible to the uninitiated.

Within, an old man crouched in the most obscure corner of a darkened room.

In a plaintive minor key, he cried:

"You can't come in, whoever you are—you've no business here. Keep away! Mary, Mary! come and send them off."

The poor wretch shook like a palsy, and was only induced by the presence and urgency of old Miss Prim to remove his skinny hands from his haggard face.

He was a vivid illustration that the wages of sin are something more than physical death.

"Oh, grandmother!" cried Dolly, "I did not mean to frighten him; but there is need for haste, indeed—indeed there is!"

"There is none," responded the old woman, heroically. "Do you suppose I am not ready for this? Do you think I have hid and guarded him these ten years to let them outwit me now?"

Looking about, Dolly then for the first time perceived evidences of preparation for flight.

"How did you know?" she then asked. "Where is father?"

"My son is safe," mysteriously replied the old woman. "He bade me say to you that your tears and prayers were answered—that, God helping, for your sake, he would lead a better life."

Dolly wept.

The old man arose in vague alarm and wrung his hands, as he feebly paced the floor.

At this sight the devoted old wife turned savage.

"How dare you scare my poor darling!" she cried. "Have you no thought for him?"

She went to him, and with a strange, grim tenderness, stroked his gray hair.

"Have no fear," she said to him; "trust me. I saw the man hovering about here last night, while the child prayed with her father—prayers for them, watching for me. I have only waited to look once more at her pretty face that I thought to have seen so many times—now I am ready to lead you to a safe place. Be easy and trust me, darling."

With the confidence of a sleep-walker or a monomaniac, the old woman led her charge forth toward a wood at the rear of the cottage.

She appeared to have utterly forgotten Dolly, who was left sitting there blankly, entirely alone.

Some words of the old woman still rung in her ears.

"I saw some one hovering about here last night while the child prayed."

Was Edward there, *her* Edward, the representative of a law and justice that would destroy all of hers?

Dolly was no sophist to question the rectitude of her position. If her hands fell listlessly in her lap, if her blue eyes filled with tears, it was because she had lost her lover, not because she had helped to evade justice.

In this dejected attitude she sat, too much engrossed in mourning after her lover to see him enter.

"Dear, faithful, true girl, I have found you out at last," said a voice that electrified her.

Dolly, the whilom proud, piquant Dolly, threw herself in an attitude of supplication at the feet of her lover.

"Do not—oh, do not!" she cried, "hunt him down. If you could see him, if you knew of his repentance, his misery—oh, spare him!"

"Why, bless your dear heart," answered the detective, raising Dolly in his arms, "I wouldn't touch him if he'd eaten my grandmother. How could I know? I was in hot pursuit of the five thousand dollars reward to set my little wife up housekeeping in a style worthy of her. Now she will have to be content with something plainer. But no! you are my prisoner. I can lock you up in jail if I will. Now beg me not to!"

"Can you tolerate me, knowing all? can you overlook my being——"

"If you will ask with your arms around my neck, I think I can hear it," answered the detective. "In fact, I don't think I *could* tolerate your being the least bit in the world different from what you are!"

Two hours later they appeared before Mrs. Perkins, Dolly beaming, Edward looking like a shorn Samson, and asked her consent to a speedy marriage.

That evening Mrs. Perkins triumphantly explained to her husband that he was altogether mistaken about Dolly having anything to do with the murderers.

"How do you know, dear?" he asked.

"Why, she is actually to be married in a week to the detective who is here hunting for them."

This was conclusive, and the Hon. Mr. Perkins ejaculated "Oh!"

XUM

THE SHEEP'S PETITION.

THE Sheep before the Lion came and pray'd
Protection from the Wolves that havoc made
Among their flocks. Compassion moved his breast;
Thrice having roared, he thus his will exprest:

"We, Leo, King, and so forth, having heard
The sore indictment by the Sheep preferred
Against the Wolves, and touched with sympathy
For their most sad condition, thus decree:
If any Wolf shall any Sheep offend,
Said Sheep hath leave said Wolf to apprehend,
And carry him before the nearest Bear
In the commission of the peace; and there
Such order as the matter may invite
Be duly made, and Heaven defend the right!"

So 'twas ordained. 'Tis a most curious fact
No sheep hath ever yet enforced the Act;
'Tis probable they are no more attacked.
The Wolves now graze, it is to be inferred;
How this agrees with them I have not heard.

Moral.

If rogues defraud, or men in power oppress,
Go to law instantly, and get redress. KRILOF.

THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.

BY F. E. HAMILTON.

THE night was falling among the foothills of the Rockies. The great peaks away to the west were yet golden-tipped with the light from the hidden sun, but the valleys were purple and still, and long shadows were creeping from the deep gorges and cañons skirting the Platte, and stealing silently out along the river-bottom.

Night was falling, and the grand mountains slowly wrapped the cloud-cloak of twilight about them and disappeared; the mists arose and deepened the violet hues along the ridges to a dull gray, the faraway stars opened their bright eyes in the east, and all objects grew indistinctly larger in the gloaming.

Gerald Stetson sat at the door of his tent, smoking his after-supper pipe alone. Old man Jackson, his partner, had saddled the mule early in the afternoon, and ridden to Rowland's Ranche for flour, and was not yet returned; so that Stetson kept the guard at the door of his tent in solitude.

A magnificent man—tall, finely formed, and graceful in every movement, sunburned to a rich brown, with a great golden beard and a wealth of yellow hair, he was a perfect type of the Saxon adventurers—the men who conquer kingdoms, yet never stay to enjoy them.

Stetson was a New Yorker. Six months before, half dead with *ennui* and nursing a wounded heart, he loitered at his club-window, one Spring evening, conversing with a returned miner, an oldtime friend.

"Why not try roughing it? Go to the Colorado mines for a season; it will do you good," said his companion.

"I will!" he replied; and twenty-four hours later was steaming westward.

It was October now, and for half a year Stetson had lived the life of a forest-king—his own servant, footman and cook; and his sore heart was healing, his *ennui* had vanished. He was strong, and filled with the vigor of youth, and knew the delight of living.

As the serrated peaks grew dim against the crimson sky of the west, Stetson arose and turned toward his tent, when the sound of horses' feet caught his ear. He stopped and faced about, looking sharply up the little pathway that led from the river cañon. After a moment's waiting, with hand upon his revolver-butt, he descried, through the gloom, three riders rapidly approaching.

All of them were strangers, and in this wild land strangers were enemies until proven friends. When within perhaps twenty rods, the miner stepped quickly behind a great granite boulder that lay near, and, with leveled weapon, shouted "Halt!"

There was a sudden drawing of bridle-reins, a rattle of spurs, a few sharp hoof-beats, and a little cloud of dust drifted down the narrow path, while the three riders stood motionless, with rifles resting across each saddle-bow, as they peered into the darkness ahead of them. They could see the tent, but not Stetson. After a moment's silence, one of them cried out:

"Is Bill Burns here?'

"No.

"Ain't this Harrison's camp?"

"No; it's four miles down the Platte."

"All right, stranger, yer shet o' us. We're gone; don't shoot!" and with a whirl their horses turned and galloped away up the path by which they had come from the river trail.

For a moment the jingle of their trappings sounded clear through the evening air, then died away as they rounded the great bluff, and the night reigned undisturbed again.

Stetson moved from behind the rock, and uncocking his revolver, returned it to its holster again.

"I wonder who those ruffians were?" he mused, as he relit his pipe—"for ruffians they are, if friends of Bill Burns."

Half an hour later, as with old man Jackson he lay beneath his blanket ready for sleep, he spoke of his visitors.

"Three fellows, and well-mounted?" queried the old man, with interest.

"Yes."

"An' looking for Bill Burns?"

"Yes."

"Then get up, boy, for the cutthroats are goin' to waylay the coach on the Gorge Road, rob it, and run off with a woman that's to be aboard, ef they kin. I heard the whole plot up to Rowland's Ranche."

Stetson was on his feet in an instant.

"How did you hear?"

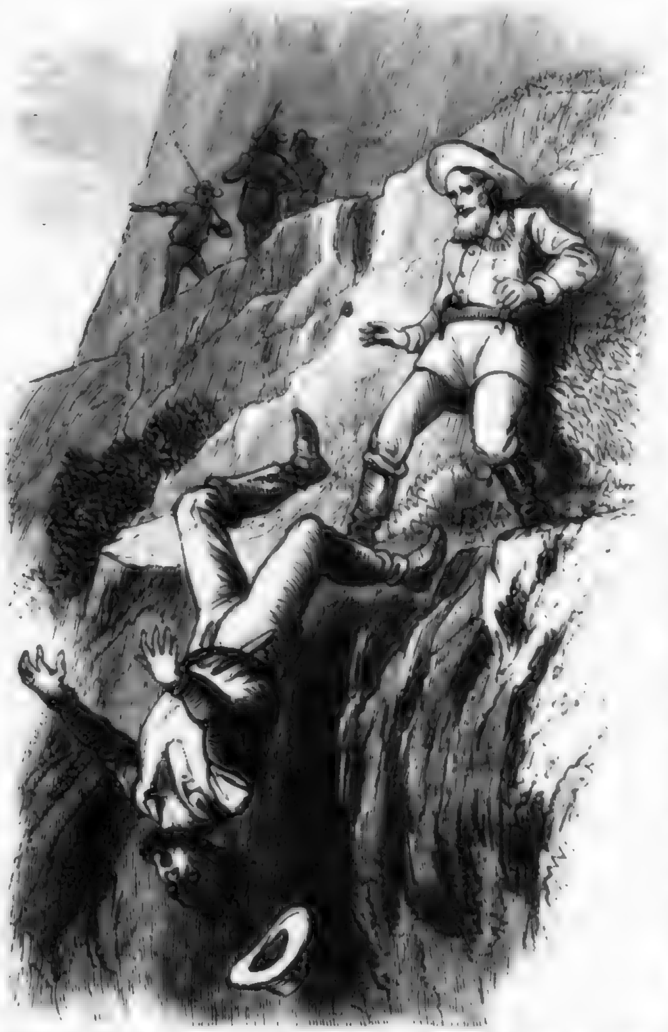
"Never mind," answered Jackson; "I heard, that's enough. There's two o' us an' four o' them. Shell we try to buck 'em?"

"They're going to run off with a woman! Of course we'll buck them, and beat them, too!" exclaimed the younger man, as he examined his pistols and dropped fresh cartridges into the chambers of his rifle. "We're good for two each, are we not?" and he drew his tall form to its full height, and shook himself as a lion.

Old Jackson looked at him admiringly.

"I guess we be," he answered. "What I lack in quickness I make up in cunning, an' what ye lack in caution ye make up in strength. But come, the moon's up. In three hours the coach will be at the gorge, an' we must be afore it;" and with a step noiseless as an Indian's, the old trapper, miner and guide left the tent, and turned up the path toward the river, followed by Stetson.

When they reached the river-road, Jackson paused.



THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.—"HE BRACED HIS BACK AGAINST THE SOLID ROCK, AND WITH ONE MIGHTY EFFORT HE HURLED THE WRETCH OVER THE PRECIPICE."

"I was told the plot of these desperadoes by Karl Rowland up to the ranche. He overheard them planning it last night as they camped at Three Forks. They know that some thousands o' coin are comin' up by the coach to-night to Lincoln mines to the men, an' they are after it. Besides, old Colonel Hamilton's niece is to come up by this run, an' they're thinkin' to capture her, an' hold her fer a ransom from the old colonel, after the style o' the Spanish cut-throats down in the San Juan district. It's well put up, Stet, my lad, but we kin buck 'em ef we're there in time."

"What's the girl's name?" asked Stetson.

"I don't remember; Karl told me, too. She's straight from New York. Sounded like Mattison, I think."

"Not Helen Mattison?" exclaimed Gerald.

"I don't know the first name, but Mattison's the last, I think. Do yer know her?" asked the old man, peering sharply into the excited face before him.

The blood flushed the young man's brow.

"I don't know. No, no, how could I? Come, let us hasten. We'll be too late."

"Not ef ye foller me," replied Jackson. "I shall take the short trail. We don't want to pass Harrison's camp."

And, with a hitch at his belt, he turned sharply aside from the river, and, after a few moments' wandering among the tall pines, struck into a narrow path that ran along the top of the ridge.

"This is the short cut," he said, in a low voice. "In less than an hour we'll be at the gorge."

Stetson made no reply, and on through alternate bars of moonlight and shadow the two men strode, silent as spectres, tall as giants, true Westerners.

The night was cool, the carpet of pine-needles made walking easy, and the miles fled rapidly away behind them.

Both were silently moving onward, perhaps a rod apart, when suddenly, with a sharp cry, Jackson sprang into the air, dashed forward a half-dozen paces, and then, turning, cried to Stetson:

"Stop!"

Without a word, the man stood as if frozen in his tracks.

"Do not move!" exclaimed the old man, excitedly. "There's a rattler under yer very feet. I stepped upon him an' he struck at me."

As he spoke, Stetson felt, rather than heard, the reptile slowly writhing along the ground close to his leg, and his blood grew chill with horror.

"Do not stir," again said Jackson. "I will kill him."

And, stooping, he quickly drew a circle with his foot around both man and snake, then tossed the pine-needles together on the mark thus formed, and set fire to them.

As they flamed up, a ruby, glowing ring, he cried to Stetson:

"Jump! Jump outside the fire!"

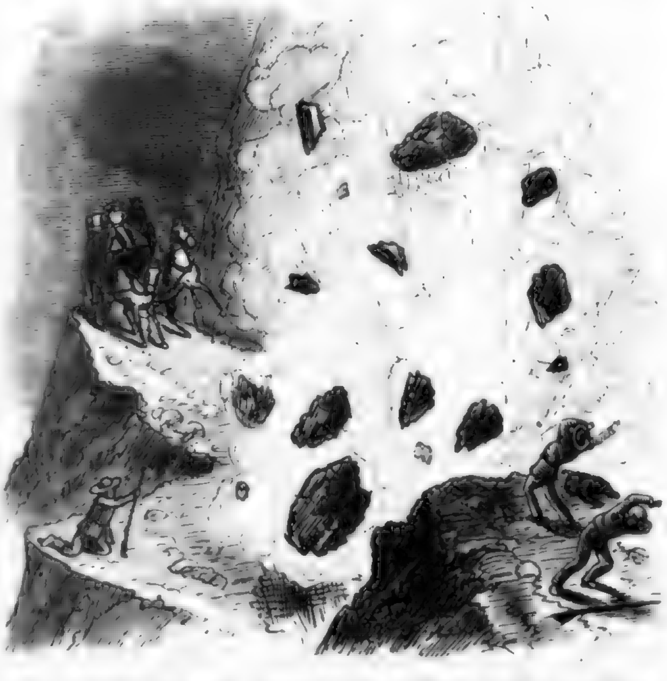
Quick as the deer's plunge the command was obeyed, and the young man stood safe, while within, with rapid motion, the now doomed snake ran round and round the narrowing circle of his heated prison.

When at length, however, he became conscious that escape was impossible, true to his nature, he suddenly coiled, and, with gleaming fangs, struck himself again and again through the body, until his strength failed; the crested head slowly fell, the coils relaxed, and the king of reptiles lay dead.

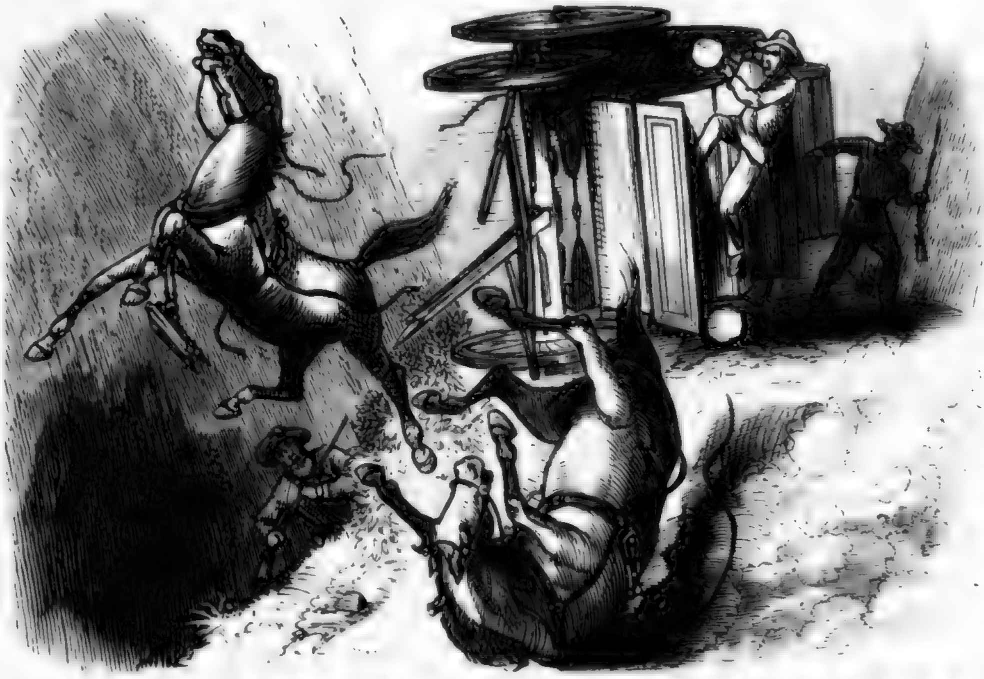
The men looked at each other a moment, with a half-smile of pride at the desperate courage of their enemy; then, stamping out the fire, with quickened steps they resumed their journey.

The moon had not advanced a degree in the heavens when, at length, the two stood at the opening of the gorge road.

This road was one of the wonders of the mountains. Built along the almost perpendicular side of an immense bluff, it ran between heaven and earth for a distance of some five miles, hewn from the solid wall of rock that rose



THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.—"HE DROPPED THE MATCH UPON THE POWDER. AN INSTANT OF DEATHLY STILLNESS, AND THEN THE VERY EARTH SHOOK."



THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.—"THE COACH FELL OVER UPON ITS SIDE, CLOSE TO THE CHASM, AND THE CRAZED HORSE SHOT FAR OUT OVER THE CAÑON BELOW."

more than three hundred feet upon the one hand above it, and went down, down into impenetrable blackness, more than a thousand feet below, upon the other.

Throughout its entire length this road was wide enough for a single track only, except at two or three points where it had been broadened, in order to afford an opportunity for meeting teams to pass. It was a dangerous highway, even at the best, and doubly so at night. Yet it was used for freighting to and from the mines, and was the direct coach-road from Denver into the mountains.

At the upper end of this strange work stood Stetson and Jackson. The old man glanced at the sky, then at his companion, and spoke:

"My boy, I've a plan. We'll go together to the first meeting-place, about a mile down the road. You then stop there—I'll show ye where to hide—while I go an' meet the coach. If the fellers pass ye, push on after 'em under the shadow of the rocks, so as to be on hand; if they do not, when the coach comes up, allow it ter pass ye, an' then foller closely. In either case, ye'll be a sort o' reserve, an' an unexpected shot from ye will do more good than tho' ye was seen at the first. Besides, if the rascals do stop the coach, I look to ye to care for the woman. I'm no hand with them."

"I obey orders," replied Stetson. "Lead on."

For half an hour, like two shadows, they moved silently down the road, until at a sharp turn the old guide paused, moved to the outer edge of the pathway and looked carefully over, then beckoned to his companion to join him.

"See thar!" he said, in a half-whisper, pointing to a narrow ledge of rock which jutted out from the wall some five feet below where they stood and directly over the black and yawning gulf beneath; "git down thar. Then creep along an' ye'll find a hole. It's small, but ye can get in, an' thar's a cave. I know the spot. It's dry—the road-builders used to store powder in it when they were workin' here. Ye can hide thar until ye hear the rascals comin' up the road."

"All right," said Stetson, in a low tone; and, turning, he quickly lowered himself over the edge and landed safely upon the shelf of rock below.

Old man Jackson dropped upon his knees above and stretched down his hand.

"Shake once, pard," he said, in a clear, intense tone; "I've knowed ye but a few months, yet it seems like ye was almost a son to me, an' if enything happens ye I'd never rest quiet ag'in. But if I catch a bullet or a knife-blade, 'twill be a fit endin' for a life sech as mine has been, an' it may so happen. So shake once, pard, afore I go!"

Stetson caught the old trapper's hand in his and held it fast.

"See here, my friend, I will not stay! You've left me here to be out of danger, while you run all the risk alone. It's not fair, and I will not stay! Help me up and let me go with you." And Stetson strove to climb to the road again by aid of his companion's hand.

But Jackson refused to assist him, and whispered, earnestly:

"No, no! Stop! Stay where ye are! I'm not leavin' ye; ye are to come after me, an' I expect ye'll fight as well as I. Stay thar, for ye'll help far better comin' suddenly from behind than if ye go with me now. Let it be as I have arranged it."

Stetson obeyed, and released his hold upon the old man's hand.

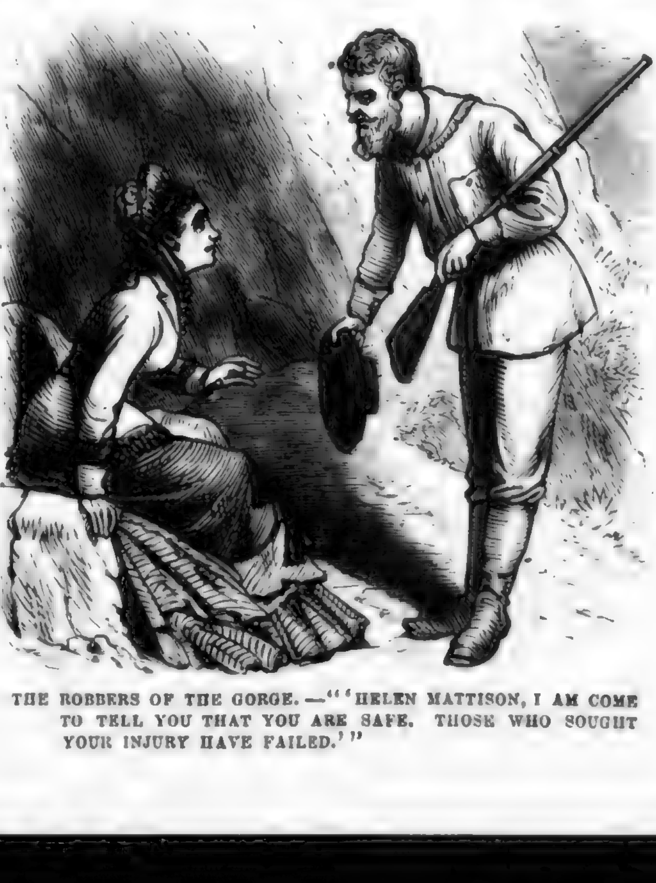
"But her!" he cried, in a low tone, as Jackson was rising to his feet—"the woman. Will you see that she is not hurt? It may be that——" he stopped. "She is a woman, you know—a lady, and not used to this kind of thing. Will you care for her if I stay?"

The old man paused a moment, and then replied:

"You know the Devil's Chair?"

"That natural seat in the rock a couple of miles down the road?"

"Yes, that's the place. If I reach the coach in time I'll hide her thar an' come on alone. If we succeed we kin go fer her; if not, why, she'll be safer than in the cutthroats' hands, and some freighters'll find her in the mornin'.



THE ROBBERS OF THE GORGE.—"'HELEN MATTISON, I AM COME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU ARE SAFE. THOSE WHO SOUGHT YOUR INJURY HAVE FAILED.'"

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The robbers won't look for her along the road if she's not in the coach."

"It will do," answered Stetson; "and now, good-by, and God bless you;" and, with these words, he dropped upon his knees, and slowly crawled along the little ledge toward the cave of which his companion had spoken.

Half a dozen yards brought him to the opening, and after reconnoitring it a moment, he drew his heavy hunting-knife, and, with it between his teeth, pushed aside the little fringe of bushes which intervened, and slowly dragged his body through the narrow hole. Once within, he found himself able to sit upright, and, after advancing a few feet, a broad, low room, with a flat, dry floor, disclosed itself.

All this he had ascertained from the sense of touch; but he now drew some matches from his pocket, ignited one, and lighting a little piece of tinder, thoroughly examined the cave. The room was perhaps a dozen feet wide, by as many broad, and some five feet high.

Strewn about the floor were pieces of powder-casks, and in one corner stood whole kegs. As Stetson approached them with the intention of improvising a seat, he noticed that one was half full of what appeared to be powder. He therefore removed his tinder to a little distance, and taking a handful of the contents from the keg, crawled to the opening, placed it upon the ledge, and touched it with the fire. With a venomous hiss, it disappeared in a flash and cloud of white smoke.

"Ah," said Stetson to himself, "I am in luck! That's prime good powder, and fine, too. I wonder if they used it for blasting purposes, and whether they forgot it when they went away? This is a dry hole, for that must have lain here ever since the road was built, and that's six or seven years ago," and he looked about the walls to discover if any water could enter the cave.

But it was perfectly tight, and the great rock which formed the bed of the road served also to form the roof of the cave.

"That rock's not more than two feet thick," thought Stetson. "I can safely remain here, and be sure to know when the robbers pass over me. An excellent idea!" and in furtherance of it he stretched himself upon the floor and prepared to await the coming of his enemies.

It may have been the fatigue of walking, it may have been the warmth and quietness of the cave, it may have been something else; but, after lying still for fifteen minutes, Stetson began to find it very hard work to keep his eyes from closing. Do what he would, even to rising from his recumbent position, sleep still threatened to overpower him; and at length, slowly slipping from the world of facts to that of dreams, he sank into a heavy slumber.

The moments flew by unnoticed and unnumbered, and already the far-away rumble of the approaching coach began to tremble upon the night-air, when the sound of quick footsteps falling heavily upon the rock over his head suddenly awoke him. The robbers had come!

He stretched himself upon the floor, and crawled silently to the entrance of the cave, where he could hear more plainly. The men had stopped.

"Is this the place?"

It was one of those above who spoke.

"Yes," came the answer. "Ye see thar's a ridge here whar three o' us kin hide, an' stop the horses as they come around the curve; and thar's a ledge jest over the cliff here whar the fourth feller kin lie low an' crack over any one as tries to run back down the road. Yes, this is the best place to wait as I know off."

Were they to stop here? Stetson's heart ceased to beat at the thought. If so, he would be penned in his little cave, unable to aid in the coming struggle. He strained his ears for further knowledge of the cutthroats' plans drawing a little nearer the opening. As he did so, there was a sudden rustling, falling sound, and a heavy body struck the ledge just in front of him.

"Thar! ye're all right!" said some one from above. "Jest lie close until ye hear the coach pass ye; then rise an' watch the road behind it. Don't miss yer standin'-place, or ye won't need no gravestun. It's a thousand feet to the bottom below ye thar. 'Twould spile ye if ye went over!" and the fellow chuckled grimly.

"Never mind me," answered his companion, who stood before the door to Stetson's hiding-place. "Ye'll hear from me if any one cuts fer down the road. Hist!" he added, warningly; "she's comin' now!" and the sound of a heavy rumble and jar, gradually increasing, testified to the truth of the robber's assertion.

"Lie low, then, and be ready!" replied the man above, and the one below crouched upon the narrow ledge.

Gerald Stetson was a brave man; but, as the full terror of his situation and the knowledge of his absolute helplessness swept over him, it was like the breath of death. Here he lay, earthed as a hill-fox, listening to the oncoming of his friend to death—of another, perhaps a dearer, to worse than death; while at the mouth of his dungeon sat an armed ruffian, at whose instant will his life, too, would not be worth a straw, did he but know of his presence. He could only wait, nor even watch nor hope—wait until the yells and shots above told of the dreadful fray—until the cries of savage victory told of the result—until, perhaps, the dark form of old Jackson shot past him into the abyss below, telling of the end of their midnight expedition.

The thought was horrible. He could not, would not endure this; better die in the open air, bravely fighting, than to lie here helpless. He would attack his unconscious jailer, and let the best man win.

No sooner did the idea present itself than he put it into execution.

With a sudden lithe spring, he threw himself forward, so as to grasp the throat of his enemy from behind while he yet lay half within the entrance to the cave.

As his firm fingers closed over the other's neck, a half-uttered yell burst from the other's lips, but it was too late. With the strength of a giant, Stetson tightened his hold, and, slowly writhing himself from the cave, he crouched behind the man, braced his back against the solid rock, and with one mighty effort hurled the wretch over the precipice.

For a moment utter silence reigned; then there came dully ringing up from below a metallic rattle mingling with a heavy thud; and Stetson stood once more free.

As he crouched, panting and shivering with horror at the man's terrible death, he heard a whisper above him:

"What's the trouble, Bill? What's that noise? What ye yelling for?"

Those above took Stetson for their companion.

"No trouble," answered Stetson, in a hoarse whisper. "I slipped and squealed, and a bit of rock went over."

The man above disappeared.

Through the still night the rumble of the coach could be plainly heard now—it was less than half a mile away.

What was to be done must be done quickly.

Stetson hesitated. Should he climb to the road and meet the other three? That would be foolishness, for it meant certain death. What could he do?

Suddenly he tossed his hands into the air gleefully, and, turning, crept back into the cave. Seizing the half-keg of powder, he threw it upon its side, tore off his coat, and jammed it in the open end, then filled it up with bits of loose stone; shook a handful of the contents upon the floor, and quickly laid a train to the ledge without and along it as far as he dared to creep; then, crouching, he drew from his pocket another match and waited, listening.

The rumble of the coach came loud and clear now, and the echo of its jingling harness sounded sharply up from the road below; it would round the turn in another instant.

He struck the match. As he did so, the robbers above suddenly stepped from their place of concealment, and gathered closely together upon the very centre of the broad meeting-place just above the cave, ready to stop the heavy coach, which came dimly into sight, rattling up the narrow road, not twenty rods below.

The end was near!

He dropped the match upon the powder. There was a lurid flash, a little curling line of hissing fire writhing snake-like toward the cave; an instant of deathly stillness, and then the very earth shook, a dull and awful roar filled the air, and with horrible crackling and bursting the whole body of the road above the cave rose heavily upward, a column of white sulphurous smoke, mixed with dust and stones, shot to an astounding height, and then the entire mass fell with resounding thunder into the yawning abyss of the chasm below.

The end had come!

Stetson clung trembling to his narrow ledge, safe; but the robbers were gone. Yet, even as his heart leaped with joy at his success, he heard a despairing shout, and saw the coach, drawn by a pair of powerful horses, furious with terror, crashing toward the fearful gulf which now yawned at their very feet, wide across the destroyed road. And upon the coach, with faces white and terror-stricken, sat old man Jackson and the driver, each grasping a rein and struggling to restrain the maddened steeds. In another instant they would be lost!

With an unspoken prayer, Stetson leaned against the rock wall before him, and leveled his heavy rifle. The horses were already abreast of him; to miss them meant certain death for both driver and miner, and his nerves grew tense as steel as his eye ran along the deadly tube, glimmering coldly in the moonlight. Then his finger pressed the trigger.

There was a ringing report, a heavy fall, a sudden spring upon the part of one of the infuriated animals, a snapping of harness-straps, and the coach fell over upon its side, so close to the chasm that it fairly overlapped it, while the other horse, with one wild spring, shot far out over the cañon below, hung for one moment shivering between heaven and earth, and then went crashing down—down—down to headlong death!!

Old Jackson was saved!

Ten minutes later, Stetson tossed his rifle to his shoulder, and marched rapidly down the road alone.

"She's at the Devil's Chair, Helen Mattison. I wonder if she'll know me?" and the hot blood flushed his temples at the thought, and he lifted his hat and allowed the cool night-wind to fan his brow as he walked—"I do wonder if she'll know me? I have changed some in six months."

Through the cold moonlight, falling like a silver sheen over cañon and mountain, and all alone, a woman sat watching an approaching figure striding down the winding gorge road. Tall, grandly formed, with uncovered head, whereon rested the Golden Fleece of the Grecian gods, the man who was to rescue her—the man who had rescued her—drew near, and nearer still, until at length, within arms' reach, he stopped and stood motionless before her rocky retreat.

Her heart ceased to beat. Was this a ghost, so tall and still?

Suddenly the figure bowed low with kingly grace, and in a rich voice spoke:

"Helen Mattison, I am come to tell you that you are safe. Those who sought your injury have failed, and gone where even regret for failure comes too late," and he pointed toward the silent cañon. "Old man Jackson, one of the truest and bravest hearts in the mountains, now awaits within sound of my call to take you in his charge safely to your uncle. The danger to you is past, but not to me. In this direction lies Camp Dudley, whither you are bound; in that lies Denver and the plains. I will not keep you long; answer me but one question: Shall I take you to your uncle, or shall I call Jackson, and go on toward Denver alone? You understand me; your hand is to point out my road—which shall it be?"

Helen Mattison arose, a noble, beautiful woman, of perfect form and eyes like stars, and, stretching both rounded arms toward him, said, in reply:

"Take me, Gerald."

The moon went down, the night fled, and glorious, perfect day kissed all the hills and mountain-tops. As the great, glorious sun sent his long lances shining up the gorge road, it was lonely and still, and the Devil's Chair was empty.

And as old man Jackson told the story of the night at the Grand Union Hotel of Fairplay—a pretentious two-story saloon built from hewn logs and adobe brick—the crowd cheered "Gerald Stetson and the colonel's niece," with firm belief that there was a woman mixed up in the affray, somehow; and the hero of the night himself, standing in the little private parlor of the house, with one arm about Helen Mattison, said to Colonel Hamilton, her uncle:

"Sir, I have saved your niece and won a wife!"

WHY LACE IS SO COSTLY.

The finest specimen of Brussels lace is so complicated as to require the labor of seven persons on one piece, and each operative is employed at distinct features of the work. The thread used is of exquisite fineness, which is spun in dark underground rooms, where it is sufficiently moist to keep the threads from separating. It is so delicate as scarcely to be seen, and the room is so arranged that all the light admitted shall fall upon the work. It is such material that renders the genuine Brussels lace so costly. On a piece of Valenciennes, not two inches wide, from two to three hundred bobbins are used; and for a larger width, as many as eight hundred.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN GERMANY.

The close of the afternoon service is the signal for the commencement of the Sunday revels. On ordinary Sundays the men play skittles at the public-houses, while the women sit together in groups at their doors, and gossip or sing, or do nothing; but whenever the people have any money in their pockets, and can afford to pay for a band, they get up dances and amusements. An excuse for such festivities is never wanting—a school festival, a wedding or a patriotic anniversary. The Government, in its anxiety to keep up a military spirit in the country, encourages everything which will recall the victories of the Franco-German War; and as every village furnished its contingent at that time, opportunities of revelry are not wanting. One village will celebrate the declaration of

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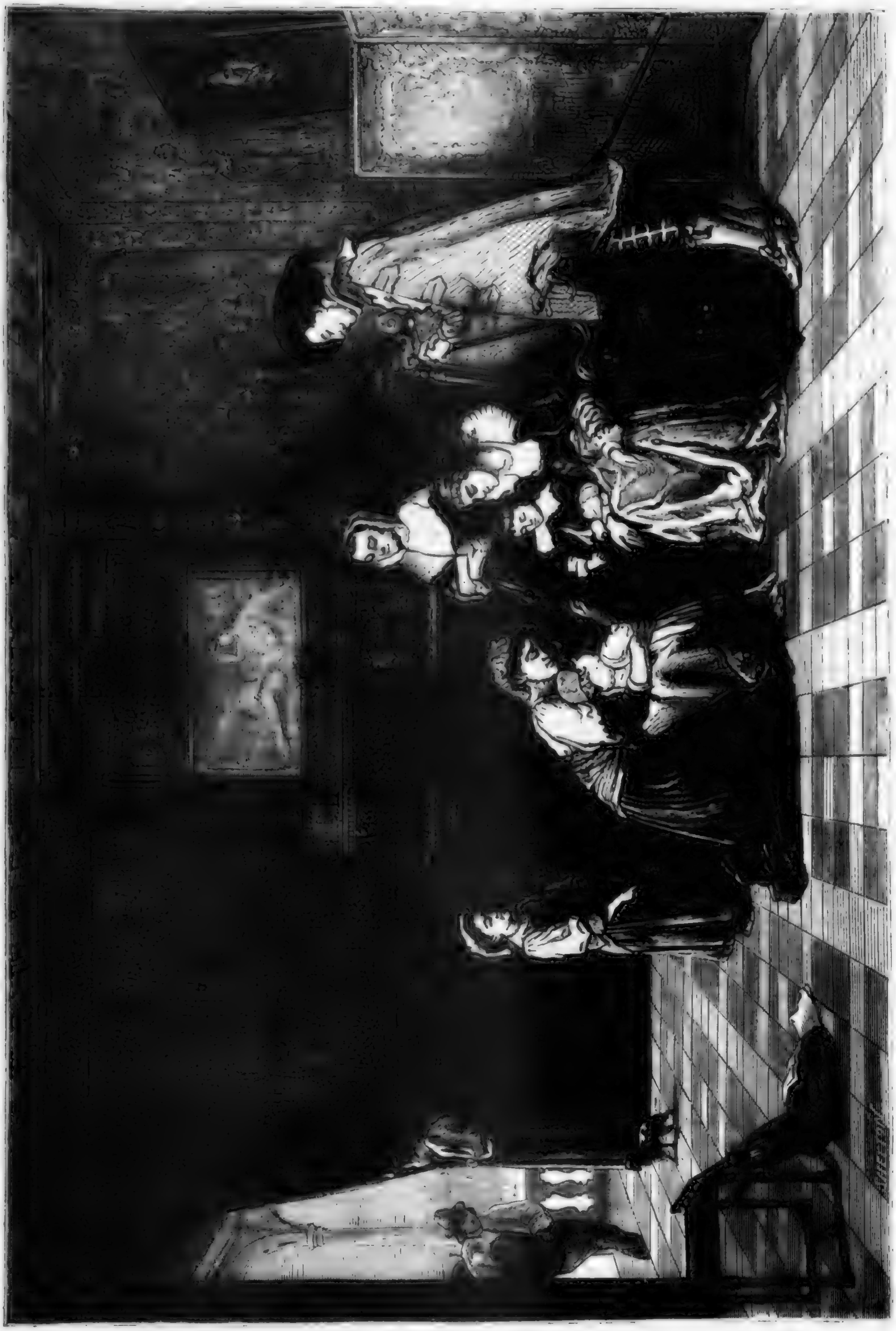
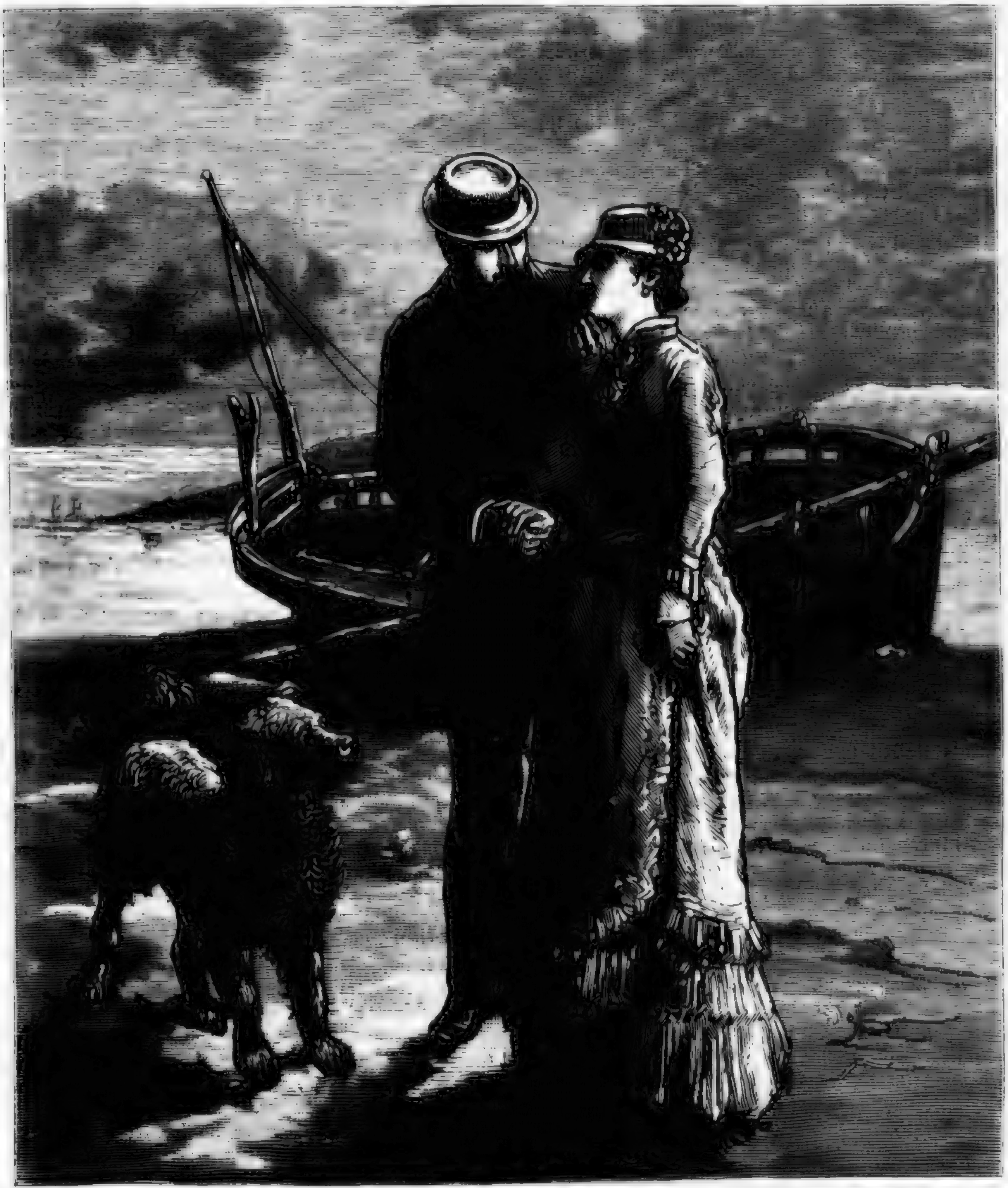
war, another the battle of Wörth, another the capitulation of Sédan or Metz, and so on. All the neighbors go in pilgrimage to the *dorf* where the celebration takes place. It invariably begins on Sunday, and lasts till the small hours on Tuesday morning, when the patriots return to their homes in the condition expressively styled in Germany "cat's grief," a condition in which for two days, at least, it is impossible to do any work whatever.



THE RETURN OF THE NURSLING.



"NOT GUILTY!"—"HE RAISED HER DROOPING FACE, AND SEARCHED IT WITH WILD, INCREDULOUS EYES. 'MEG! OH, MY GOD! DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE SAYING? DO YOU MEAN IT?'"

"NOT GUILTY!"

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXVI.—Mrs. Ryder.

A handsome theatre, crowded with fashionably dressed people. On the stage, a fair *prima donna* was singing in Gounod's opera of "Faust." Clustered gaslights blazed, plumed heads nodded, bright eyes shone. The *élite* of the city occupied the boxes and chairs. Among them, but, strictly speaking, not of them, Robin Leith sat in a parquet seat, his grave eyes fixed on fair-haired *Marguerite*, his thoughts as far removed from her as the East is from the West.

Four long months had passed since the departure of the Harmons. It was now midwinter. Clients multiplied with the young lawyer. His prosperity was constantly upon the increase. Perhaps a pressure of business occupied his mind to-night. He looked at the stage, but saw nothing thereon. The arias that filled his ears he heard not. Least of all was he conscious of a pair of brown eyes that watched him from a neighboring seat. Generally speaking, Leith was strangely insensible to soft glances—"*les doux yeux,*"

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as the French say—they glanced off him like harmless moonshine. The eyes above mentioned might look as they would, but they could win no answering gaze from this indifferent and abstracted young fellow.

"*Fire!*"

Like a thunderclap that cry rang through the theatre. Awful, indeed, was its effect in such a place. Men and women leaped wildly to their feet; a hundred terrified voices echoed the alarm.

"Fire! fire!—the theatre is on fire!"

Instantly an indiscriminate rush was made for the doors. Screams, prayers, curses mingled in horrible uproar. The weak were knocked down and trampled under the feet of the strong. It was a mad stampede. Sense, reason and common humanity were alike forgotten. Fear often transforms men into brutes. The great theatre, so elegant and orderly but a few moments before, was now a howling, struggling, trampling pandemonium.

In the midst of it all, Robin Leith, who was bravely endeavoring to make a stand against the irresistible torrent of terrified people, heard his own name called, and felt a frightened hand clutch his arm. He turned and saw Mrs. Belle Ryder.

"Oh, Mr. Leith," she sobbed, clinging to him desperately, "we are going to die!"

He threw his arm about her, to keep her from being beaten down by the crowd.

"Not by fire. I am confident it is a false alarm. This mad company is the thing to be feared. Hold fast to me; it is more than likely that we may be crushed to death."

To say the least, the danger was imminent. From the balcony overhead, frantic people who could not escape by the doors hurled themselves headlong over the velvet-cushioned railing into the pent-up mass of struggling life below. Being a strong, muscular fellow, who knew how to use his fists when occasion required, Leith was able to protect his companion, and ward off from her all serious injury. In that fearful Bedlam she would have been utterly annihilated but for him. Desperately she clung to her stout support.

"Oh, Mr. Leith," she sobbed, "take care of me—take care of me!"

"I will," he answered. "Be calm; this panic will soon pass."

And it did. Of a sudden the tumultuous crowd discovered that there was no fire, but not before much harm had been done, and precious bones broken. The tempest lulled. Leith and his companion gained the lobby, breathless, but unhurt.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"No," she faltered; "but I cannot attempt to find my friends in this confusion. May I ask you to place me under still greater obligations, and take me home at once?"

They reached the street without much difficulty, and there, fortunately, Mrs. Ryder's carriage was waiting. Leith handed her in—she was trembling violently—and seated himself by her side.

"I should have died in that terrible crush but for you," she said, in a broken voice. "Mr. Leith, pray consider me your debtor for life."

"You exaggerate a slight service," he answered, politely. "I am glad that I chanced to be near you. Few of the audience, I think, will have courage to return for the remainder of 'Faust.'

They drove to Mrs. Ryder's door. There Leith was about to take leave of his companion, but she stretched out her hand with an imploring gesture:

"Pray—pray come in!" she urged.

Common courtesy forbade him to refuse, so he followed her through a sumptuous hall into a lighted drawing-room, where a servant came directly to take away Mrs. Ryder's outer garments. She sank into a low chair, and turned to Leith a pale, agitated face.

"It is early yet," she faltered—the hour hand of the elegant mantel clock had reached the stroke of ten—"will you not stay a few moments, and—and—talk with me?"

He sat down, almost involuntarily. Softly the gas-jets burned overhead; odors of crushed flowers filled the warm air; satin damask muffled the deep windows; dark, rich hues, shot through and through with dull gold, met his eyes on all sides. And that woman in the low chair was well suited to her luxurious surroundings. Her dress of mingled silk and brocade showed her admirable figure to the best advantage; the belaced elbow-sleeves left half of the round, firm arms bare. The fright of the evening had blanched her handsome face, made her brown eyes moist and her red lips tremulous. A golden dagger with a hilt of diamonds was thrust carelessly through the waved and frizzled splendor of her dark-red hair; diamonds blazed on the patrician hands that worked nervously on her brocade lap. A jacqueminot rose, crushed and dying, drooped in the lace on her breast.

Was Robin Leith quite insensible to the picture she made? He had eyes to see, he had taste and feeling; but his rugged, reserved face told no tales. If she wished to talk he certainly gave her no aid, but sat as impassive as stone, until she was forced to make another attempt.

"You look as if you would rather go back to the opera," she said, in a piqued tone.

He smiled.

"You err. I have had quite enough of 'Faust' for one night."

A sad yet melting look crept into her brown eyes. She leaned toward him, and the dark-red rose heaved in its dying sweetness upon her heaving bosom.

"Do you know," she said, reproachfully, "how long it is since your last visit to this house?"

"I confess that I do not."

"Four long months."

"Is it possible?"

She arose from her chair and made a step toward him, her rich dress rustling, her diamonds flashing.

"You avoid me!" she cried, passionately, "in all places and at all times! You are angry with me—I have offended you, or inspired you, perhaps, with an antipathy which you do not care to conceal."

Startled by her vehemence, he looked quickly up, but as quickly looked down again.

"You are entirely wrong," he answered; "you have not offended me. Neither could I, under any circumstances, feel what you call an antipathy for you."

Generally speaking, she was a woman who could control herself, but the event of the night, his presence, the sound of his voice, scattered her usual composure to the winds.

"Then you have not purposely shunned me?" she cried, in a breathless way. "Tell me truly—I do not wish to be deceived."

The odor of the dying rose floated to his nostrils, the rich, dull hues and flashes of gold in the great room glimmered before his sight. Gorgeous as a tropic flower, she stood in her rich dress, and looked at him with an unspeakable pain in her eyes.

"Shunned you? Certainly not," answered Leith, with some embarrassment. "You are trembling—you have not yet recovered from your fright. I am keeping you from the repose you need. Permit me to bid you good-night."

He arose also, and would have moved toward the door, but she interrupted him. She *was* trembling, but not with any past terror.

"How eager you are to go!" she cried, impetuously; "to leave me, even though you see that I am miserable."

"You cannot mean that," he gravely answered. "You have wealth, countless friends, social position—everything, in fact, to make you eminently happy."

"What a mockery such words are!" she said, bitterly. "My wealth is an apple of Sodom. My friends—who among them all really cares for me? I am more desolate than a street beggar. I have everything but that which my heart most craves."

Her voice shook, her soft eyes filled with tears. Leith knew not what to say, therefore remained silent.

"Somewhere," she murmured, faintly—"somewhere I have read that love begets love. The words are hopeful. Ah, I wonder if they are *true?*"

"I assure you they are *not*," said Robin Leith.

"Do you speak from experience?" she cried, sharply.

"Yes."

She took a step forward, swayed and fell at his feet, stretching up to him her jeweled hands in passionate supplication. All barriers were down, all things forgotten in the flood-tide of jealous pain, long pent-up passion and wild despair which overwhelmed her.

"Pity me!" she sobbed, with bowed head—"oh, Robin, pity me! love me, or let me die, as I kneel here!"

The mad words were out, and could not be recalled. Youth, beauty, wealth, love—these she recklessly offered him. Would he stretch forth his hand to take them?

His brown face was as pale as her own. It was not in his nature to look down unmoved upon a woman who had unsexed herself for his sake—who, in shame and agony, was blindly holding out to him that which he could not receive. He raised her and placed her in the nearest chair. She felt, rather than saw, the pain and astonishment in his grave eyes. There was silence; then he lifted her cold, trembling hand to his lips, and—dropped it.

"Long ago," he said, gently, "I gave my heart to one who regarded the gift as worthless. To me there can be but one love, as there is but one God. I beg you to accept all that I now have to offer you—my highest esteem, my sincere friendship!"

That was enough. A faint cry escaped her. She hid her face in her hands. With all her wealth and beauty, she was rejected!

Not a word was spoken for several moments; then she arose in her humiliation, her lashes wet, a hot flush of shame and anguish dyeing her cheek.

"And you, too, have loved in vain? How strange! Robin Leith, you are good and noble. I feel that my miserable secret is safe in your hands."

"It is, indeed!"

"Oh, my friend, to whom I owe so much, do not quite cease to respect me!"

Her distress touched him deeply.

"Respect you? With my whole heart—yes, as truly as I do the sister who has been so near and dear to me all my life!"

A mournful smile trembled about her grieved lips.

"Now go," she said; and he went, silent and full of troubled thought, home through the cold, wintry night to his own house.

He found a bright fire burning in his study, and before it, on a wolf-skin rug, lay the dog Castor. Light and warmth and comfort pervaded the place. He turned from his oaken table, strewn with books and papers, and drawing an arm-chair to the hearth, sat down to smoke—Leith's favorite solace when tired or disturbed. His curiously carved pipe glowed like an ember; the long blue fantastic smoke-wreaths curled up over his brown head and enveloped him in a fragrant cloud; the coals dropped softly in the grate; Castor's black muzzle had found the way to his master's knee. A profound silence reigned in the study, when the door opened abruptly and Miss Prue entered.

"Goodness gracious me!" she cried, starting back with a loud cough, "this is quite too awful!—enough, in fact, to reduce one to bacon. Such a filthy habit, Robin! When you marry I hope you will mend your ways."

He laid down his pipe with a quiet smile.

"If my reformation depends on that event, Prue, I fear the case is hopeless—I shall never marry."

She eyed him shrewdly over the top of her spectacles.

"Indeed! The very declaration that Meg Harmon made the day she sailed for Europe—her very tone, too! Singular that her views and your own should be so much alike. Did you enjoy the opera?"

"Greatly."

"You look as glum as an owl. I fail to see any sign of pleasure, past or present, in your face."

"Prue, you are a painfully keen woman. Couldn't you be persuaded to go away, and allow me to finish this pipe in peace?"

"No. I have something to tell you." She thrust her hand into her pocket, and drew out a letter. "News from Nice," she added, solemnly—"that poor child Lilian is dead."

A deep silence ensued. The old dog looked up in his master's face and whined.

"What will *she* do now?" said Leith, at last.

"Remain in the Riviera for the rest of the Winter—Philip Harmon's health is very delicate—and then go in search of 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Would you like to read what she has written?"

He took the little letter, and swiftly devoured its contents. It fluttered from his hand down to the tiled hearth.

"She talks of making a tour of the world?"

"Yes."

"She may not return for years?"

"So she says."

Their eyes met. What did Miss Prue see in her brother's face? Something which was to her as a revelation. All in a moment the truth burst upon her. Gently she laid her hand on the broad shoulder that quivered under her touch.

"Robin, my poor, dear boy!"

He did not speak, but his own hand closed quickly upon hers. Miss Prue heaved a deep sigh.

"It is a contrary world," she said, in a tremulous voice; "we love the wrong persons, we do the wrong things. There's more wrong than right in it from beginning to end!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

AT LAST.

One Spring day Philip Harmon and his daughter bade farewell to Nice, the Maritime Alps, the Vallée des Fleurs and Lilian's grave, and journeyed northward to foggy, sunless London.

At Langham's Hotel, Portland Place, they took up their abode. It was the first of May, and the London season was in full blast. Father and daughter went about very quietly together, absorbed in each other, caring little for the rush and whirl and splendor about them, until, one morning, a maid-servant brought a card to Meg's room.

With a start of surprise, our heroine read the name inscribed thereon—

"MRS. BELLE RYDER."

"Here—in this house?" she cried, involuntarily.

"Yes, miss, in the next room," said the maid.

Langham's is a favorite hotel with Americans. Mrs. Ryder was there with a party of friends, and wished to see Miss Harmon. The result was, that half an hour after the handsome widow was ushered into Meg's presence.

"I heard that you were here," she said, brightly, "and I could not resist my great desire to see you. And so poor little Mrs. Moultrie is dead? What a miserable fate! How unwisely women, as a rule, love!"

They talked a while of Lilian. Meg noticed that Mrs. Ryder was scarcely as round and smiling as of old. Decidedly she had lost flesh and color.

"Have you been long abroad?" said Meg.

The widow's handsome face grew red, then pale.

"A few months. Some friends of mine were about to sail for the Old World. Boston had become insupportable to me, so I suddenly determined to join them."

"Did you leave our mutual friends, the Leiths, well?" asked Meg, carelessly toying with some sweet English daisies which Philip Harmon had just brought her from Covent Garden. Luckily, she did not see Belle Ryder's face at that moment.

"Yes," answered the latter, in an odd tone.

"And prosperous?"

"Yes."

After that they chatted about a variety of things. Mrs. Ryder and her party were to remain several weeks in London. From some caprice, some passing whim, she immediately attached herself to the Harmons. The trio lunched together, and at five o'clock that day went to drive in the park. There it was that Meg saw a pair of ghosts.

From the triple archway at Hyde Park Corner, with its bas-reliefs copied from the Elgin Marbles, to the Marble Arch and Victoria Gate on the north, a continuous stream of grand equipages rolled back and forth in splendid confusion. The *Route du Roi*, or King's Road, now corrupted into the plebeian name of Rotten Row, was thronged. Gayly dressed pedestrians crowded all the footpaths. English aristocracy paraded proudly in the "Ladies' Mile." The London world was in full feather.

It was in the shadow of the trees planted by Charles the Merrie Monarch, and in the very midst of the gorgeous tumult, that an open carriage passed the handsome landau occupied by the Harmons, and Meg looked up and beheld the ghosts above mentioned. One was a man, dressed like a lay-figure in a Bond Street tailor's shop, his blue eyes no longer smiling and *insouciant*, but sulky and bloodshotten, his blonde face beginning to show unmistakable lines of dissipation.

The other, a woman, fair, yellow-eyed, imperious of bearing, had already laid aside her widow's weeds for a Paris costume of the latest fashionable tints. She held an English lap-dog in her arms, and she was talking in a displeased tone to the man, who sullenly gnawed his yellow mustache as he listened.

Danton Moultrie and Constance Dysart there in London, and together! What could it mean?

Mrs. Ryder was chatting with Philip Harmon—she saw nothing, nor did the blonde pair look once at the landau or its occupants.

As for Meg, she gave a violent start, but was too astounded to speak, or direct attention the twain, and in a moment the carriages had rolled away in opposite directions.

Weeks passed. Belle Ryder went everywhere—she had many English friends, and she plunged eagerly into all the dissipations of the season. The Harmons, on the contrary, lived in a very sober and secluded way; nevertheless, the friendship betwixt the handsome widow and Meg increased steadily.

One night Mrs. Ryder sent a waiting-maid to bring Miss Harmon to her chamber. Meg found her new friend standing pensively before a full-length mirror, dressed for a ball at the American minister's. She turned quickly as the other entered, and the shadow passed from her face.

"Will I do?" she cried; "am I *chic?* I could not step into my carriage until you had seen me, for your taste is perfect. Look at me well, *mon amie*, and if you discover anything wrong, unburden your mind at once."

With a mock-critical air, Meg surveyed the rich tresses, all powdered and jeweled, like some old-time court belle's, the white throat and bosom blazing with diamonds, the full figure in a Worth creation of sheeny silk, cobweb lace and crushed roses, and she nodded her own handsome head approvingly.

"Mrs. Ryder, I see nothing but perfection. You are the living embodiment of that subtle word—style. Our dowdy English cousins will be green with envy to-night."

Belle Ryder had sent her maid into the background. She looked now at the speaker, and lo! the lustrous brown eyes were brimming with tears.

"Margaret," she said, softly, "do you think me handsome?"

"Vain creature! You will have compliments enough before the night is over. Why do you demand them of me at this early hour? Yes, you *are* handsome—absurdly, unreasonably so."

Mrs. Ryder gazed steadily into the mirror.

"I believe you are right," she shivered; "and yet, not many months ago, Margaret—let me hide my face as I make the confession—I humbly offered this beauty to one whom I had loved long and hopelessly, and it was refused."

Meg stared.

"Surely you are jesting."

An unspeakable pain filled the passionate face.

"Alas! no."

"Could any man in his senses reject a woman like you?"

"My dear, he had no heart to give me—it had been wasted on some person who could not appreciate the gift—she had spurned that which would have been life and heaven to me. This he told me so kindly that I, since that hour, have honored and admired him more than ever. Do you wonder that I should mention such a humiliating affair to you? Well, it came in so pat, I could not resist. I am a creature of moods. Never be surprised at anything I may do or say."

Meg sat speechless, motionless. Did she know the invulnerable person who had rejected Mrs. Ryder's beauty and wealth? Did she know the object of his unlucky devotion? Verily, she did! She was silent so long that Belle Ryder finally went up to her and flung around her two lovely arms.

"You are sorry for me, dear child," she said; "fortunately these things never kill. Now you know why I came abroad. I could not bear to see his face again. Well, it is true that I have been baffled of my heart's desire, but, *ma chère*, I shall dance and dine, dress and flirt as usual, and by-and-by, perhaps, marry some titled Englishman, as so many of my rich countrywomen are now doing, and live happy ever after. Such is life. *Voilà tout.*"

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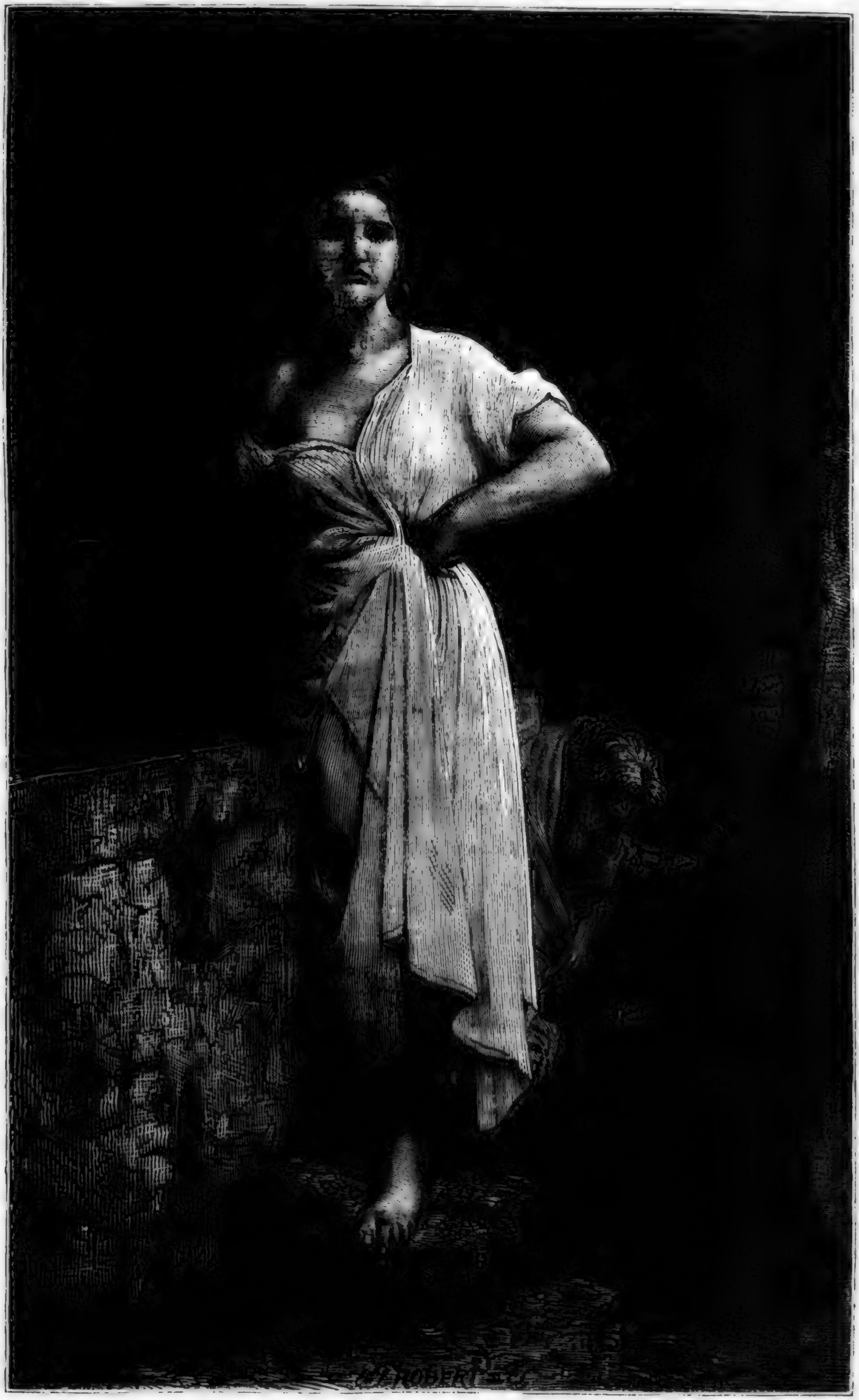

THE WELL OF LIFE—MORNING AND EVENING.

So she departed to the American minister's ball, and Meg, disturbed and *fâcheuse*, was left behind to think over what she had heard.

The next day Philip Harmon, his daughter and Mrs. Ryder went to a *fête* at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. It was the Handel Festival, and an immense crowd filled the

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great structure of glass and iron. A bright sun shone on the park and grounds—on the lakes and islands. The finest fountains and water-temples in the world glittered and splashed merrily. In the centre transept a grand orchestra with the Handel organ discoursed ravishing music.

Our party of three had wandered into the Greek Court, and Meg was standing there alone before a piece of sculpture, absorbed in the beauty of its marble outlines, when, of a sudden, she heard near at hand a familiar voice.

"Good heaven! Constance," it said, irritably, "must I tell you again that I absolutely abhor a scolding woman?"

Another voice—a female's—cool and determined, replied:

"And must *I* repeat that I will not tolerate wine and cards, and dinners at Richmond with strange, disreputable people? No more of *my* money shall be spent in that way!"

The first speaker muttered something like an oath.

"By Jove! Constance, you carry matters with a high hand. Isn't it about time for you to settle a portion of Colonel Dysart's wealth upon me? I'm tired of this sort of thing—it is growing monotonous."

"You will have what you actually need—that is, if you mend your ways and try to please me; but nothing to squander in dissipation."

"It galls a man to be continually asking a woman for funds. If you loved me, Constance, you would allow me to manage your fortune."

"Do you think me a fool? Danton, you are a born spendthrift—you have also many vices. I am not to be bullied or cajoled. You shall never control a dollar of my money!"

Meg turned.

Yes! The very pair that she had seen in Hyde Park! They were passing so near that her draperies almost touched them, but, absorbed in themselves, neither was conscious of her proximity. Profound ill-humor darkened both faces. Moultrie looked absolutely furious.

"Vixen!" she heard him hiss; then they went on and vanished in the crowd.

Meg was gazing blankly after them, when Belle Ryder's amused laugh broke the spell that bound her.

"Ah, you have seen that pair of turtle-doves!" she cried. "Danton Moultrie and his new wife on a bridal-tour through Europe! I have just heard the news from some Boston friends who are here at the festival. The lady is an old flame, to whom he was engaged long before he ever knew poor Lilian. Last Winter she went South to the place where her acquaintance with him first began. There he again met her, either by chance or design, and barely a week after the news of Lilian's death reached him, he married his first love. She has money and—a temper. Did you ever hear of anything so shameful?"

Meg's eyes were fixed upon a distant door, through which the two figures had disappeared. A bitter smile curled her lip.

"Married! Poor Lilian is likely to be well avenged. Danton Moultrie has found his match, at last! That woman will rule him with a rod of iron. He will not break *her* heart, nor waste her substance. I think his worst enemy could not desire for him a greater punishment than his second marriage."

"I am sure you are right," said Mrs. Ryder, "for I met them at the entrance of the court, and they were quarreling like cats. It is good to feel that there is such a thing as retribution in the world. Now, come with me, dear, and let us find your father. I wish to persuade him to join our party for a tour in Switzerland next month."

Meg smiled, and shook her head.

"What does that mean?" demanded Mrs. Ryder.

"We have decided to go home," answered Meg, with a wistful, far-off look in her eyes. "Papa is already weary of travel—so, too, am I. We are both pining for the green waves of Gull Beach."

* * * * * * *

It was an August twilight. The sun had set; bars of sultry gold and crimson streaked the west. The bay lay smooth as a mirror in the warm afterglow. Afar, among the wrinkled rocks, the Sagamore beacon had just been lighted. Seabirds flew across the sunburnt marshes; the tide was coming in upon the cool gray sands—its soft, monotonous splash alone broke the silence of the dying day.

Up at Beach Hall the doors and windows were standing open to catch the first breeze that should fan up from the cool bay. Gay awnings and blossoming vines, beds of bright-hued flowers, and a splashing fountain under the fir-trees, gave the old house a joyous look.

In a gnarled garden-chair on the terrace sat Philip Harmon, with a newspaper upon his knee, his snow-white hair uncovered, his pale face full of peace and content. A melancholy yet patient man. He never uttered complaints, he rarely spoke of his terrible past. No earthly power could recompense him for its sufferings, but in his daughter's love and care he had found the nearest approach to happiness which it was possible for him now to know.

Through a long low window which opened behind his chair, Meg fluttered suddenly out upon the terrace. She was dressed in some thin gray stuff, and a round gray hat, ornamented with a gull's breast, shaded her lustrous hair.

"I am going down to the shore, papa," she said, brightly; "will you come with me?"

He looked up with the gentle, melancholy smile peculiar to him.

"My dear, I am an old man; I cannot keep pace with your young feet. Unless you particularly desire my company, I prefer to remain here and read my paper while the daylight lasts."

"Very well, papa," she answered, and went off down the drive alone, passed out of the high gates, and took the path to Gull Beach.

Picking her way through salt pools and over the *débris* washed up by a recent storm, Meg came to the old hulk where Robin Leith had once wooed her so vainly. There she paused, and leaning against its gnawed and crumbling side, looked out on the lonely bay, over which night was falling.

Softly the incoming tide lapped the sands; a strange sadness fell upon her handsome face as she listened. The words of the song arose to her lips:

"Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me."

"We often lose our day of grace through folly or blindness or ignorance," said Meg to herself, with a weary sigh.

She was about to move on down the shore, when a loud bark broke the silence, and the next moment a big black object scampered toward her—leaped violently upon her. A loving nose was thrust up into her face, and two hairy paws smeared her smart dress with the sand and wet of the beach. She cried out joyfully as she recognized Castor.

"Is it you, old fellow—really you?" she said, returning his rough caresses. "Surely you haven't found your way back to Gull Beach alone?"

No, not alone. Directly a tall figure appeared around a bend in the shore, sauntering slowly, as if in a brown study. He raised his eyes, saw her beside the old hulk, and for an instant seemed uncertain whether to retreat or advance. Something in her expectant attitude decided him. He went up to her and held out his hand.

"I heard a few days ago that you were back at the hall," he said, quietly. "I am on my way to pay my regards to your father."

Her father! She showed no sign of pique, only stood there in her maddening beauty, with a half smile on her lips, and the after-glow shining in her grand eyes, and lighting up her white-rose skin and careless coils of hair.

He could not trust himself to look at her. Abruptly he turned his face toward the sea.

"My father is reading his evening papers up at the hall," she said, as she caressed the dog; "he will be delighted to see you again. How good of you to remember us, Mr. Leith!" The mocking tone stung him like a lash.

"I remember," he answered, bitterly, "because I must—because I cannot help it. God knows I would forget you if I could, Meg."

"That is flattering," she said, with a little laugh.

He choked back some words that trembled on his lips, and kept his eyes fixed stubbornly on the red star of the distant Sagamore light.

"You did not make that tour of the world which you contemplated. At one time I feared your friends would be compelled to bear your absence for months and years to come."

"No," she answered, wondering at his saddened, careworn face. "We grew homesick—papa and I. We longed for our own vine and fig-tree, and those same friends of whom you speak."

A pause. He was struggling hard to preserve an unmoved front. She spoiled all his endeavors at last by placing her slim hand softly on his arm.

"You do not look at me," she said, reproachfully. "Oh, Robin, are you not glad—just a little, to see me once more?"

The dark blood leaped into his cheeks; he trembled under her touch.

"God knows *how* glad!" he cried, wildly; "even though I am certain that I ought never to see your face again. There is not, there can never be, any safety for me where you are."

"*Robin!*"

He seized the delicate hand, half crushing it in his own.

"Don't mock me, Meg!—have you not made me suffer enough already? Do you remember this spot? Here, years ago, I first told you that I loved you. In one way or another, I have been telling you the same story ever since. Do you wish to hear it once more, that you may scorn and flout me yet again?"

Her red lips trembled, tears rushed into her eyes; she did not withdraw the hand which he had seized.

"Robin," she answered, faintly, "suppose I should confess that it was all a mistake—the answer which I gave you here so long ago?—suppose I should tell you that little by little I have learned to know and appreciate you? Would you then forgive me the pain I have made you suffer?"

He raised her drooping face, and searched it with wild, incredulous eyes.

"Meg! Oh, my God! Do you know what you are saying? do you *mean* it?"

"I know that I love you!" she sobbed—"yes, with my whole heart! And though I am not half good enough for you—though you will probably find me a thorn in the flesh—such as I am, Robin, I am yours—your very own!"

The next moment she was in his arms, clinging about his neck, her heart beating against his heart, his lips upon her lips. He had waited long, he had been patient and steadfast and forbearing, and now his reward was won, his soul's desire gained. Nothing earthly would part them more.

"Come," she said, at last, lifting her happy, tear-wet face from his shoulder—"come, Robin; let us go up to the hall, and tell papa."

And so, as the after-glow faded out of the west, and the night fell on the sunburnt marshes and long reach of wet, tide-kissed sands, these two, plighted lovers, with life transfigured, and the future stretching out before them full of love, hope and joy, turned from the rotting old hulk, and walked away together to Beach Hall.

THE END.

FAR AWAY.

LIKE clouds I drift, though fiercely seeking wings,
Throughout the fairy universe to speed,
Conscious that somewhere the sky's paths will lead
To a cloud-vailed form on kindred wanderings:
Thence life will tremble like to budding things,
The mist disclose a bosom that doth bleed,
And my heart know its life is come, indeed,
Fired by new sun and fed by bursting springs.
Long, lonely ways converge, and home is near,
As each heart's beat to other's pulse is wooed:
We were one alway but for foolish fear
Which casts out love that is beatitude;
Sweet heaven, blend both of us to make one sphere,
That we may win at last our angelhood.

MISS PRESCOTT'S THREE LOVERS, AND HOW THEIR WOOING SPED.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, AUTHOR OF "LUCIA," "SEVEN DAUGHTERS," ETC.

IT was Friday evening, and Thirza Prescott had put her last box of laces in order, laid the rolls of ribbon attractively in the showcase, and was wondering if there was anything more that could be done. Mr. Bennet, her employer, walked down to where she stood, and leaned his elbows on the counter.

"Business is fearfully dull," he said.

She was sorry for the little man, and yet she felt like laughing. He had told her that at least fifty times in the last five days. But she was so tired of her one affirmative that she made no answer.

"Yes, fearfully dull."

She made a desperate effort

"But one never can expect much business in midsummer," she said, glad to have achieved a respectable remark.

He rubbed his yellow whiskers thoughtfully.

"Miss Prescott."

"Well?"

And now he looked as if he had something important on his mind. Could it be there was another fact in the universe besides the stagnation of business?

"Miss Prescott, I was thinking—that is, I wanted to speak to you about business being so fearfully dull—about—your vacation. Would you mind taking it a month earlier?"

"Having two months? Is that what you mean?" she asked, sharply.

"Yes. I must keep my niece, and—it would be a favor to me."

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He had been kind to her many a time, this little sandy-haired Mr. Bennet. He had only allowed her two vacations a year, of a month each, when they made their bargain, but it would be hard to keep him to his word now.

"Well," she made answer, "of course, if you wish me."

"Then it is all settled," he returned, with joyful alacrity. "Monday will be the first of July."

"Very well," and she bowed. Then she took from a closet her black Neapolitan hat, with its cluster of field-flowers, put it on before a little mirror, wound a lace scarf around her neck, and wished her employer good-night.

Two months! What in the world was she to do with such a vacation? Eight weeks' board to pay if she remained at home, and no intimate friend or relative to invite her countryward. She wondered if she could not apply for a situation as waitress in some seaside boarding-house. Life was beginning to grow very dull. She might have been forty-two, instead of twenty-two, for all the fun that came to her. And then she considered.

Just one incident in her whole life had been peculiar. A queer, whimsical maiden aunt had reared and educated her, and proposed to marry her out-of-hand to Reese Donovan, a distant cousin. Reese Donovan's father had been Miss Prescott's early love. She hated to divide her fortune, and she wanted the two to share it. But Thirza Prescott walked off angrily the morning young Donovan was expected. That was three years before. She had come to Woodford, where she had a school friend residing, and taken a situation in a store. Aunt Prescott had never written, not even in answer to the epistle that set forth her perseverance and independence.

She was not exactly the woman for commonplace admiration, or she might have gained a lover or two. She had a fashion of keeping men at a respectful distance; she did not mean to be made common because, in a moment of vexation, she had gone in a store. She was a tall, slender, stylish girl, with blonde hair and very dark gray eyes, piquant, but mismatched features, and a very winsome voice when she was not in a haughty mood.

"Here are two letters for you," said Mrs. Lee, as she sat down to her solitary supper, though there were fresh berries and hot, fragrant tea.

She did not open them until she went to her room. One was from Aunt Prescott—she knew the cramped handwriting. Wonder of wonders! It was very brief. Mr. Donovan proposed to spend a fortnight with her. If Thirza would return and make herself agreeable—for he was quite willing to marry her, even after her foolish escapade—well and good. She would be received with proper affection, and they would forget the past. But if she persisted in her undutiful and ungrateful conduct, this was the last overture.

"The man is a fool!" she said to herself, passionately.

Then she opened the other. It was from a shallow little schoolmate, who had managed to marry fortunately. This was part of it:

> "You may wonder how I learned your whereabouts! Julia Graham was in Woodford last April, and heard that you were in a store—saw you, I believe. Then I had the temerity to write to your aunt, for something had happened. Isn't she an abominable old wretch! And now I'll tell you *my* good fortune. I'm rid of Robert's two old-maid sisters, who were the bane of my life. One has married, and the other has gone to reside with her, thank the Lord! We have had the house altered, for Robert is like a new man, and I'm going to have a good, gay time this Summer. I want you to come and make me a nice long visit, for I suppose you have some vacation during the Summer. I always did like you, you know. Could you come to New York and let me meet you there?'

There was much more, in a jerky, rambling style, but she knew Clara Hyde was a warm-hearted, volatile woman. Why should she not go and have a good, gay time also? Her youth and her few attractions would vanish presently. Mr. Donovan might take the fortune, and Aunt Prescott as well. It was very mean of him, and she hated him—yes, she did. A stupid old fogy, no doubt. Go and exhibit herself before him, indeed!

Still, she wrote a somewhat dutiful reply. She would come back any time and care for her aunt, but she would *not* marry Mr. Donovan.

Then she answered Mrs. Hyde's letter, and accepted, asking her to name the day for the meeting. Two months' idleness was no bugbear to her now.

Why, she felt quite light at heart, and on Saturday evening she wished Mr. Bennet a gay good-by.

"But you will come back, Miss Prescott? I cannot think of losing you."

"Oh, I shall come back."

She devoted the next week to her wardrobe. Clara's answer came.

Would Tuesday of the following week give her sufficient time?

Mrs. Hyde was on the mark as to time and place. A pretty, fair, matronly-looking body, with an abundance of pink-and-white in herself, and pink-and-gray in her dress, gushing and demonstrative; but Thirza had resolved not to be over-critical. She wondered, indeed, if she were not a little prim and old-maidish.

They had only to take a short railroad journey, and at the station Mrs. Hyde's carriage was awaiting them.

"You'll like it ever so much, I know. The boarding-houses up here are always crowded with gentlemen in the Summer, who cannot leave business for good and all. And what is the use of being young and good-looking if it doesn't do something for you?"

"To be sure," says Thirza, opening her great gray eyes and thinking of Aunt Prescott's plans. Was the whole world in a conspiracy about getting her married?

But if the look and the smile had been in Greek, Clara would have understood them as well.

She was not the one to distress herself over hidden meanings. It would have been difficult to tell just why she loved Thirza Prescott, but I think the greatest charm was because Thirza never preached to her, or tried to summon her to impossible heights, or to impress her with a sense of moral superiority.

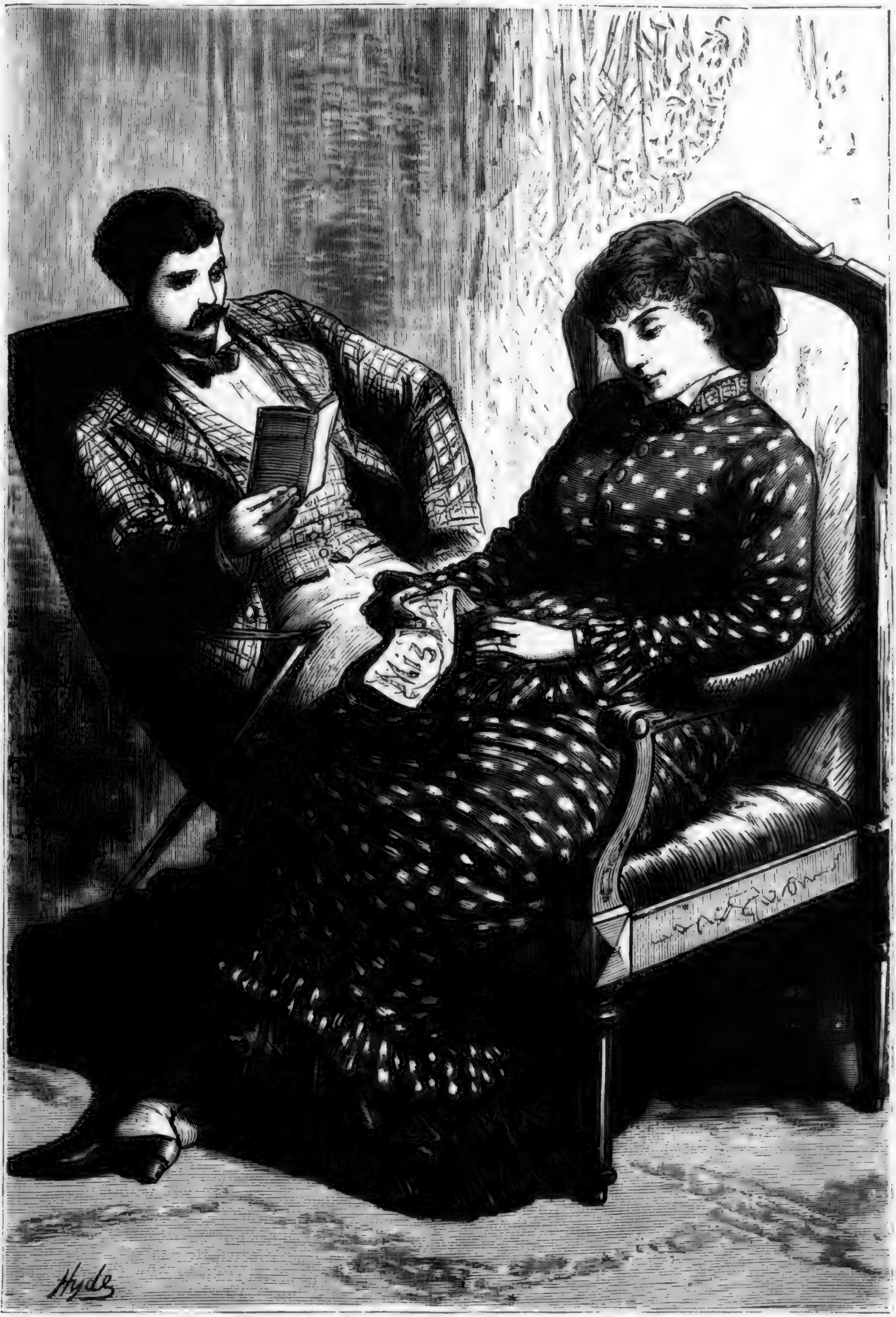
They took a fine long drive before they went home. It was a rather old-fashioned, romantic village, modernized into a town, and standing on a somewhat high bluff, with the Sound below, and the ocean not far off. How crisp and sweet the air was!—so different from the smoky manufacturing place she had left behind.

They stopped before a roomy, old-fashioned house—that is, it made no pretensions to being a villa, had no angles, turrets and hanging balconies. A long porch across the southern exposure, a wide hall, large parlors on the one side, and plenty of lounging room.

Mrs. Hyde, meanwhile, regaled her visitor with a story of the martyrdom she had experienced at the hands of these spinsters, who had tried to train her into a proper helpmeet for their dear brother Robert, who had so unwisely married her.

Thirza was escorted to her room. The furniture was rather antique, but rich and good; the carpet soft; the bed and windows positively lovely in their snowy drapery, and fanciful little brackets put up here and there as an afterthought.

"Now, I want you to feel quite at home. Curl your



MISS PRESCOTT'S THREE LOVERS, AND HOW THEIR WOOING SPED.—"ONE AFTERNOON THIRZA FOUND HERSELF LEFT QUITE ALONE TO ENTERTAIN MR. CAREW. SHE WAS DOING SOME FLOSS EMBROIDERY, AND HE READ ALOUD FROM 'IDYLS OF THE KING.'"

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hair, and make yourself pretty, for Mr. Hyde is to bring up a friend, and some one always drops in during the evening. I want you to have a grand good time."

Clara left her at length, but for some time Miss Prescott drowsed in her easy-chair. How comfortable it was! Seven weeks of rest and refreshing! It was better than going to her aunt's, being fretted at, and refusing to marry Mr. Donovan.

She felt so free and gladsome that she made a charming toilet. Its chief colors were black and pale tea-rose. Looking at herself in the large mirror, she was much pleased at the transformation. Her three years of business had not been very inspiriting, neither the nineteen years with Aunt Prescott, but they had not taken all the life and brilliancy out of her face.

Mr. Hyde was a middle-aged, commonplace man, who adored his young wife, and treated her as if she were a spoiled, willful daughter.

There was Mr. Gilbert, a solid-looking person of five-and-thirty, with whom Miss Prescott did not fall in love at first sight, though an hour afterward Clara told her he was rich and single, and contemplating matrimony.

The evening was very lively. Some friends and neighbors dropped in. They had billiard-playing and music, the latter falling to Miss Prescott's share. She was thankful she had kept in a little practice on Mrs. Lee's weak piano.

Mr. Romaine came and talked to her afterward. A stylish, gentlemanly fellow of eight-and-twenty, with a voice that was rich and flexible—rather dangerous, too, if womankind listened too long to such a charmer.

They were having a gay time over in the billiard-hall.

"Do you not play?" he asked.

She laughed lightly.

"Cues and carroms and pockets are alike unknown tongues to me. But it must be enchanting when one understands it."

"Ah, then, you have no scruples. May I come over and teach you?"

"I am afraid you will find a dull pupil." And yet her eyes said she would like it.

"Didn't Mrs. Hyde say she was going to keep you all Summer? And do you ride?"

"I used to."

Her face warmed a little at the thought. With this soft flush, like a tint of dawn, she was really handsome.

"When, may I ask? Your tone suggests some other sphere, or bygone age."

She laughed genially.

"I have spent three years in a dull manufacturing town, going into no society. Pardon me if I am behind the age."

"Then we must help you to make up the lost time. Strange how much one lives in a week or a month, sometimes, when the years before have been utterly barren."

She gave him a quick glance.

"Like the poet, counting time by heart-throbs."

With that they made a tempting plunge into the realm of poetry. Thirza was vexed when Mrs. Hyde came around, leading Mr. Gilbert in her train, and finally carrying off Mr. Romaine.

But when people have sung love-songs and talked poetry, the ice may fairly be considered broken. So the next afternoon Mr. Romaine dropped in, and they had a very amusing game of billiards. Mrs. Hyde kept him to dinner, and in the evening they planned a ride for the following morning.

"But I cannot go," Thirza said, regretfully. "I have no habit. And then I may have forgotten——"

"Mrs. Hyde can furbish up something, I know—can you not?" glancing at the lady. "And please assure Miss Prescott that I am a perfectly reliable escort."

He went away with a promise. The two women set about a presentable attire. Thirza had a black cloth basque that fitted her like a glove, and they soon manufactured a skirt. A stylish and elegant woman she looked when seated on her horse.

"Though I wish it were Gilbert," little Mrs. Hyde commented, internally.

They had a very delightful morning, it must be confessed. The glowing sunshine, the balmy air, the picturesque ways he led her through, and the agreeable conversation, stirred and inspirited her, and roused her companion to admiration.

It was nearly noon when they returned, she bright and radiant as the Summer day. Some latent beauty had risen to the surface, fluttering warily in the depth of the luminous eye, and blossoming in the rose of lip and cheek. The kind of woman that Mr. Romaine most admired! And then he thought of another. What a hasty fool he had been! A six-months' engaged man he was, with no right to fall in love with this girl. But then Miss Conover's fortune had looked so tempting, and, besides, she had shown her preference so plainly. But his five months here had been spent in real-estate speculations, and proved one continual rush of success. If he were free to win this woman, and live his own life!

With that he gave an impatient jerk at the reins.

A very slight thing to lead to such an incident. A light wagon was coming down the street, and Mr. Romaine's horse, reared in the very face of the other animal, which shied violently, and made a plunge toward Miss Prescott. Mr. Romaine reached over; Thirza uttered a cry. It seemed to her that both men had been thrown.

The driver of the wagon had sprung out as he saw the other going down. Romaine struck the ground with a force that rendered him senseless.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, in a voice that electrified Miss Prescott. "Shall I take him—to the nearest druggist?"

"Oh, he is not dead, surely!" she cried.

"No; only stunned, I think."

"We are at home—this house——"

Mrs. Hyde opened the door at that moment, and uttered a shriek. Thirza dismounted and led the way.

Romaine was raised in strong arms and carried up the steps, through the hall, and deposited on a couch in the billiard-room.

"No, he is not dead. Bring me some water."

Then he took a small vial out of a pocket-case and gave him a few drops. With a convulsive shiver George Romaine opened his eyes.

"Now, where shall I find a physician?"

Mrs. Hyde stood wringing her hands.

Something in the man's strength and presence of mind quite restored Thirza, and she managed to get out of Clara that Doctor Lewis lived two blocks below.

With that the stranger was off like a shot.

"Oh, I hope he will not die on our hands!" moaned Mrs. Hyde. "It is so dreadful! How did it all happen?"

"I did not know what to do. I thought it best to have him brought in," commenced Thirza, deprecatingly.

"Of course! You don't think me a heathen, do you? It would have looked scandalous to send him to his hotel. But I've no nerves at all. I am not worth a penny in sickness, so you'll have to take care of him. Do you suppose any bones are broken?"

The doctor came and answered the question. His

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shoulder was dislocated, his wrist sprained, and his head had suffered a severe contusion.

"There is nothing dangerous, only he must be kept very quiet for several days. We had better remove him to his room at once."

Mrs. Hyde led the way up-stairs, very much dazed in her mind. The doctor gave his orders to Miss Prescott, and bowed himself out, promising to look in again before night.

"I cannot tell you how deeply I regret this sad accident," said the stranger, turning to her also.

Miss Prescott took a survey of him. A brown, foreign-looking face, with a wealth of bronze beard, and clustering curls a few shades deeper; eyes of a frank blue, with little gleams of steel-gray.

It had an oddly familiar look. Where had she seen it before? And what did this little glimpse of mischief mean?

"It was not wholly your fault. Mr. Romaine's horse made the first unmanageable movement."

"But I am most thankful you were not hurt.

"I fancy Mr. Romaine thought I was in some danger, and reached over to save me. I am sorry."

"We must all regret it. I hope your friend will not suffer seriously. Will you allow me to call and inquire, Miss ——?"

"Miss Prescott," and she bowed. "I am staying with Mrs. Hyde," and she made a gesture toward Clara.

"And my name is Philip Carew."

If the brown cheek was a little redder as he spoke, it did not rouse Miss Prescott's curiosity.

He bade her good-day. Then Mrs. Hyde indulged in a small hysteric, and as soon as Thirza could leave her she went to change her dress.

When Mr. Hyde returned home his hospitable soul approved of all that had been done.

"It is wretched work to be ill at a hotel, and Romaine has no relatives at hand. But will you not need a nurse?"

"I am to be nurse," responded Thirza, quickly, "since I was the cause of the accident."

"And I meant you to have such a nice time! It *is* rather romantic," and Clara gave a little sigh; "but I hope he won't be ill very long."

Mr. Carew called the next morning, and saw Thirza for a few moments.

"How odd that he should have asked for *you*," said Mrs. Hyde.

Thirza flushed. Somehow she seemed so well acquainted with him already.

The nursing did not prove tiresome. Mr. Romaine was a very agreeable patient. No fever set in, and in ten days he was able to come down-stairs.

He was very grateful and gentlemanly, and Mr. Hyde insisted upon his remaining another week, at least.

Mr. Carew had called several times, and sent both fruit and flowers. Something in his exquisite taste attracted Miss Prescott strongly. Mr. Gilbert came up again, and was very attentive to her, certainly.

"I'm sure she ought to get a husband among the three," said anxious little Mrs. Hyde. "If she doesn't, I shall despair of her."

"Gilbert would be the best match," responded her husband, actually infected with her love of match-making. "He is one of your slow-going but solid men. And he seems wonderfully taken with her."

Miss Prescott enjoyed it all. She learned that she possessed no small spice of coquetry, although trained in the severe simplicity of spinsterhood. To-day she smiled upon Mr. Carew, to-morrow she made light of Mr. Romaine's gloomy and desponding glance, and then she was demure as a nun for Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Carew had taken lodgings at a hotel in the vicinity, though he was generally absent one or two days in a week. But then he had the pleasure of driving out with her, which Romaine's disabled right arm would forbid for weeks to come.

As an offset, the latter had all an invalid's privileges. But there was something about him she could not quite understand. That he cared for her was evident, and could be most piquantly jealous, but he often checked himself in the midst of a sudden impulse, flushed and bit his lip, as if strangling some longing or resolve in its very inception.

Why? Thirza would mentally ask. Was he afraid to love her? Was she too poor, or lacking in any material point?

Carew puzzled her also. He was more of a gentleman by birth and breeding than Romaine, yet he had a way of watching and studying her, as if, somehow, he was balancing her faults and virtues. The odd familiarity grew upon her. One day she spoke of it.

"I have been out of the country most of the time for seven years," he said, carelessly.

"I did not really suppose that I had met you before," and she flushed under his scrutiny. "Yet I feel sometimes as if I were very well acquainted with your eyes at least."

He smiled at that.

"You would be a very foolish girl to go back to shop-keeping," said Clara Hyde. "I would bring it to a serious point."

"How much faith could you put in a six-weeks' love? And we know so little about them, after all," commented Miss Prescott.

"But Robert could learn easily. Give them a chance to speak, Thirza."

Miss Prescott fell into a musing mood. This had been the first real gala-time of her life. How should she end it? If either of these men wanted to marry her—and some intuition told her that both were in love—why try to wear out Aunt Prescott's patience? Why not be happy in her own way? Mr. Romaine had youth, warmth, would be tender, exacting and very fond. Mr. Carew, with his riper years and the fascinating touch of imperiousness, was a man that a woman might worship if she once gave way to her heart—her emotions. And Mr. Gilbert she rarely thought about, though she knew she could bring him to her feet with less effort than she should have to make for the others.

She never dreamed how much of it was to be decided this August evening when she came down in her flowing white robes, without a bit of color save her breast-knot of carnation and heliotrope, and the same in her hair. Romaine was waiting on the porch. There were numerous visitors within, but he signaled her, and she came.

"How lovely you look to-night! as if you were in a peculiar mood," and he took her hand.

"Your prescience is at fault. I am in no mood at all. I feel as indolent as this soft south wind—as if I might be swayed hither and thither by the breath of a rose."

"Do you?" with a sudden reckless vehemence. "Then I wish to heaven that I could sway you to my liking—to my love."

She throbbed in every pulse.

"Mr. Romaine, this is nonsense—mere bagatelle." But her voice was tremulous. "You gentlemen are not obliged to make love to every woman who crosses your path."

He glanced steadily into her eyes, and her cheeks flushed to tempting bloom. His eyes were like points of flame.

"Do you understand that it may be a luxury when a man meets the one woman whom he worships madly? I love you! The knowledge cost me all my pain and suffering—my awkward blunder the morning of our ride. I never felt quite free to speak until to-day."

"Why?" she gasped in quick apprehension. "Why should he not be free to confess his love to its object?"

Fate answered her almost before he could speak. The gate opened, and three women came up the path, the light shining full upon them. One was a rather faded blonde, with an abundance of fluffy hair, and an artistic pink in her cheeks. He turned with a groan, which, light as it was, caught her ear.

"Oh, Mr. Romaine!" they exclaimed.

Two were neighbors, but the third a stranger. This one went straight to him, and took his hand.

"You did not get my letter?" he asked, hoarsely.

"What letter, George? No, I have not heard in three weeks, and I was getting so anxious! How terrible the accident was! Why did you not send for me? Cousin Jennie knew Mrs. Langdon, so we came——"

Thirza turned away. They were dancing in the drawing-room, and she accepted the first invitation.

George Romaine simply cursed his unlucky star. In another day Miss Conover would have known—why had the marplot, Fate, sent her along to-night? For the last three weeks he had been summoning courage for a rupture. No doubt she had heard some gossip through Mrs. Langdon.

She loved him, however, and she was one of the women who love through evil as well as good report, from a habit of selfish persistency. She did not mean to give him up—even his letter would not have been final in her eyes.

Mrs. Langdon, having some news, aired it. In less than half an hour every one in the room knew that Mr. Romaine had been engaged for the last seven months, and that Miss Conover was wealthy.

Miss Prescott passed him once with superb disdain.

"If you will let me explain," he gasped

"There is nothing to explain. You shall break no woman's heart for me, or my trifling."

"But, my God! I love you!"

"Go your way, Mr. Romaine."

There was no mercy for him in her pitiless eyes, and in a passion of anger he took up his old allegiance.

In the hall she met Mr. Carew.

"I was coming in for a quiet hour," he said, "but you have quite a party."

"An impromptu one."

"Some new people? Who is that with the curious yellow hair, standing just under the chandelier?"

"That? Oh, that is Miss Conover, Mr. Romaine's *fiancée*, I believe."

Her voice had a hollow, scornful sound. He glanced at her sharply. The brave face never struck a color, but he knew that she had been wounded, nevertheless.

He drew the soft hand through his arm and led her down the steps to the lawn, saying that the room was very warm, and she looked tired.

How gentle and protecting he was! Strength had never appeared so tempting as at this moment, though she told herself it had been nothing more than a flirtation.

"I declare, I was thunderstruck!" said Clara Hyde, after the guests were all gone and the lights lowered. "Well, if that is the way he means to go on out of her sight, I wish Miss Conover joy of him, I am sure. But, Thirza, I'll venture anything that he does love you."

"That would be folly;" and Miss Prescott laughed gayly.

"My dear, I'm glad you're not hard hit. I liked him so much, but I think I have a quick, impressionable nature. However, Mr. Carew and Mr. Gilbert are left," she ended, brightly.

Thirza kissed her good-night and went to bed, very angry and sore at heart. She had not been well treated, although she *knew* George Romaine loved her. She could have separated him from his betrothed.

I have not exalted my heroine in the slightest degree, as you will bear me witness. She might have been much nobler, but she might also have been more selfish and unprincipled. It was as she had said—she did not want any woman's heart broken by her, neither did she mean to sigh hers out in regret for this young man. And so she was bright as usual the next morning.

Mr. Gilbert came up in the afternoon, and took her out driving in a dainty phaeton. There could be no question of extending the invitation.

A lovely drive it was, through country ways. She had to make no effort—he was a man you could be silent with, he had such an old-fashioned, fatherly way of putting you at your ease. And some way, coming back, she was drawn to tell him about Aunt Prescott and her whim.

"My dear young lady, I think you are quite right not to be forced into a marriage with a perfect stranger. But, if your aunt loved you, you must find it hard to stay away."

"She does not love me;" and Thirza's heart swelled. "She has a maid who does everything for her—reads to and amuses her, and a housekeeper who is as rigid as iron. After I left school I thought I should be chilled to death in that house. No; all the use I have, in her estimation, is to become Reese Donovan's wife. I would rather be a clerk in Mr. Bennet's store all my days."

"There's no need of that, either, Miss Prescott. I may surprise you by this avowal, but I have been strongly attracted toward you. The very points that, in the eyes of the world, would render a marriage between us unsuitable, are what have drawn me to you. I like youth and brightness and cheerful spirits. I should have married years ago, and have had daughters growing up now, who would not be ashamed to be fond of their father. But it is not so. Am I very foolish to want a young wife? If you could like me well enough, I would be very kind and indulgent to you. I would give you a pretty house, and would take you anywhere that would afford you pleasure, and I think I could make you happy."

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert——"

"There, my dear," he interrupted, raising one gloved hand to his lips, "you shall not answer me now. Take a week to consider. I will not come up till then, and you must be quite frank. If you would not marry Mr. Donovan for the sake of a fortune, I can trust you not to accept me for mere worldly advancement."

"How kind and generous you are!" she returned, her face in a beautiful glow.

He remained to tea, and made himself quite charming in his quaint and somewhat old-fashioned way. He was so good—why could she not love him? These young men were but vexation of spirit, after all!

"A week," he said, at parting. "Try to think kindly of me, my dear young lady."

A peculiar week it was, rather quiet, but with Mr. Carew dropping in every day or evening. Mr. Romaine had gone to Newport with the party of his betrothed.

One afternoon Thirza found herself left quite alone to entertain Mr. Carew. She was doing some floss embroidery, and he read aloud from "Idyls of the King"—passages here and there that pleased him—love passages, you may be sure. He made a lengthy pause presently, and glancing up, she saw his eyes fixed upon her. She colored hastily, and all her pulses throbbed under the eager scrutiny.

"If I said it instead of the poet, Thirza, you must have thought, you must have seen, that I loved you."

"Mr. Carew," she began, "I am not much in the habit of taking such matters for granted."

"But I tell you now that I love you with a man's sincere, ardent love. I came here weeks ago resolved to win you, when a fortunate accident threw you in my way. I think you are not quite——"

A sudden revelation flashed over her, and she drew herself up haughtily.

"Mr. Carew!" she cried, "I think, in all honesty, you have another story to tell me."

"Yes; I have. I will not woo you under false pretenses. I am Reese Donovan."

He stood up so straight and handsome and manly, then he looked out of his fearlessly honest eyes, and smiled with his proudly curved lips. Could she throw away such a love?

THE PLAGUE OF POOR GRANDMA'S LIFE.

"And this was my aunt's plot? You lent yourself to the childish deception?"

Her eyes sparkled with indignation, her chest throbbed with the anger that was mastering her.

"Thirza, no. Be a little reasonable, child. I never knew, until this Summer, that your aunt had set such a hard condition before you. I went to Woodford to find you, to see what this high-spirited girl was like. You had just left, and I learned from Mrs. Lee where you had gone. I reached here in the morning, took a livery wagon for a drive, and fortune threw me into the very hands I most desired. And now—I love you, I think you *can* love me. What stands between ?"

"This, Mr. Donovan : I will not marry you !" and she stood up, tall, slender and haughty.

"Thirza, you cannot be so foolish, surely, for the sake of an idle whim !—because your old aunt planned it out before !"

"I do not want you or the fortune," she said, frigidly.

"Are you quite sure you cannot love me ?"

There was a scarlet heat in her face, and a great throbbing at her heart, but she only answered with a look of scorn. She might have loved him or Romaine, but both thought it no sin to deceive her. In her irritable state she could scarcely distinguish between that willful, selfish deception, which made her sad and sore at heart, and this more simple matter, that so wounded her pride. Then she remembered how she could sting him, and triumph over Aunt Prescott.

"Mr. Donôvan," she said, icily, "I have a proposal of marriage under consideration already. A man of loyal, kindly heart, and in prosperous standing, has asked me to become his wife. I am almost certain to accept. Please say to my aunt that I do not need to marry you for the sake of the fortune."

"Thirza !"

The look and tone electrified her. For a moment her heart wavered. How a woman could love this attractive Reese Donovan, and be loved in return ! But she would not listen. She turned away with an effort.

"There is no need of discussing the subject further. Allow me to wish you good-day."

With that she swept proudly from the room, went straight to her own apartment and indulged in a good cry.

She would marry Mr. Gilbert, of course ; yet she wished there was no such thing as marrying, and that she was safe back in Mr. Bennet's store. Yet she was very frank and honest with Mr. Gilbert the next day.

"You are worthy of the true and fervent love of any woman," she said, with emotion ; "and since you have chosen me I cannot accept you entirely until I am sure I can give you my whole heart. Is it too much to ask simply friendship for the present ?"

He shortened the probation from six months to three.

Mrs. Hyde took it for an engagement, and would look at it in no other light. She would fain have kept Thirza for the Winter, but the girl insisted upon her own independence, and went back to Mr. Bennet's laces and notions.

Mr. Romaine was married that Autumn.

Of Mr. Donovan she heard not a word. Of course he would forget her. She had shown herself foolish, spiteful and unreasonable. And about the holidays she received a severely upbraiding letter from Clara Hyde. How could she let Mr. Gilbert slip through her fingers ? She was surely fated to be an old maid.

"I think I am," she said to herself, with a dreary sigh, staring four more holiday weeks in the face.

But Mr. Donovan dropped in the store one day, rather grave-looking, and in a most brotherly tone announced his sad tidings.

Aunt Prescott had died very suddenly. She had been well enough to take her accustomed drive through the day, but just at twilight had expired sitting in her chair. She had quite softened to Thirza, and was meaning to ask her to The Elms on a visit. She would come to the funeral, certainly ?

Aunt Prescott had never professed any love for her ; indeed, she had always been vexed that the last Prescott should have been a girl.

Thirza could not simulate any overwhelming grief, and yet she understood how much more endearing this hard, selfish life could have been.

"I wonder if I am growing like her ?" she thought.

The funeral was a very quiet one, for Mrs. Prescott had lived most unsocially.

At two the lawyer came to read the will. The Elms, with furniture, plate and horses, was to go to the son of her cousin, Reese Donovan, and then, as a codicil, he was instructed to pay to her grandniece, Thirza Prescott, the sum of five thousand dollars on her marriage with Mr. Gilbert, and also to present her with the Prescott diamonds, which were worth as much more.

The lawyer made a few explanations, and then went his way.

Night closed in early. There was a cheerful fire in the sitting-room grate, and by common consent the heirs took their places beside it.

Were they enemies ? Certainly there was much coolness and distance between them. Thirza summoned courage at length to perform a duty she owed him.

"Mr. Donovan," she began, tremulously, "I may as well say now that I have no right to Aunt Prescott's bequest. I shall never marry Mr. Gilbert. I think this came through your generosity, and I am much obliged."

He bowed politely, and studied her for some minutes. The proud face drooped, the lips quivered, and a wavering flush deepened the cheek. Presently he cleared his voice.

"I heard something to this effect," he returned, "and I have made provision for it. I have an offer to go on an exploring expedition, which may keep me for the next seven years. Meanwhile, I want you to live here and keep up the place. I have made arrangements with the servants, who have consented to stay. I desire you to enjoy everything to the uttermost, and be happy. You need not fear that I shall trouble you in any way."

She sprang up, her face pale at first, then a vivid crimson.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot !" she cried, as she stood there before him.

"Why ? I can surely pay you as well as Mr. Bennet. I should think the labor would be fully as agreeable."

"The place is yours !" she rejoined, vehemently. "I will not deprive you of a home—of everything !"

"Well," he said, still gravely, "you can bestow upon me all things."

She came around behind his chair, that he might not see her blushing face.

"I ask you to stay."

Her voice was very low and tremulous, and her hands dropped by her sides.

"Is that all ?"

"I have been very foolish and unreasonable, and I have learned to love you."

He drew her down to him and kissed the sweet lips, the hot, crimson cheeks.

"Can you forgive it all ?" she whispered.

"Why, I rather enjoy the love ;" and he smiled. "But I felt quite sure of you last Summer. I am a patient and long-suffering man, Thirza Prescott."

She behaved herself meekly and beautifully, and in the Spring wore the Prescott diamonds ; but it was as Mrs. Reese Donovan.

Mrs. Hyde was in an ecstasy of delight.

And so Aunt Prescott had her wish.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

The *Brisbane Courier* publishes the following account of an extraordinary discovery said to have been made in connection with suspended animation:

Many who know Sydney Harbor will remember the long inlet which, in a succession of landlocked reaches, stretches away like a chain of lakes for over twenty miles. On one of these reaches stand, on an acre of grassy flat, fringed by white beach, two low brick buildings. Here is being conducted an experiment, the success of which—now established—must have a wider effect upon the future prosperity of Australia than any project ever contemplated. The experimenters are Signor Rotura and Mr. James Grant.

It appears that five months ago Signor Rotura called upon Mr. Grant, and averred that he had discovered a South American vegetable poison, allied to the well-known *woolara*, that had the power of perfectly suspending animation till the application of another vegetable essence caused the blood to resume its circulation and the heart its functions. Before he left Mr. Grant, he had turned that gentleman's doubts into wondering curiosity by experimenting on his dog.

He injected two drops of his liquid, mixed with a little glycerine, into a small puncture made in the dog's ear, and in three or four minutes the animal was perfectly rigid, the four legs stretched backward, eyes wide open, pupils very much dilated, and exhibiting symptoms very similar to those of death by strychnine, except that there had been no previous struggle or pain.

Begging his owner to have no apprehension, Signor Rotura lifted the dog carefully, and placed him on a shelf in a cupboard until the following day, when he promised to call at ten o'clock and revive the apparently dead brute. Mr. Grant continually during that day and night visited the cupboard; and so perfectly was life suspended in his favorite, that he confesses he felt all the sharpest reproaches of remorse at having sacrificed a faithful friend. The temperature of the body, too, in the first four hours, gradually lowered to 25° Fah. below ordinary blood temperature, and by morning the body was as cold as in death.

At ten o'clock Signor Rotura presented himself; and, laughing at Mr. Grant's fears, requested a tub of warm water to be brought. He tested this with the thermometer at 32° Fah., and laid the dog's head under. To Mr. Grant's objections, Signor Rotura assured him that no water could be drawn into the lungs, and that the immersion of the body was simply to bring it again to a blood heat. After about ten minutes of this bath, the body was taken out and another liquid injected in a puncture made in the neck.

Mr. Grant tells me that the revival of Turk was the most startling thing he ever witnessed. The dog first showed the return of life in the eye, and after five and a half minutes he drew a long breath, and the rigidity left his limbs. In a few minutes more he commenced gently wagging his tail, and then slowly got up, stretched himself, and trotted off as if nothing had happened.

From that moment Mr. Grant became aware of the extraordinary issues opened by his visitor's discovery, and promised him all the assistance in his power. They called in the help of a physician, Dr. Barker; and a number of animals, whose lives have been sealed up in this artificial death, have been kept in the freezing-chamber from one to five weeks, and it is found that, though the shock to the system from this freezing is very great, it is not increased by duration of time.

Messrs. Grant and Rotura then determined upon the erection of the works just finished at Middle Harbor, an enterprising capitalist, Mr. Christopher Newton, of Pitt Street, finding the necessary funds. Arrived at the works, I was taken into the freezing-chamber, a small, dark room, about eight feet by ten. Here were fourteen sheep, four lambs and three pigs, which Mr. Grant told me had been in their present position for nineteen days, and were to remain there for another three months.

Selecting one of the lambs, Signor Rotura put it on his shoulder and carried it into the other building, where a number of shallow tanks were on the floor, having hot and cold water taps. One of these tanks was quickly filled, and its temperature tested by the signor. There was the lamb, to all appearances dead, and as hard almost as a stone, the only difference between his condition and actual death being the absence of dull glassiness about the eye, which still retained its brilliant transparency.

The lamb was gently dropped into the warm bath, and was allowed to remain in it about twenty-three minutes, its head being raised above the water twice for the introduction of the thermometer into its mouth; and then it was taken out and placed on its side on the floor, Signor Rotura quickly dividing the wool on its neck and inserting the sharp point of a small silver syringe under the skin and injecting the antidote. This was a pale-green liquid, and, as I believe, a decoction from the root of the *astracharlis*, found in South America.

The lamb was then turned on its back, Signor Rotura standing across it, gently compressing its ribs with his knees and hands, in such a manner as to imitate their natural depression and expansion during breathing. In ten minutes the animal was struggling to free itself, and when released, skipped out through the door, and went gamboling and bleating over the little garden in front.

Signor Rotura tells me that, though he has never attempted his experiment on a human being, he has no doubt at all as to its perfect safety. The next felon under capital sentence he has requested of Sir Henry Parkes to be allowed to operate on. He proposes placing him in the freezing-chamber for one month, and declares that he has no fear of a fatal result.

Signor Rotura proceeds to South America at once for a large supply of the two necessaries for the safe conduct of his proceedings, and both these substances at present remain a secret.

GLASS BEADS.

Among the most curious examples of persistence in art are the well-known Aggry beads, which occur everywhere in Africa, and in many parts of Asia. Similar beads are still made for the purpose of barter by glassmakers in England and Italy; yet they appear among the oldest remains in many widely separated places. Mr. Nesbitt considers them Phœnician, and supposes they were made for purposes of barter with uncivilized nations, such as the ancient Britons. Glass beads of extreme hardness have been found in British graves; and, on analysis, were found to be composed and colored in the same manner as those of undoubted Egyptian origin. The usual type is large, not round, but spindle-shaped, and marked with alternate indented bands of red and blue, the colors being separated by a narrow white line. These beads are found in England, on the Gold Coast, in India and Germany, in Italy and Egypt. They are particularly common in the cities along the course of the Rhine. The oldest specimens must be Egyptian; but in all probability, the pattern was continued in many distinct manufactories at many different periods.

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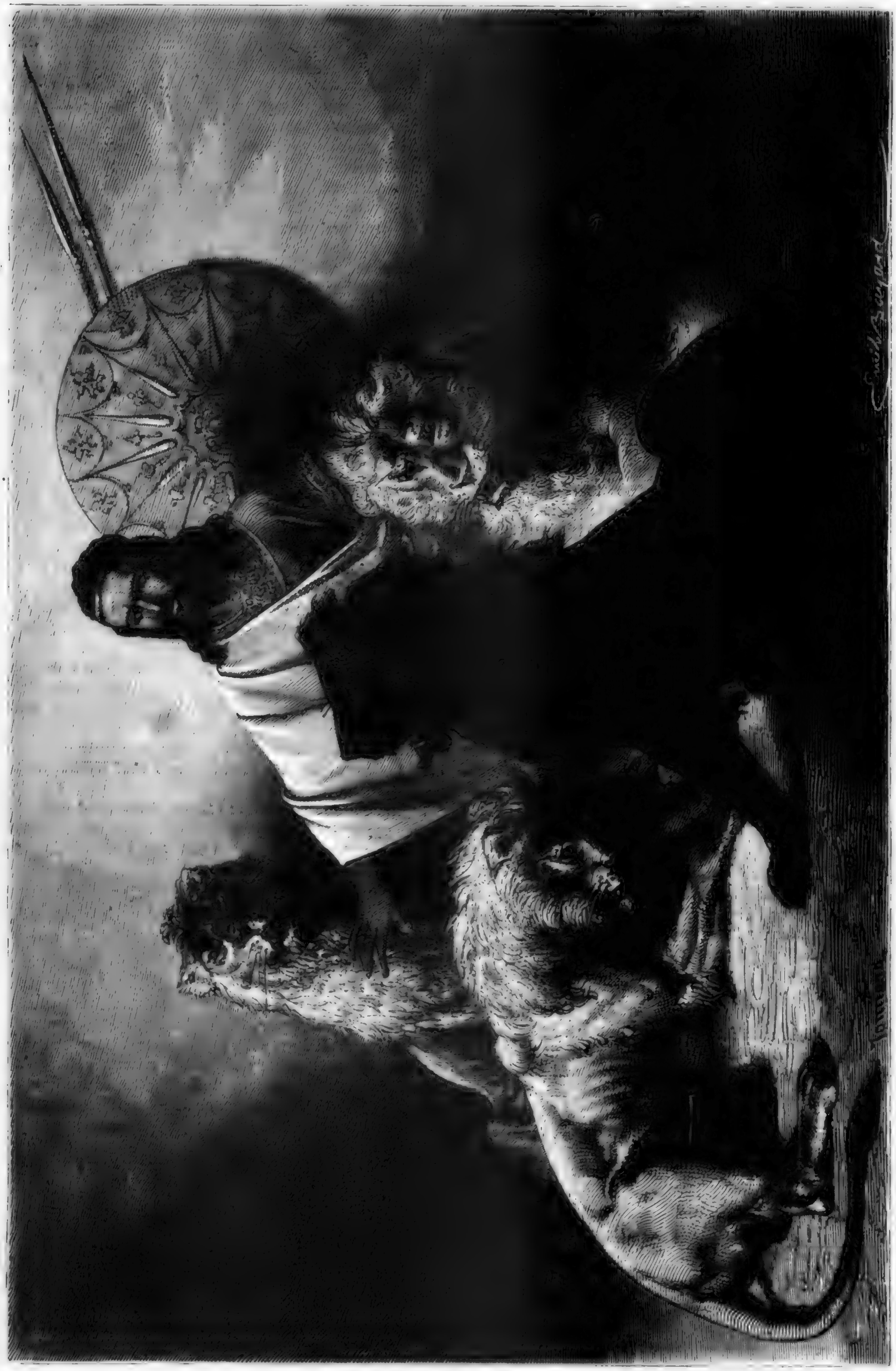
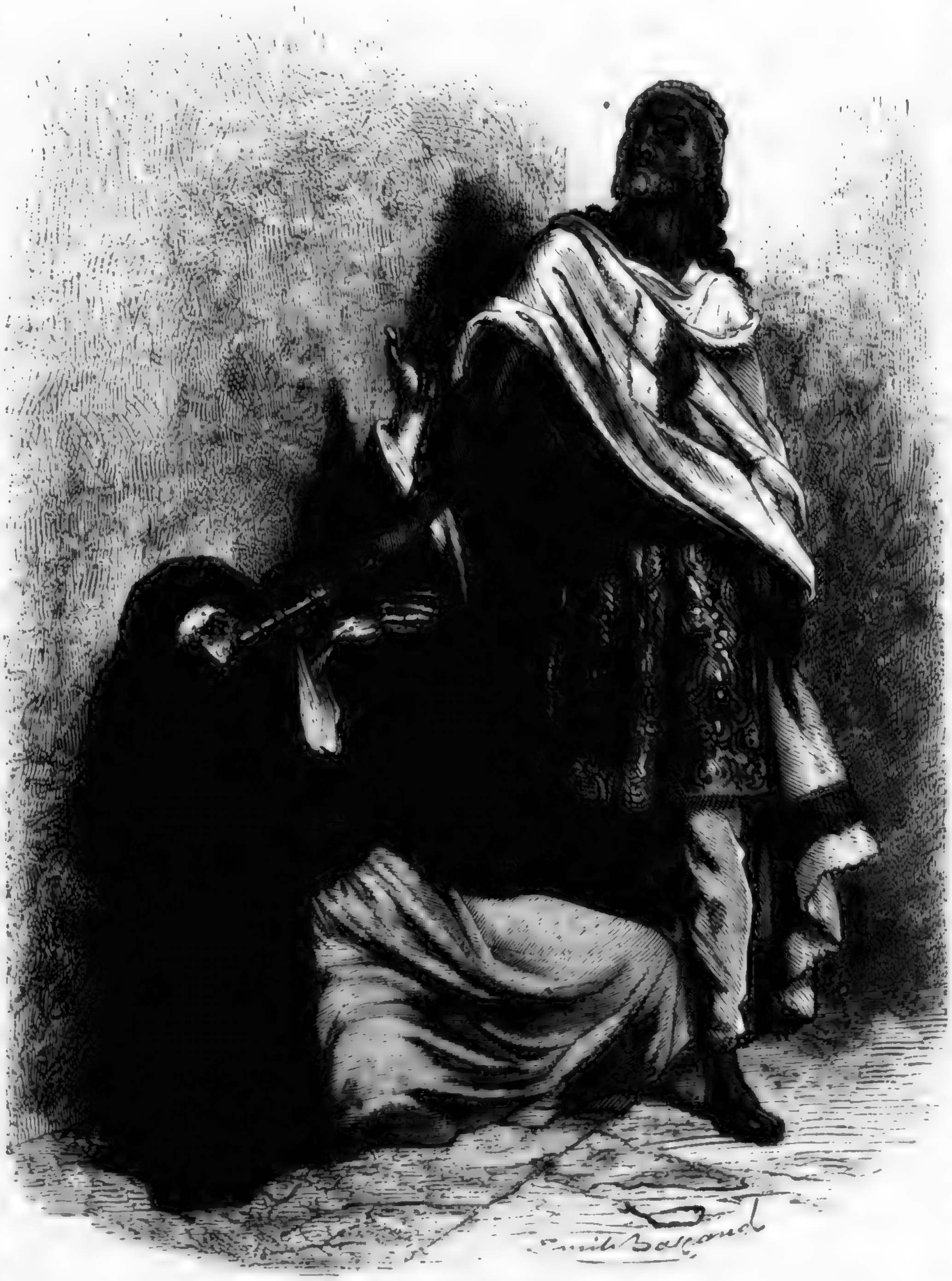


THEODORE, KING OF ABYSSINIA, IN STATE.

THEODORE, KING OF ABYSSINIA.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Just where the long and narrow Red Sea penetrates into the Eastern Continent, and upon its western or African side, is a mountainous region which has for some centuries come to be known as Abyssinia. The name comes from an Arabic word meaning a "mixture"— that is, of peoples, and was originally given as a term of contempt. It is not recognized by the people, who style themselves *Itiopyavan*, "Ethiopians," and their country *Manghesta Itiopia*, "The Kingdom of Ethiopia."



THEODORE ENRAGED.

Abyssinia forms only a small portion of that immense region which the Greeks vaguely designated as Ethiopia, that is, "Burn-face," from the dark complexion of its inhabitants. The Ethiopia of the ancients vaguely included all of northern Africa except Egypt. The boundaries of that country which we style Abyssinia are not clearly defined. In a general way, it may be said to lie between the parallels of 8° and 17° north latitude; so that, geographically, it is in the very heart of the torrid zone. In the lowland region, bordering upon the Red Sea, it is said that the heat is greater than in any other part of the earth. This lowland plain is very narrow at the north, but widens southward to some two hundred miles. This region is a kind of debatable land, claimed by the rulers of Egypt and of Abyssinia. So, also, the lowlands on the west are regions in dispute between the same Powers.

Abyssinia, as we shall henceforth use the term, has been sometimes called "The Switzerland of Africa." Its greatest dimensions either way are about 600 miles. The area is not far from 250,000 square miles—somewhat more than that of France, somewhat less than that of our State of Texas. The population is estimated at some four or five millions.

The Abyssinia with which we have to do consists mainly of high table-lands, intersected by mountain ranges, which unite in a central knot. These table-lands are from 6,000 to 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. The mountains girdling them rise to a general height of 12,000 feet, some of the peaks reaching an altitude of 15,000 feet. The whole of this mountainous region presents the aspect of having been broken up and tossed about by mighty forces of nature. The mountains assume wild and fantastic forms, their sides being usually steep and abrupt, and accessible only by difficult passes. The high plateaus are traversed by ravines, sometimes sinking more than 3,000 feet below the general level. The vegetation of these high plateaus belongs to the temperate zone; lower down it assumes tropical forms. Upon the whole, the aspect of the country is that of a rather bare region, with trees and bushes scattered thinly here and there; clumps and groves being found only around villages. Taken all in all, we believe that Abyssinia ranks high among the regions of the earth fit for the habitation of civilized man.

The legendary history of Abyssinia—which has at least some basis in fact—runs far back into the night of ages; to times before the foundation of Rome; to times before the Trojan war—if there was really any such war as has been sung by Homer, or by somebody else. More than a thousand years before the beginning of our present era, there was a great Ethiopian kingdom, having its capital at Axum, in the highlands, but within a few days' journey from the Red Sea. Axum still exists, as a small town containing some 4,000 inhabitants; but around it lie scattered unfinished and broken columns, pedestals and other remnants of an ancient civilization. The church at Axum is held to be the most sacred place in all Abyssinia; for, although the structure is rude and recent, it occupies a site hallowed for ages. Near the church is a square inclosure, with a pillar at each angle, and a seat and footstool in the centre, all of granite. Some thirty yards distant is another footstool covered with inscriptions, which contain a list of the tribes under the sway of the mighty rulers of Axum.

For a moment the wild Ethiopian legends link themselves upon authentic Hebrew records. The "Queen of Sheba," who kept court at Axum, got tidings of a wise and mighty monarch, who ruled in a mountain stronghold far away on the opposite side of the Sea of Reeds. Thither she went in royal state, "with a very great train, with camels that bare spices, and very much gold and precious stones." The rather less than half civilized Queen of Sheba was astounded at the magnificence of the rather more than half civilized King of Jerusalem. In true Oriental fashion, there was a great interchange of presents. All this being done, the Hebrew records dismiss the Queen of Sheba with the words: "So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants."

But Ethiopian legend has much more to say about this Queen of Sheba. When she left Jerusalem, she bore under her heart an unborn child, of which the much-married and many-concubined Solomon was father. The child in due time was born. He performed many doughty deeds, among which are a miracle or two; received the name of *Menilek*, "the Terrible," and left the crown of Ethiopia to his descendants, who claim to hold it in uninterrupted descent for well-nigh three thousand years.

Ethiopian legend—now dissevered from Hebrew history—fades away into myth. For almost ten centuries we struggle almost vainly to gain anything like a firm foothold. The one thing which seems clear is, that Hebrews found homes in Ethiopia not very long after the days of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The Felashas, a Hebrew colony, say that their progenitors came to Ethiopia after the disruption of the Hebrew kingdom, in the time of the arrogant and foolish Rehoboam. This legend is certainly probable. It can scarcely be doubted that Ethiopia furnished a refuge for the Hebrews during the long and dreary centuries of Assyrian, Grecian and Roman rule in Syria.

That this Hebraistic element was strong in Ethiopia about the time of our Saviour's earthly life, is evinced by the fact, recorded in the Book of the Acts of the Apostles, that "a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace, Queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge of all her treasure, had come to Jerusalem for to worship." This great Ethiopian dignitary, returning homeward, seated in his chariot, was whiling away the time by reading the Book of Isaiah, which seems to have puzzled him not a little. To him came Philip, who expounded the esoteric meaning of a famous passage, whereupon the lordly eunuch acknowledged his belief that "Jesus Christ is the Son of God," and was baptized into that new faith which the Antioch wits had not yet designated by what they meant to be the opprobrious term of Christian.

Sacred writ dispatches this eunuch with the brief record that, parting with Philip, who saw him no more, "he went on his way rejoicing." Abyssinian records, as embodied in the very ancient "Chronicles of Axum," say that he was the first apostle of Christianity in Ethiopia. But the new faith must have died out within a few generations. In the year 316 A.D., Meropius, Bishop of Tyre, sent an exploring expedition to Ethiopia. All the members were murdered except Frumentius and Ædisius, nephews of the bishop, and they were sent as slaves to the King. Frumentius rose high in the royal favor, was made tutor to the prince-royal, upon whose accession to the crown he became vizier and actual ruler of the country. The young monarch was baptized into the Christian faith, the great body of the people following the royal example, and for more than fifteen centuries Abyssinia has been a Christian kingdom—the very earliest, we believe, which can so be called. Frumentius himself was consecrated by the great Athanasius of Alexandria as Metropolitan of Ethiopia, his title being *Abûna Sálâma*, "Our Father of Peace," a title which has come down to our own times. The Abûna of Abyssinia receives consecration from the Patriarch of Alexandria, but for all practical purposes he is quite independent of this Coptic Patriarch.

It is beyond the purpose of this paper to present more than a bare outline of the distinguishing tenets of the Abyssinian Church. It is thoroughly Monophysitic, recognizing only one nature in Christ; or, rather, as we understand it, that the human nature in him was wholly absorbed and lost in the divine nature. But the Abyssinian Church has found room for many fierce dogmatic quarrels. Prominent among these is that concerning the "Nativities" of Christ, of which three are enumerated; but, with our best effort, we fail to understand what is held by the respective polemics. Then, again, is the dispute which rankles among Abyssinian theologians, whether Christ, while still in his mother's womb, possessed the knowledge of good and evil; and whether—for in some way the two questions have been made to hang upon each other—the Son is now equal to the Father in authority and power. But the present important dispute in Abyssinian dogmatics appears to be whether the Virgin Mary is merely the mother of the man Jesus, or also the mother of God, and therefore entitled to equal honor with her Son.

As far as rites are concerned, the Abyssinian Church presents many traces of ancient Hebraism. Circumcision is retained, and is precedent to baptism. The Hebrew Sabbath and the Christian Lord's Day are held alike sacred. The Sacrament is administered to the laity in both kinds. Each church has a kind of ark of the covenant, upon which its sanctity depends; it stands in a sanctuary, into which no one may enter except the priests, who consecrate the sacramental elements. Images are not allowed in the churches, but rude pictures are found in profusion. As in the Greek Church, there are two kinds of ecclesiastics: secular priests, who may marry once, but not after their ordination; and monks, who are vowed to celibacy. The "Apostles' Creed" is not recognized, the Nicene only being used. The canon of sacred books contains all those recognized by the Church of Rome, besides several others, notable among which is the so-called "Book of Enoch," which consists of a series of revelations purporting to have been given to Enoch and Noah. In all, the Abyssinian canon consists of eighty-one books, and as we have it, is in the now unspoken language called "Geez." This version, the only one used in public service, is supposed to have been made from the Greek, somewhere during the fourth and fifth centuries after Christ, about which time we get glimpses of Ethiopia—not yet called Abyssinia—as a great Christian kingdom.

The glory of Ethiopia seems to have been at its highest about 520 A.D., when the throne was filled by a monarch whose name has come down to us as Caleb, his dominions reaching to the western shore of the Red Sea. The Christians on the other side of the sea had been harried by the pagan Ishmaelites, and King Caleb went to their aid. He subjugated the region, and for nearly a century the Kings of Ethiopia were masters of the best parts of Arabia, treated upon equal terms with the Greek Emperors of Byzantium, and carried on a lucrative trade with Ceylon and the Indies.

The rise of Mohammedanism changed everything in the Orient. The adherents of Islam seized both shores of the Red Sea, and pushed themselves into the interior of Africa. Then, in the terse phrase of Gibbon, "The Ethiopians, encompassed by the enemies of their religion, slept for near a thousand years, forgetful of the world by whom they were forgotten." Yet at home, as we painfully gather from their legends, there was no lack of fight and turmoil. Thus, we read that about 960 A.D., a princess named Judith, and said to have been a Hebrew, conceived the design of murdering all the royal family, sprung from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and of establishing herself in their stead. But the infant Negûs was rescued by some faithful servitors, and taken to the southern province of Shoa, where his authority was recognized, while Judith reigned over the rest of the kingdom for forty years, transmitting the sovereignty to her descendants, who held it until 1268, when it was restored to a prince of the royal line of Menilek.

For centuries there had been in Europe vague reports of a great Christian king—or, rather, a dynasty of kings—who reigned somewhere in the unknown East. They were at once temporal and spiritual rulers, and were styled *Prester* ("Presbyter," or "Priest") *John*. Some said that his dominions were beyond Persia; others placed them in what we now know as Tartary; others, wherever there was an unexplored spot upon the rude maps of the times. During several centuries, adventurers went everywhere in search of Prester John. About 1490, when Columbus was eating out his heart in the effort to obtain means to go in search of the Indies, the Portuguese King, John II., sent Pedro de Covilham upon what seemed a more promising errand—that of finding the veritable Prester John, much nearer home than he had been looked for. Somehow, it had come to be quite sure that among the mountains, not many days' journey from the Red Sea, there was in fact the court of a Christian ruler. If this was not Prester John, who else could he be?

We are not quite certain as to the route followed by Covilham; but we imagine that, landing at or near the present Massowah, he struck inward, probably to Axum, where he found a ruler whom he calls Alexander, who bore the sacred title of Negûs. Some kind of relations were established between the rulers of Portugal and Abyssinia, for in 1520 we find the young Negûs David sending an embassy to Lisbon, imploring aid against the Turks, who were sorely pressing him, as they were sorely pressing Christendom on every side. The Portuguese did what they could for the succor of their Ethiopian co-religionists. Estevan da Gama, grandson of the great navigator, and Viceroy of India, was ordered to aid the Christians against the Turks. This, we suppose, was in about 1540. A year later, Cristoforo da Gama, a brother of the viceroy, was sent, with 450 men and six cannon, to the aid of the Christians. He got the better of the Turks in several engagements, but was, in 1542, utterly routed in a battle near the Senafe Pass, of which we read so much in recent history.

For a couple of centuries the Mohammedans seem to have had much the best of it in this region. The Islamite Gallas overran the lowlands, and penetrated the mountain region, gradually intermingling with the original inhabitants. About this time we suppose that the term *Habasch* ("mixture") came to be used as a designation for the region and its people.

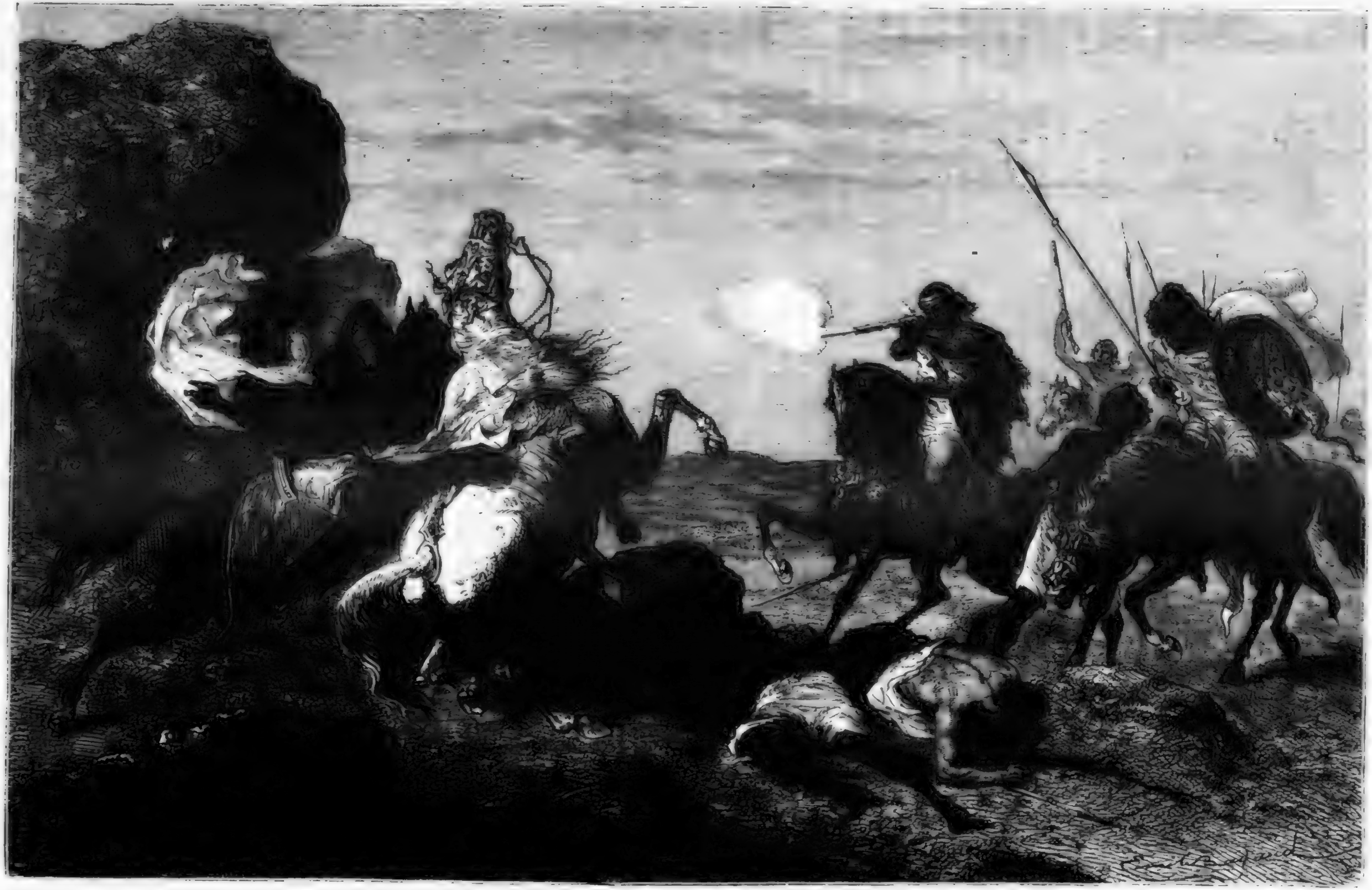
Everything seems to have been falling into utter confusion. There was, indeed, a Negûs to whom everybody professed allegiance. But he was merely a nominal ruler, the real power being exercised by any chief who could seize it in any province or district. These chiefs contented themselves with the modest title of *Râs*, "head"; answering etymologically to our word "captain." This was the state of things a little more than a century ago, when James Bruce, who deserves to be styled the "father of modern exploration in Africa," visited Abyssinia. His narrative, not written until several years after his visit, was at first received with great distrust. Among other things, he said that the Abyssinians preferred to devour their meat raw, rather than cooked. This may possibly be true; but when he went on to say that it was not unusual for the people to cut a steak from the flank of a living animal, his account was pronounced to be beyond all belief. Bruce does not represent this as a usual thing; subsequent travelers show that it is not altogether unusual.

Bruce's main object in visiting Abyssinia was to discover the sources of the Nile. He succeeded in a measure. He found the very spot where are the headwaters of what we now know as the "Blue River," which he traced downward. Few passages of travel are as well known, or deserve to be as well known, as that in which Bruce describes his discovery of what he thought to be the source of the Nile. It was reserved for another generation to discover how far Bruce was right, and how far wrong; to show that there are two Niles flowing through Egypt in a single channel—the one constant, fed from the great lakes of Africa; the other coming down from Abyssinia in what for a third of the year are mighty rivers, and for the other months scattered pools and dry river-beds, across which one can pass almost dry-shod.

During the quarter of a century after Bruce, a few travelers touched upon the borders of Abyssinia. Among these are Mr. Salt and Lord Valentia, who went up the Nile, and recorded some things not altogether without value even now. Abyssinia had long come to be looked upon as a promising missionary field. The far-seeing Church of Rome had its eye upon it long ago, and made a vigorous effort to establish a unity between the Abûna and the Pope. Jesuit missionaries found their way into Abyssinia as early as 1555, and in 1655 they had apparently won over the leaders of the Abyssinian Church, who then recognized the supremacy of the Chair of St. Peter; but this accord proved to be of short duration. The Abyssinian Church still remained Coptic.

Half a century ago Protestant eyes were turned toward Abyssinia. Those who have leisure to look back upon efforts which promised so much, and which resulted in so little, will recall the names of Gobat, Kugler, Isenberg and Krapf, who went to Abyssinia in 1830, and shortly after. Wisely or otherwise, these missionaries took part in the troublous politics of the country. In 1841 it seemed that they had won a great point in the game. Andraos, a pupil of the English Mission School at Cairo, was consecrated by the Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria *Abûna Sâlâma*, head of the Abyssinian Church. We shall meet with him again. At present it is enough to say, in the words of the historian of the Abyssinian expedition, that he was "an ignorant, excitable man, proud and ambitious,

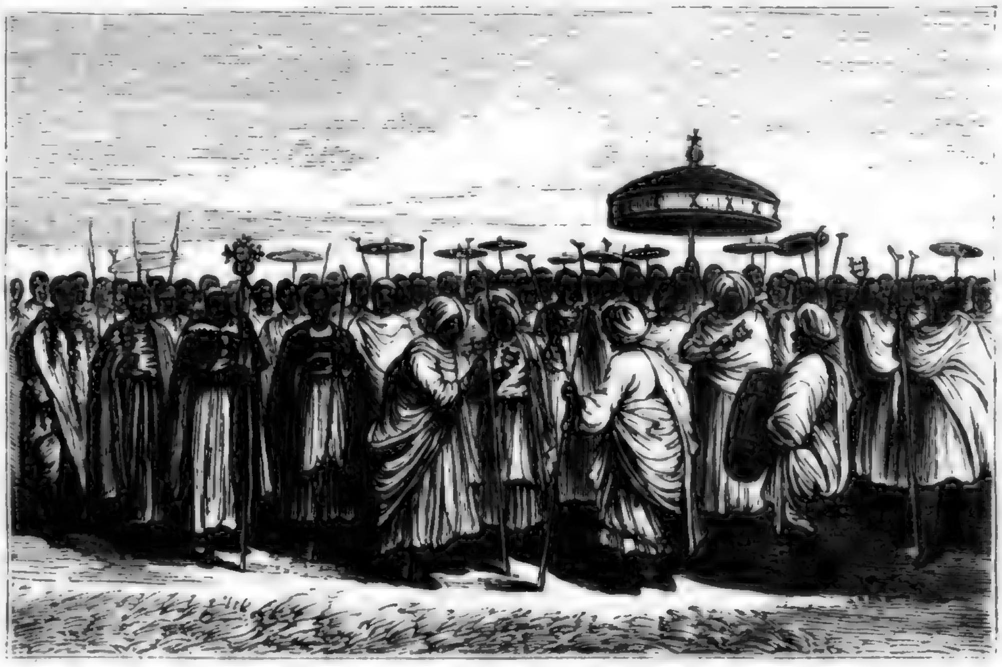
XUM



AN ABYSSINIAN BATTLE.

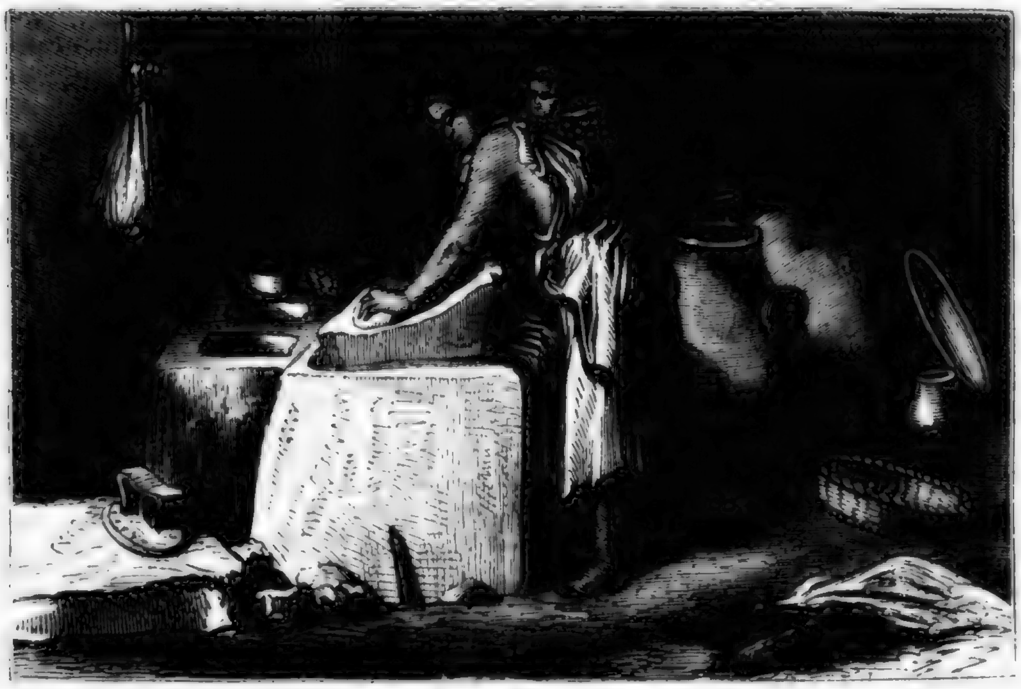
XUM

but good-natured, and true in his friendships." In his relations with King Theodore he seems to have tried hard to play a part too great for him. The last years of his life were passed as a prisoner of State in Magdala.

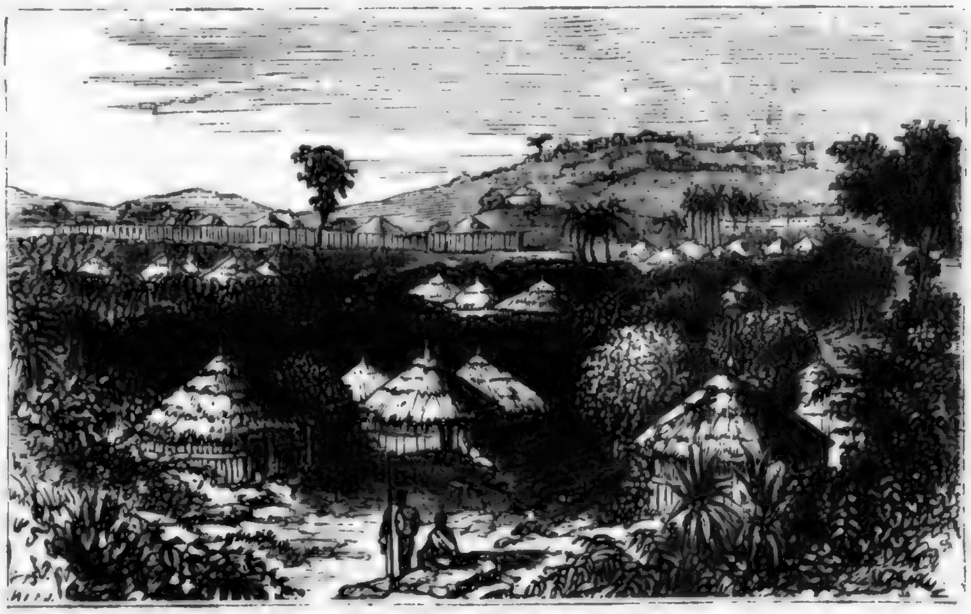


ABYSSINIAN PRIESTS.

After Bruce, who was in Abyssinia from 1770 to 1774, no traveler tells us much worth knowing, until Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, who was in the country for three years, ending in 1843. His "Life in Abyssinia," published some ten years later, is by all odds the best which we have. He is the very ideal of a traveler, who journeys just to see what he can see, and to tell just what he sees. His cheery temperament, indeed, leads him to make light of things which to most men would seem matters of sore distress. He found an absolute pleasure in roaming about barefoot and bareheaded under the hottest of all hot suns. Dinners of uncooked meat were to him a matter of luxury. He took things as they came, and was quite content with them.



ABYSSINIAN WOMEN KNEADING BREAD.



THEODORE'S CAPITAL AT DEBRA TABOR.

In his comfortable English home he thus sums up the reminiscences of his three years of wild life in Abyssinia: "Like all happy moments, those years passed over very quickly, and they now appear to me more like a dream than anything else. I had no annoyances of any kind; was fortunate enough to leave the country without a single personal enemy; and beyond having received a lance through my clothes, between my right arm and side, while endeavoring to separate some combatants who had got drunk at a wedding, and on another occasion having been rather badly hurt with a blow on the back from a club or a stone, I may say that neither my life, limbs or health were ever in danger."

But running all through Mr. Parkyns's cheery narrative there are abundant evidences that the whole country was a scene of wild confusion, anarchy and hostility. Nominally there was a Negûs who held supreme away. Practically there seem to have been three governments, independent of and hostile to each other; besides an indefinite number of chiefs who acknowledged allegiance to nobody.

During these years, although Mr. Parkyns seems to have known nothing of him, a youth was growing up of whom history will have to speak as one of the two African rulers worth naming for anything beyond absolute stupidity or utter brutality, who have lived within our own times. One of these men is that Mtesa, King of Uganda, who was first introduced to us by Speke, and whom we have come to know more favorably through Mr. Stanley. The other African ruler, with whom we have now to do, is the man who is designated as Theodore, King of Abyssinia.

The original name of Theodore was Kasa—apparently a very common one in his country. He was born in 1818, in the little province of Quara, upon the very northwestern frontier of the country. His family was reputed to be of ancient origin. When the time came the accredited Abyssinian genealogists were able to trace his ancestors clear back to Menilek, the love-child of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. His father, whose name has come down to us as Hailu Welida Georgis, died while Kasa was a child; what little estate he left was seized upon by unscrupulous kinsmen, and his widow was obliged to support herself and her boy at Gondar by making and brewing *kosso*, a bitter medicine of reputed efficacy against the tapeworm, with which the Abyssinians are much afflicted. To the credit of Theodore it may be noted that he was never ashamed of this episode of his youth. When he had come to be troublesome a force was sent against him under the command of a famous warrior named Dejatch Wandera, who boasted that he would bring that "son of the kosso-dealer" a prisoner to the capital. As it happened, Dejatch was the one who was brought in a captive. Kasa ordered the man to be brought before him. He handed him a horn of the bitter medicine, saying: "My mother is not doing business to-day; will you please to accept this humble draught for your evening repast." So, at least, the story is told by the Rev. Henry Stern, "the captive missionary," in whose shrieking work we put very little faith. In this case we think it more than probable that he told the truth.

In course of time Kasa went, or was sent, to a convent. Stern says that, "disdaining the humble vocation of his mother, he left her poor hut, and took refuge in the convent of Tschangar, near the northern shore of Lake Tzana." There he learned many things, became well versed in Bible history, and was noted for his fondness for the Psalms of David, a man whose career presents not a few analogies with his own.

Before long the convent was fallen upon by a rebel chief. The Superior and some of the pupils were slain. Kasa made his escape, and found a refuge with an uncle, who was engaged in perpetual feuds with his neighbors. Kasa became famous for his boldness and subtlety, and received the name of *Lij Kasa*—"Young Kasa," by which he was known until he reached middle age. Mr. Stern tries to trace his career for several years, but with quite indifferent success. The one clear thing is that he came to be the head of a band of freebooters, ready to follow him for or against anybody.

Somewhere about 1846, the sovereignty of the province of Dembia had come into the hands of a woman named Menena. She had married the feeble Negûs Johannes, to whom she bore a son, who was known as Ras Ali, in whose name she ruled as regent. Somehow Kasa became involved in warfare with this old woman; he defeated her armies, and made peace with her, receiving as wife her granddaughter, Tawabetch, "the Beautiful," the daughter of Ras Ali. For a while we find him subject to Menena, and carrying on warfare against the Egyptians, who were, as early as this, trying to extend their frontiers into Abyssinia. Mr. Stern tells some astounding stories of these campaigns, very few of which have a credible look. One of these is worth noting from its utter absurdity: "Kasa"—so writes the missionary—"was ordered, under the specious pretext of avenging an affront, to proceed with a strong force against several Egyptian outposts. The bold soldier willingly obeyed a behest that promised to gratify his vanity and adventurous spirit. With him started from the highlands 16,000 men, full of ardor to destroy the detested Mohammedans; but scarcely 4,000, crestfallen and wounded, returned to their homes. The few Egyptian outposts had received intimation of the intended expedition, and about 800 Turkish irregulars were collected together and stationed behind a stockaded fence to watch the movements of the enemy. Kasa and his army boldly advanced on the despised foe. Some pieces of brass and inflated skins, suspended in front of the slight defense of sticks and thorns, had a magic power in attracting the pillage-loving Amharas. In excited masses they rolled toward the fatal stockade, till they were within easy reach of the muskets and artillery of the defenders, when suddenly a destructive fire, that carried death and terror, came flashing into their serried ranks. Appalled and panic-struck, the discomfited assailants, in their savage bewilderment, instead of retreating, stood aghast and almost petrified on the battle-field. Kasa, mounted on a gallant charger, with his sword flashing in the sun's fiery rays, and a countenance full of fury and wrath, like a demon of destruction, sprang over heaps of dead and dying, shouting forth commands, which, in the confusion, no one heeded. A well-aimed ball forced him from his saddle; and the pretended destroyer of Mohammedanism, with a mere remnant of his late numerous forces, had to flee from the pursuit of a contemptible handful of ill-disciplined Turkish troops. The disappointed Queen, stung to the very quick by the failure of her design, and the disasters of the expedition, did not conceal the deep repugnance which she cherished toward the man who had brought troubles and disasters upon her."

If we could put any reliance upon the narrative of Mr. Stern, Kasa thereafter went through a whole Odyssey of adventures, not now worth telling. The upshot was that he found himself at the head of a considerable army, opposed to the forces of Manena and Ras Ali, her son. A battle ensued, which we must suffer Mr. Stern to describe. We suppose that nothing more absurd in the way of military history was ever written:

"Ras Ali, the son of Manena, and the father-in-law of Kasa, now shook off the voluptuous sloth to which he had abandoned himself, and grasping the sword which his hand knew well how to wield, he placed himself at the head of his followers and marched against the presumptuous Quara rebel. The common people, who had hitherto continued indifferent to the struggle between the contending parties, were stirred to the very depths of their hearts by the exciting intelligence that a battle was about to be fought which would decide the fate of the realm and the destiny of the reigning family. At Aishal, in Dembea, toward the end of 1853, * the hostile forces encountered each other in a most sanguinary conflict. The troops on both sides, stimulated by their leaders, fought with marvelous bravery. Kasa, repulsed in every direction by the Begemeder and Galla horse, had prepared an ambush, and artfully feigned a retreat. Flushed with success, the conquerors pursued the discomfited foe, spreading terror and death among the flying ranks. Unacquainted with the craft of their cunning opponent, they darted forward, till they came close to some hedges and trees, when suddenly, from scores of small mirrors that hung suspended in the sun's rays, a dazzling light painfully glared on their swarthy countenances, while, in different directions, the undermined ground burst in deep furrows beneath their war-steeds' hoofs. The superstitious barbarians, imagining that evil spirits and demons were arrayed against them, stood nerveless and aghast on beholding these wonderful phenomena. Kasa immediately whirled round, and before the panic-stricken pursuers had recovered from their amazement they were surrounded and butchered by the incensed foe. Ras Ali performed prodigies of valor; but despite the despairing effort of the doomed chief, the rule of the Galla usurpers had reached its end, and before night their last descendant was crownless and a fugitive."

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* The date is clearly erroneous, for Kasa, having overcome all opposition, was crowned as King early in 1855.

Surely a great battle, the issue of which was mainly decided by means of a few score of small looking-glasses, is not likely to have occurred in the days of rifles and revolvers. We imagine that the Rev. Henry Stern was badly humbugged by his fellow-prisoners in Magdala.

Authentic history, at least as far as the grand outlines are concerned, is not wanting. Lij Kasa, at the beginning of 1854, had got the better of his father-in-law, and of his mother, and was in full possession of the central province of Amhara. Broader schemes of ambition had gradually been unfolding themselves before his imagination. There was an Abyssinian prophecy, so old that we cannot pretend to fix its date, to the effect that in due time there would arise a great deliverer, to be named Theodore, "the Gift of God," sprung from the royal line of Solomon, who should not only rule over all Ethiopia, but would actually seat himself at Jerusalem, upon the throne of David, whence he would rule the whole world. Kasa had brooded over this prophecy in his convent days, and in all his subsequent adventurous career, and had come to look upon himself as the promised deliverer. This belief clung to him to the very close of his life. For the attainment of this mighty aim two things were necessary: he must bring under his sway the two provinces of Shoa and Tigre, which had come to be practically independent, and must be ecclesiastically recognized as Negûs by receiving consecration at the hands of the Abûna.

The Abûna Andraos was resident in a convent in Tigre. Kasa summoned him to come to Gondar, the real capital of Amhara, and the nominal capital of all Abyssinia. The Abûna not only refused compliance, but when Kasa began hostilities in Tigre fulminated a ban of excommunication against him. Kasa had a weapon in store. M. Jacobis, an Italian priest, was at Gondar, endeavoring to effect a union between the Church of Abyssinia and that of Rome, and he apparently stood high in the esteem of the rising potentate. Kasa sent word to Andraos that unless the ban was removed he would recognize Jacobis as Abûna, and so transfer the Church of Abyssinia from the See of St. Mark to that of St. Peter. Abûna Jacobis would then proceed to excommunicate Abûna Andraos.

This threat brought the Coptic Abûna to terms. He repaired to Gondar, and before long was persuaded or forced to consecrate Lij Kasa as sovereign of Ethiopia, under the sounding title of *Negûs Negûst,* "King of Kings." This took place on the 11th of February, 1855. But the Negûs and the Abûna never took kindly to each other, and before long the ecclesiastic was sent as a prisoner of state to Magdala, where he ended his days not long before the overthrow of Theodore.

The new ruler of Abyssinia had just entered his thirty-seventh year. He is described as "a man of medium stature, with a well-knit muscular frame, capable of great endurance; a noble bearing and majestic walk; the best spearman, the best shot, the best runner, and the best horseman in Abyssinia." Notwithstanding the spiteful account of Mr. Stern, who did not know him until years after, he possessed many virtues, and gave promise of acquiring many more. How wofully these promises were falsified, will be seen hereafter. It is only fair to him to present the more favorable estimate of his character at this time, as deliberately expressed by Mr. Markham, the accomplished historian of the Abyssinian Expedition:

"Theodore," says Mr. Markham, "was certainly the most remarkable man that has appeared in Africa for some centuries. Great allowances must be made for his ignorance and for the circumstances which surrounded him. Before we judge him, we are bound in fairness to consider how very low was the level from which he had to rise. Having led the life of a lawless soldier, and having been accustomed from boyhood to witness the perpetration of the most barbarous acts of cruelty and oppression, it would be unjust to measure him by any other standard than an Abyssinian one. From his earliest youth he is said to have conceived ambitions and ideas which stopped at nothing short of the sovereignty of the whole of Ethiopia, including the seacoast, and the establishment of Christianity in every part of that vast dominion. Nor were his schemes merely selfish, like those of the barbarous chiefs by whom he was surrounded; for he was actuated by fanatical religious zeal, and at first by a sincere desire to give prosperity to his people."

We get, here and there, glimpses of Theodore as he was in these his best days. Notable among these are his state receptions, one of which is thus described: "King Theodore, like all African princes, is fond of display. At his palace, lions are as common as dogs are with us. The four lions shown in the picture entitled 'Theodore in State,' are his favorites above all others. The one reclining upon the King's knee, named Kuara, is the most intelligent and docile. When the Negûs wishes to receive an embassy, he receives the messengers surrounded by a court of lions, trusting to them for effect, rather than to a crowd of courtiers or a guard of bristling bayonets."

At this time Mr. Walter Plowden was the British Consul at Massowah, a Turkish port on the Red Sea, from which the interior of Abyssinia can most readily be reached. Plowden was instructed to put himself in communication with Theodore. Arriving at the capital, he found there his old friend, Mr. Bell, who had already entered the service of the Negûs, and stood high in his favor. Plowden and Bell were the Europeans who best knew Theodore in his better days. "He must," says Markham, "have possessed some nobility of character to have acquired the admiration and friendship of such noble fellows as Plowden and Bell."

Plowden writes that Theodore was "generous to excess, free from all cupidity, merciful to his vanquished enemies, and strictly continent; but subject to violent bursts of anger, and possessed of unyielding pride and fanatical religious zeal." Mr. Markham goes on to say: "His administrative views at this time appear to have been far in advance of those entertained by any of his countrymen. His first object was to break the power of the turbulent feudal chiefs, and he placed the soldiers of the different provinces under the command of his own trustworthy followers, to whom he gave high titles. He abolished the

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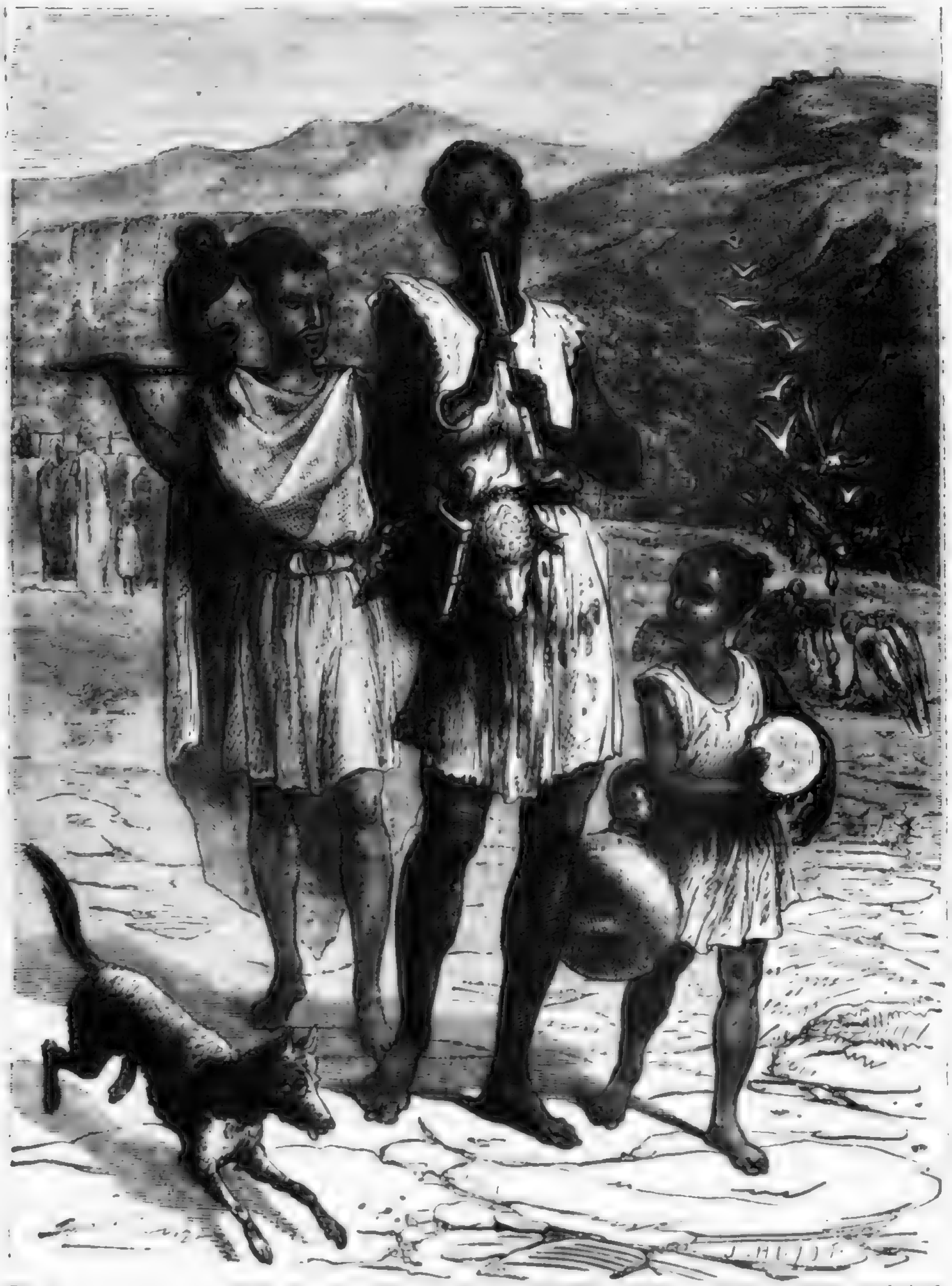
slave-trade, put an end to vexatious transit dues, by ordering that they should be levied in only three places in his dominions; and paid his soldiers, in order that they might be able to purchase provisions, instead of plundering the people. Consul Plowden thus sums up his report upon the character and policy of Theodore: 'Some of his ideas may be imperfect, others impracticable; but a man who, rising from the clouds of Abyssinian ignorance and childishness, without assistance and without advice, has done so much, and contemplated such large designs, cannot be regarded as of an ordinary stamp.'"



ABYSSINIAN VILLAGERS.

This was written within a couple of years after Theodore had apparently gained the summit of his ambition. "At this time," continues Mr. Markham, "he had the benefit of the society of Bell and Plowden, and his good genius, Tawabetch, 'the Beautiful,' was still alive. But at the very crisis of his fate he lost all these true friends; opposition maddened him; the worst parts of his character were developed. He became a changed man; abandoned all self-control; was made drunk by irresponsible power, and was lost. But in 1855 a glorious career seemed to be opening before him."

Theodore indeed lost his best advisers just at the time when he most needed them. Tawabetch, the wife of his youth, runs like a bright thread through a part of the dark web of the life of Theodore. Even the virulent Stern has some good words to say of her. She died in 1860, and in the same year Plowden and Bell, while on their way to the coast, were set upon and murdered by an insurgent chief. Theodore took fierce vengeance for this treacherous act. Hundreds upon hundreds of those who were held to be implicated in it were put to death.

We must pass with very brief mention over the first five years of the reign of Theodore. In fact, with our best effort, we fail to form a clear idea of the events. One thing appears quite indisputable: at the beginning of 1861, Theodore was apparently victorious everywhere, and was supposed to have under his orders an army of not less than 150,000 men. Had he then contented himself, even temporarily, with the sway over the mountain region which properly constitutes Abyssinia, most likely he might have consolidated an empire. But he was hotly resolved upon the conquest of the lowland region, bordering on the Nile upon the one hand, and on the Red Sea upon the other. Every Mohammedan in this wide region should have his choice between baptism or exile. For a brief time success seemed fairly within his grasp. He overran the Galla region, and within its boundaries fixed upon the stronghold of Magdala to be used as a fortress to overawe the region, a prison for captives of state, and a refuge for himself in case of need.

Early in 1863 an event occurred, apparently of little consequence, but which was to decide the fate of Theodore. The British Government appointed Captain Cameron as diplomatic agent in the Turkish town of Massowah, but with a kind of roving commission as "Consul in Abyssinia." Cameron at once set out for the residence of the Negûs, where he found quite a number of Europeans, mostly Germans, who had entered the royal service, being mainly engaged in the manufacture of arms and in the construction of roads. There were also four Protestant missionaries, whom Theodore seems to have regarded with much contempt, and not a little of suspicion. He was quite desirous of having Europeans about him;

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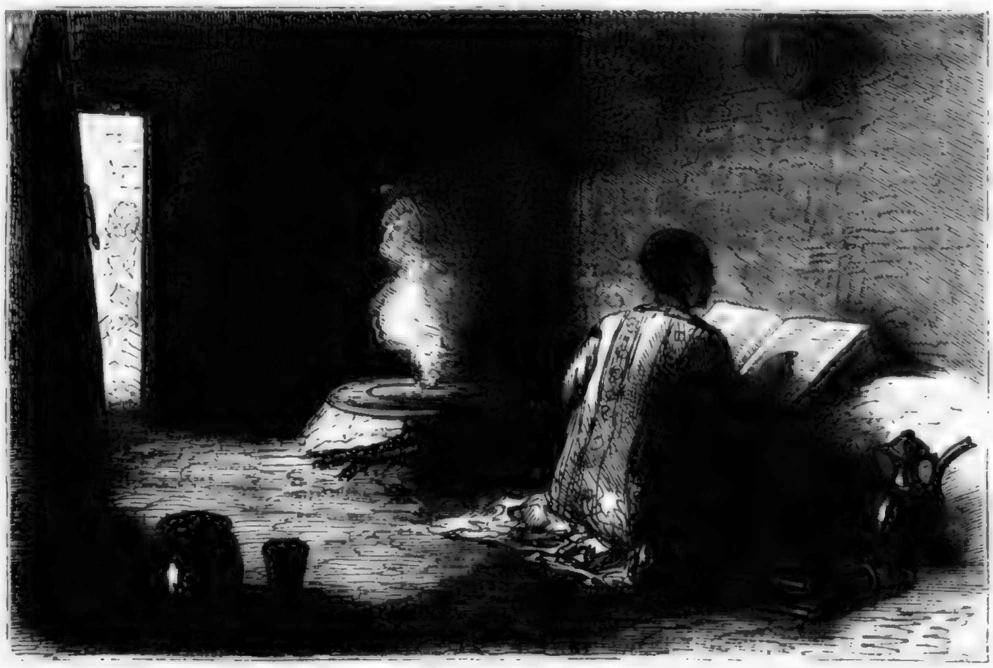


AN ABYSSINIAN SACRISTY.

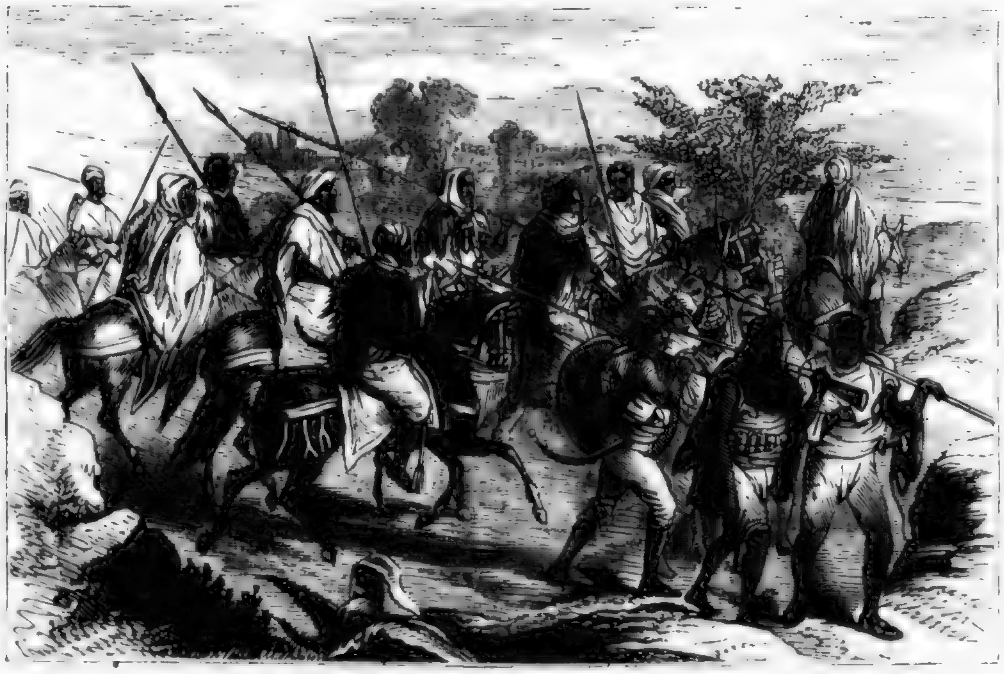
but the men whom he wanted were workers, not preachers.

Cameron, representing the great Queen of England, was received with high favor. He was soon desired to forward a letter to his sovereign from the Ethiopian monarch, who had come to look upon himself as fully the equal of any other earthly potentate. This notable document ran thus:

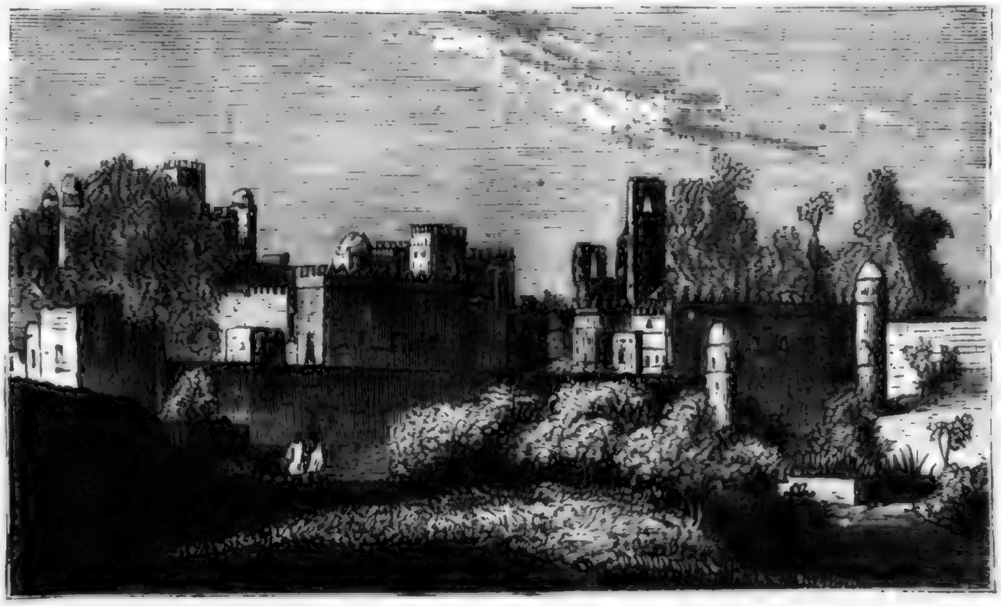
> "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, one God in Trinity—the chosen of God, King of Kings, Teódoros of Ethiopia, to her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of England:—My fathers, the Emperors, had forgotten our Creator, and He handed over their kingdom to the Gallas and the Turks. But God created me, lifted me out of the dust, and restored this empire to my rule. He endowed me with power, and enabled me to stand in the place of my fathers. By His power I drove away the Gallas; but as for the Turks, I have told them to leave the land of my fathers. They refuse, and I am going to wrestle with them. Mr. Plowden, and my late chamberlain, the Englishman Bell, used to tell me that there is a great Queen who loves all Christians. When they said to me, 'We are able to make you known to her,' I was very glad. I gave them my love, thinking I had found your Majesty's good will."

Theodore goes on to tell how Plowden and Bell had been murdered by his enemies. "But," he says, "by the power of God, I have exterminated those enemies, not leaving one alive, so that, by the power of God, I may get your friendship." The letter then goes on to propose that as soon as the way was at all clear, an embassy should be sent by the Negûs of Ethiopia to the Queen of England, Consul Cameron, the Queen's representative and also the friend of the King of Ethiopia, to conduct the Ethiopian embassy to England.

It would be hard to find a better conceived missive than this of Theodore to Victoria. It reached London early in 1863. Those who bear in mind the great events then occupying the stage of history, will not wonder that a letter from such a source received little notice. It was not



KING THEODORE'S SOLDIERS.



PALACE OF THEODORE AT GONDAR.

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exactly thrown into the waste-basket, but was laid aside in the Foreign Office for further consideration, no word of reply being vouchsafed. Theodore considered himself the equal of any other potentate in the world. He was bitterly wroth at what he might fairly hold to be an act of intentional discourtesy committed by the British Government. We catch a glimpse also of a similar snubbing from the Emperor of France, but the details are quite too vague to find place in our record. The upshot of all was that Theodore began to look with evil eyes upon all Europeans. The Protestant missionaries Stern and Flad were nearest at hand; they were flung into prison, and subjected to hard treatment for the four and a half years during which the reign of Theodore was to last. It must be borne in mind that during this period, the character of Theodore was coming to its worst. He had given way to the predominant Abyssinian vice of drunkenness, and when drunk he was scarcely a responsible being. Consul Cameron, who had returned to the coast, went back to Abyssinia in November, 1864. When Theodore found that Cameron brought no reply to his formal letter to the Queen of England, the luckless envoy was thrown into prison.

The British Government now began to see that it had committed a grave error, which should be repaired as soon as possible. So Mr. Hormzud Rassam was sent on a mission to the King of Abyssinia, charged with a special message from Queen Victoria.

Of this Mr. Rassam a few words must be said. He was born almost upon the site of ancient Nineveh, his family claiming descent from the old Chaldeans and the early Christians. His brother had married the sister of Mr. Badger, a great Arabic scholar, and from her young Rassam learned to speak English. From 1845 to 1851 he greatly aided Mr. Layard in his researches at Nineveh, and after that was employed in confidential capacities by the British Government. He seemed the man of all others who could make things straight with King Theodore of Abyssinia. When, after many delays, he found his way to the court of the Negûs, he was treated as a prisoner of state. The date of Rassam's imprisonment was July, 1866. He was released in 1868, upon the downfall and death of Theodore. His later career is quite worthy of note. He wrote a rather interesting account of the affairs in Abyssinia in which he had borne no inconsiderable part; this was published in 1869. In 1876 he succeeded Mr. George Smith as the chief of the explorations undertaken by the British Museum, and near the close of 1878 he was sent out upon a new and more extended exploring expedition, under a firman from the Sublime Porte, extending over all northern Syria, ancient Assyria and Babylonia. His powers are so ample, and his capacities so unquestioned, that scholars are anxiously awaiting the results of his explorations.

Not long after the imprisonment of Mr. Rassam, Lieutenant Prideaux was sent out, charged with a commission to demand the release of Cameron and Rassam. He met with a reception similar to that of the others. He was thrown into prison, fettered, and in time sent to Magdala as a prisoner of state.

The British Government has been charged, and, perhaps, not wrongly, with very harsh dealings with sundry uncivilized peoples. In its relations with Theodore of Abyssinia nothing of the kind appears. It attacked him only when it was clear to all men that he was wholly in the wrong; it overthrew him only when by all the laws of God and man he should have been overthrown. Such an indignity as the imprisonment of one, two and three of its successive representatives was one to which no government could submit without tacitly acknowledging that it was too feeble to uphold its rights. The British Government, in its relations with Theodore of Abyssinia, was in no such state as this. Early in the Summer of 1867 it was resolved to send an armed force to Abyssinia, to release the captives and to punish the King, who had violated all the rights of nations. It took some time to fix upon the man who should be placed at the head of this expedition. The place was in time accorded to Sir Robert Cornelius Napier, born in Ceylon in 1810, who had already won high credit in India and China.

The advance party of this expedition, under Colonel Meriwether, reached the mouth of the Red Sea early in September, 1867, and explorations were at once set on foot to discover the best routes by which a march of some four or five hundred miles could be made into the heart of Abyssinia, where it was supposed that King Theodore would have to be encountered. The entire British force, as finally organized, numbered about 32,000 men, of whom half were technically soldiers, the others belonging, in one way or another, to the transport corps. When fairly started there were some 11,000 beasts of burden—horses, mules, donkeys and camels, besides half a hundred elephants, who were to carry the heavy guns. These 11,000 animals fit for service were much less than half of the number which were actually landed on the hot shore of the Red Sea, whence the march was to be made. Sir Robert Napier fairly began his march into the interior early in 1868. Of this march it is enough to say that it met with no armed opposition. Saving the physical difficulties of the route, it was a mere military promenade. All the region through which the invaders had to pass was in insurrection against Theodore, and the chiefs and the people were ready to give all aid to the European invaders.

The empire of Theodore had by this time begun to tumble into pieces. Had he been content to rule the mountain land, most likely he would have been able to maintain his sway there. But in his mad efforts to acquire the lowland region he risked all and lost all. Insurrections broke out in every quarter. Now and then he manifested tokens of his former vigor. But he had come to be half a madman—mad for the most part when drunk—which seems to have been his normal condition. About the time when Prideaux reached him he gave out that he was to march from his camp at Debra Tabor against the rebels in Tigre. He did, indeed, march some ten leagues, and then marched back again, moved by what impulse we do not know. Supplies for his great army could be found only by plunder, and the only province which remained faithful to him was thoroughly plundered. All at once he came to the resolution to take what force he could collect and throw himself into the stronghold of Magdala. This movement had, as dates show, no relation to the English invasion.

On the 10th of October, 1867, he burned his capital of Debra Tabor, and set out on the march for Magdala. His force at this time consisted of not more than 6,000 men fairly armed with guns, and a rabble of perhaps five times as many spearmen and camp-followers. He had barely 150 miles to go in order to reach Magdala. But the route was a most difficult one, for he was resolved to take with him a score or more guns and mortars, which had been cast for him by his German artificers.

This march of Theodore to Magdala was in many respects a wonderful one, and during the later months of his life it seemed that the noble characteristics of his better days had come back to him, marred, indeed, by more than one paroxysm of drunken ferocity. We quote a striking passage from Mr. Markham's calm narrative: "Theodore now displayed an amount of indomitable energy, military

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skill and fertility of resources that entitles his march to rank as one of the most remarkable in history. With no base of operations, surrounded by watchful enemies, and with the necessity of constructing roads for heavy artillery over a most difficult country, he yet overcame all these obstacles, and achieved what might well have been thought impossible."

For a full month Theodore, with his heavy wagons, toiled over a broken country, where not more than two miles a day could be accomplished. He himself was ever foremost in directing the movements, especially in road-making, the most difficult of all, often working with his own hands in clearing away boulders and building causeways over streams and morasses. Then it became needful to clamber up and down the sides of a ravine, the roadway having to be blasted out of the rock. To make this bit of road required fully three weeks.

Beyond this there was still a fearful march before Magdala could be reached. Hardest of all was the ascent and descent of the Jidda ravine, which cuts down deeply into the tableland. In about four miles there is a descent, and a corresponding ascent, of more than three thousand feet. "The obstacle presented by this ravine," says Mr. Markham, "would have daunted most men. But Theodore never hesitated. He at once set about the construction of a first-class road, practicable for heavy artillery. The trace is well selected, though there are some very steep gradients; but there is an average width of thirty or forty feet. It is a most remarkable work—a monument of dogged, unconquerable resolution. Rocks were blasted, trees sawn down, revetment-walls of loose stone, mixed with earth and branches, built up, and everywhere a strengthening line of branches, to prevent the earthwork from slipping. The details of the blasting were done under the direction of the German artisans, but the King himself was the chief engineer, who selected the trace and organized the labor."

The bottom of this Jidda ravine was reached on the 28th of January, 1868; then came the equal labor of climbing the other side by like means, a work which occupied until the last day of February. There was still another deep ravine to be passed before the stronghold of Magdala could be reached. The goal was attained by Theodore on the 28th of March, and for a moment he could breathe freely. But the British force, heading to the same point, but from a different direction, were close upon the heels of Theodore.

It is not very easy to give in words a clear idea of this stronghold of Magdala. Imagine a great plateau broken into ridges, but with a general elevation of nearly nine thousand feet above the sea; the whole of this mighty plateau being deeply cut into by immense ravines. The plain of Arroye is a part of this plateau. From this plain spring up several square-topped mountains, rising one thousand feet or more above the general level. Notable among these is Magdala, nearly isolated from the others, but still having at its base several minor ridges, one of which, called Fala, is worthy of note, being a kind of outpost for the stronghold. Magdala itself is a square-topped mountain, with perpendicular sides three or four hundred feet high, accessible at only two opposite points by very rugged pathways, which were strongly guarded. Everywhere else the perpendicular sides were fortification enough. The level top of this mountain is about a mile long and half as broad.

Without being exactly aware of it, Theodore and Napier had been for months slowly racing for Magdala. The Abyssinian got the start by a few days. On the 30th of April, Napier, being still some leagues distant from Magdala, sent his first communication to Theodore. It was brief, rather informal, but quite to the point. He had come with an army to liberate the European prisoners, and he demanded that they should be sent to his camp, wherever it might be, at the earliest possible moment. In the meantime the English kept steadily on their march toward Magdala.

Theodore seems to have made no reply to this demand for the release of his prisoners. He evidently believed that he could maintain himself at Magdala against any force which could be brought against him. The cannon and mortars which he had brought with him by so much labor were judiciously posted on the outlying ridges, which formed a series of bastions for Magdala itself. But it was advisable to relieve his *amba*, or prison camp, from all encumbrances. The European captives were, in his view, a kind of hostages whose safety might be turned to account. Besides these were more than five hundred native prisoners. These he decided to liberate, and let them go where they would or could. So on the morning of April 8th they were brought down from Magdala to the lower heights. Half or more of them were set free at once. The others, who were held, raised a clamor. Theodore, now thoroughly drunk, was wrought up into fury. He cut down several of the prisoners with his own hands, and gave orders that the others should be flung sheer over the steep precipice, down which no man could fall and live. Mr. Stern puts the whole number of those done to death at more than three hundred. Mr. Markham—probably a more reliable authority—gives the number as not quite two hundred. In either case it was a brutal massacre. When Theodore had partly recovered from his drunken fury he was aghast at what he had done. He spent the whole night in prayer, protesting before heaven that he did not know what he was about, and besought that the crime should not be laid to his charge.

April 10th was Good Friday. By this time the British advance had come to be fairly in view of Magdala. Numerically the force was far from imposing. All told, there were only 3,273 infantry and 460 cavalry, but they were splendidly armed and equipped. In front of them lay the Abyssinian stronghold, perhaps five miles away, with its intervening heights, the topmost point being a thousand feet above where they stood. All the morning, and until the afternoon was far spent, there was no sign of life upon those grim heights. A little before five o'clock there was the sound of a cannon-shot from the Fala ridge. In a few moments more there were other shots, and then down the sharp descent to the plain of Arroye, came pouring what looked like a torrent of assailants. Now that we know their numbers, the assailants were feeble, but they comprised all the force left to Theodore. There were perhaps 1,000 men armed with tolerable rifles and muskets, 2,000 more having rude matchlocks, and a great rabble of quite useless spearmen. The British were ready for them as soon as they even came within reach of the long-range Snider rifles, which soon began to mow them down rank after rank, before even the best of their more ineffective weapons could begin to be effective. This affair, sometimes styled the "Battle of Arroye," was not a battle—it was a slaughter. The Abyssinians lost some 700 in killed, and twice as many wounded. The British loss was 2 killed and 18 wounded, half of them only slightly. In the history of our own Civil War we find two instances not altogether unlike this. One was at Fredericksburg, when Hooker's corps, moving against a sunken road at the foot of Marye's Hill, lost more than 1,000 men in a quarter of an hour, the Confederates probably not losing a score; the other was at Gettysburg, when

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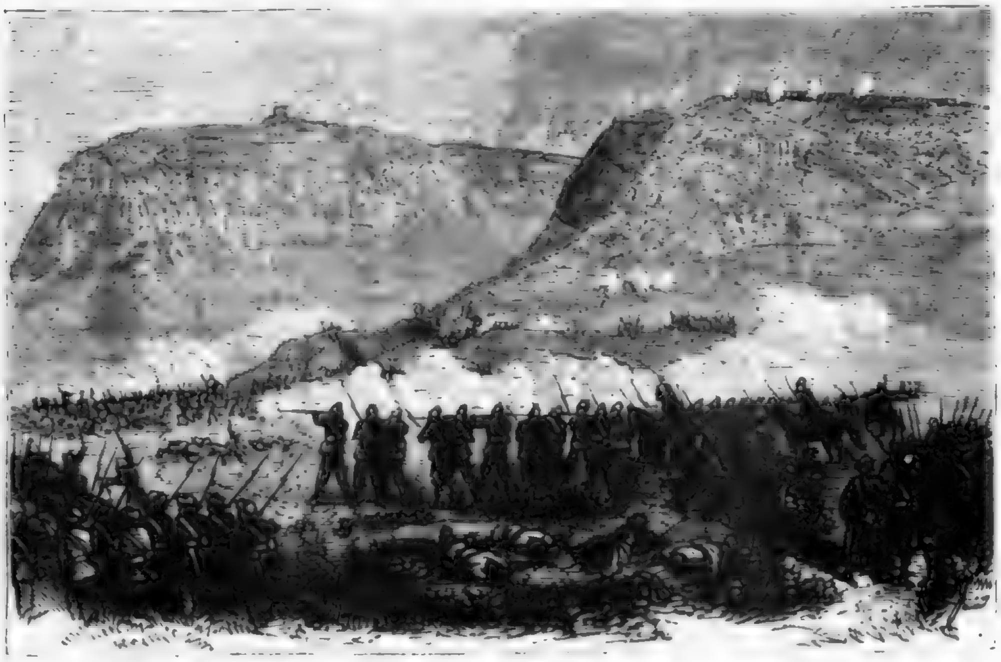
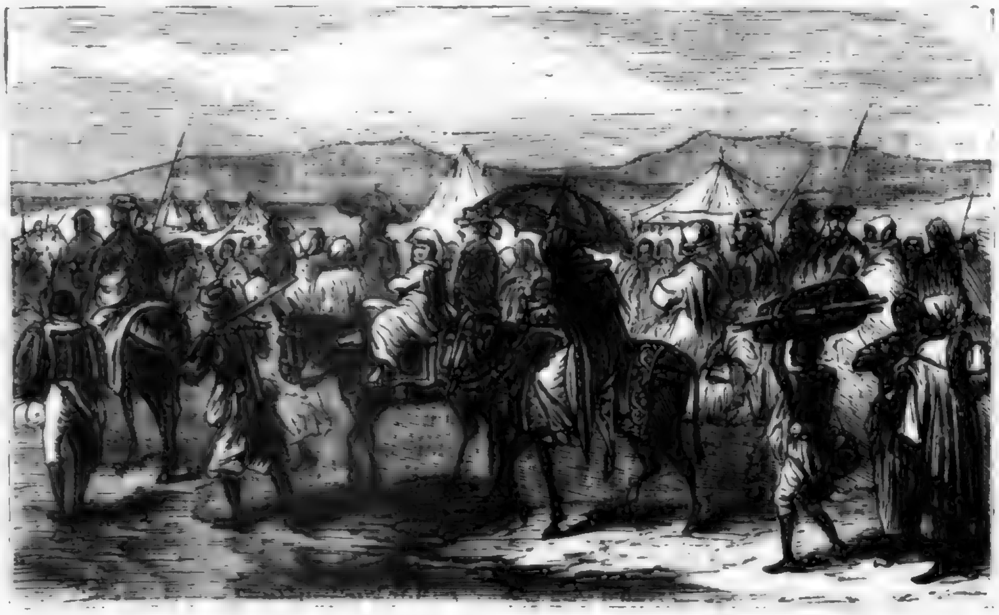


THE BATTLE OF ARROYE.

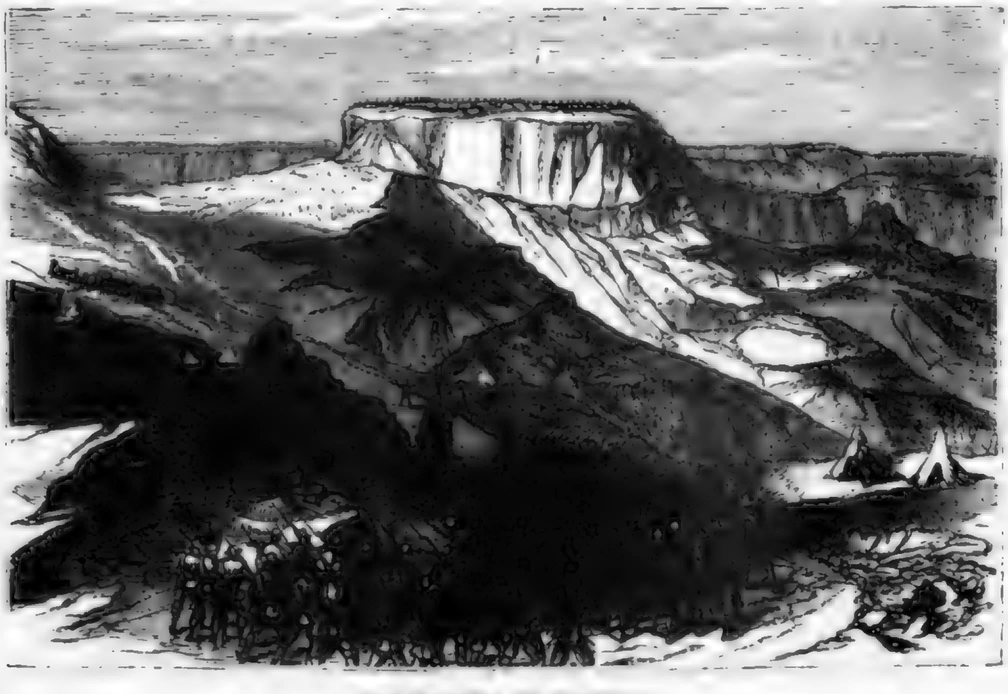
the Confederates made that heroic and historic charge, of which it has been written, "To advance, retreat, or stand still was alike impossible. Of the attacking force, numbering fully 15,000, not one in four escaped; the others were dead or prisoners." This attack by Theodore was the result of an error in information. He supposed that the British whom he saw before him were simply a reconnoitring party, who might easily be driven back or annihilated. He saw his error only when it was too late to retrieve it by countermanding the attack.



THE RELEASED PRISONERS OF THEODORE.

Theodore had now lost more than half of his available force. He saw that there was no hope of further successful resistance, and on the next morning sent messengers to the English commander with proposals of peace. Sir Robert Napier sent the messengers back with this reply:

> "Your Majesty has fought like a brave man, and has been overcome by the superior force of the British army. It is my desire that no more blood shall be shed. If, therefore, your Majesty will submit to the Queen of England, and bring all the Europeans now in your Majesty's hands, and deliver them safely this day in the British camp, I guarantee honorable treatment for yourself and all the members of your Majesty's family."



THE STORMING OF MAGDALA.

This letter was really a demand of unconditional surrender; but it lacked the formalities which in the East are held of so much importance. It was written on a small bit of paper, and bore neither address nor signature. When it was delivered to Theodore, who for the moment was every inch a king, he put it aside, and went on dictating to his secretary a paper which had already been commenced. It was in the nature of a formal manifesto, evidently meant for the British commander, of whose very name he assumed to be ignorant. He began by enumerating some of the great things which he had done, or had contemplated doing, for his people; and he hoped that God would yet bring good out of his efforts. "I had

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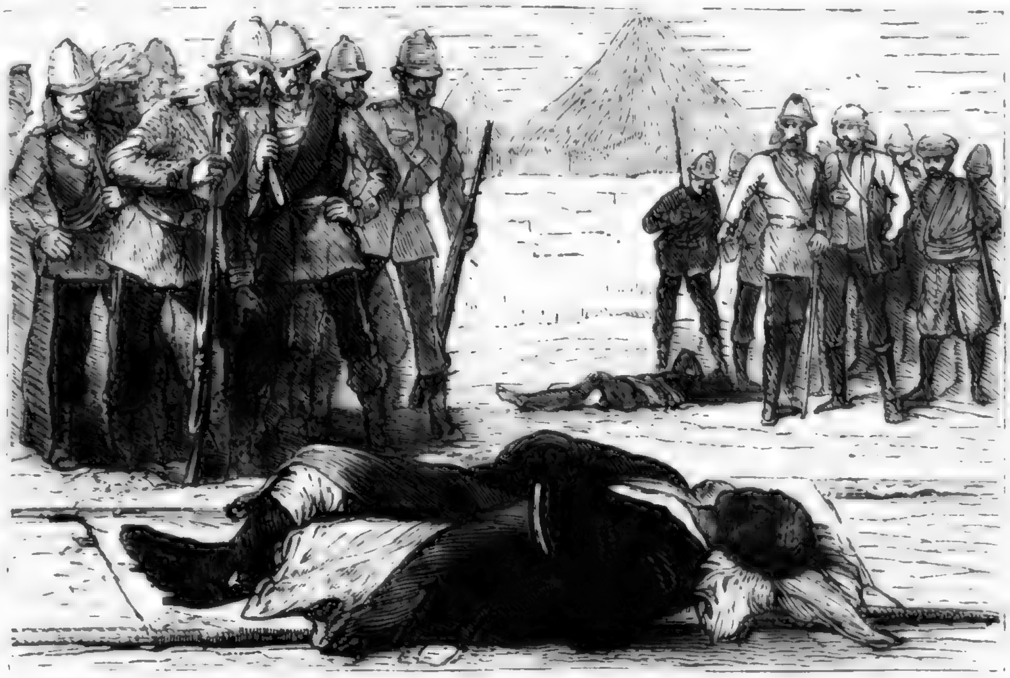
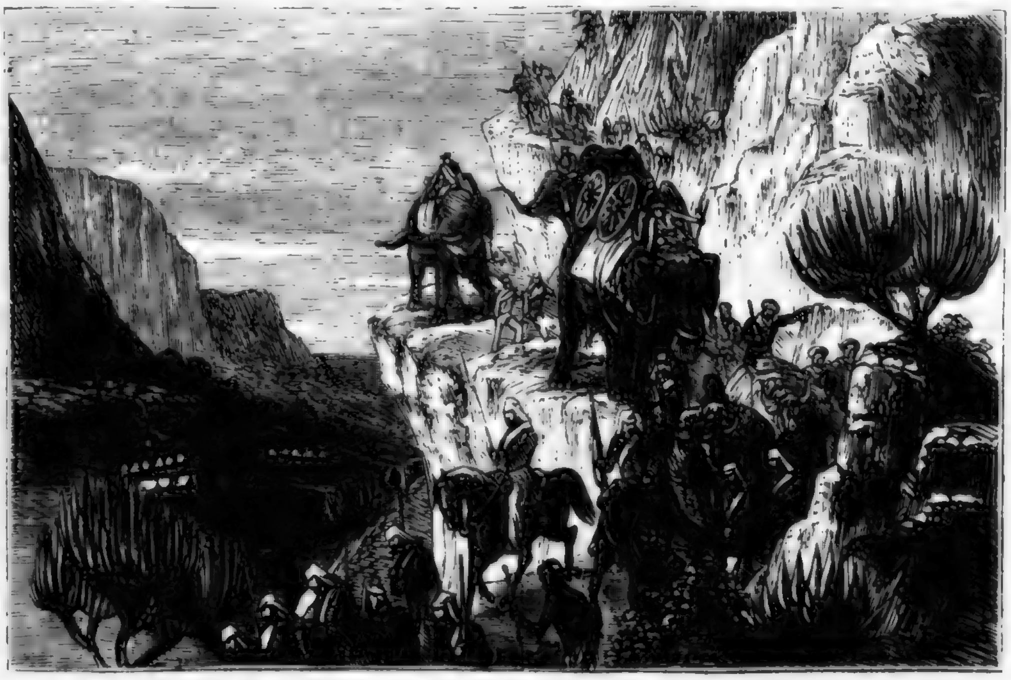
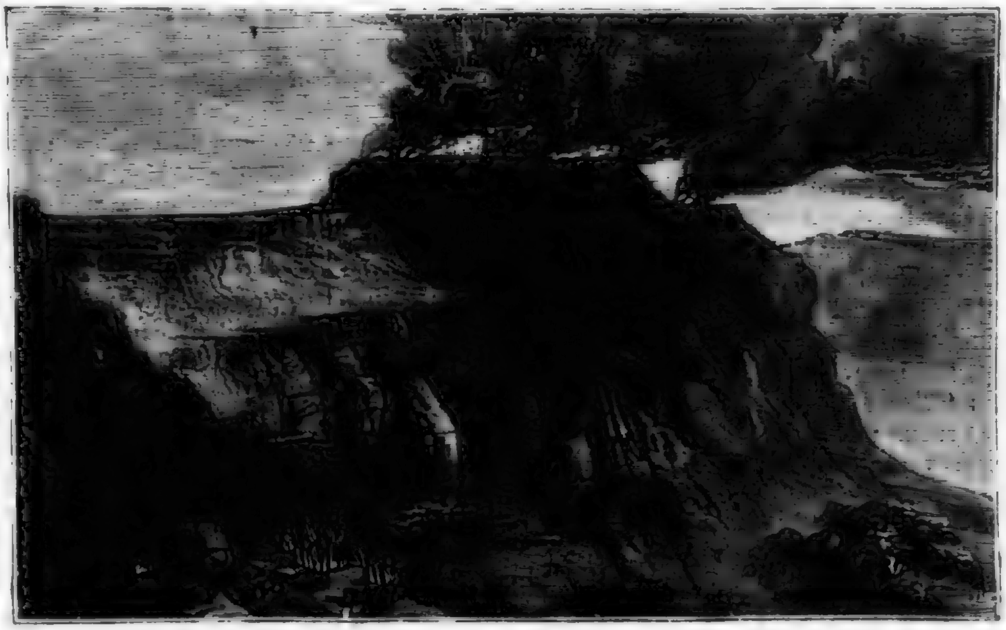
hoped," he said, "after subduing all my enemies in Abyssinia, to lead my army to Jerusalem, and expel the Turks from it." He had now been defeated by superior arms and better discipline. The matter of personal surrender was almost contemptuously set aside. Since the day of his birth no man had ever dared to lay hands upon him, and he would not now become a prisoner. "A warrior," he said, "who has dandled strong men in his arms like infants, will never suffer himself to be dandled in the arms of others."


THEODORE DEAD.

This long and rather pretentious paper was sent to the British commander, and with it was sent back Napier's note, to which no further reply was vouchsafed. Theodore evidently looked upon this as the last act of his life. After sending off the message, he sat for a time without speaking a word. Then ordering his attendants to stand aside, he threw himself upon the ground, said a prayer or two; then rising, he pulled a revolver from his belt, and placed the muzzle in his mouth. Some say that he pulled the trigger, but there was no discharge. The attendants rushed back and tried to disarm him. A struggle ensued, in the course of which the pistol was discharged, the bullet just grazing the head of Theodore, inflicting a slight flesh wound upon the ear. He looked upon this failure at suicide as an indication from above that his career had not yet reached its close. He thought that there was a future still before him. He called his surviving chiefs around him to counsel what should now be done. The general sentiment was that the European prisoners should all be put to death, and that the war should be waged to the utmost extremity of extermination. Theodore himself judged more sagely. He would release all the Europeans, for whose liberation the English had come, and would trust to fortune for what might ensue.


ELEPHANTS CARRYING ARTILLERY.


THE BURNING OF MAGDALA.

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So, on this Saturday morning, he sent the Europeans to the British camp. All told, they numbered sixty-seven, of whom fully a third were children, many of them half-castes, born in the country. Mr. Stern is fully persuaded that Theodore never meant that he and his fellows should escape with their lives. "King Theodore," he says, "and his few faithful chiefs, had no intention to grant us freedom and liberty. They had resolved to immolate us on that very path which they foresaw that our liberators would traverse before many hours." We find no valid evidence that there was any such treachery meditated by Theodore. He had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by it. Indeed, Mr. Stern himself says that when Theodore was urged to this final act, his reply was, "No; I have already killed people enough. Let the white people go and be free."

So passed Saturday. Sunday, April 12th, was Easter Day. Early that day Theodore sent a very cunningly devised letter to the British commander. In the first place, he undertook to defend, or at least explain, his acts of the last day or two. He had indeed sent back the message which had been forwarded to him. The reason for doing this was because he believed at the time that they two would never meet upon earth, but only in heaven. "Then," he says, "while the fires of jealousy burnt in my heart, Satan came to me and tempted me to kill myself with my own pistol. But reflecting that God would be angry with me if I were to go in this manner, and leave my army without a protector, I sent to you in a hurry, lest I might die, and all things be in confusion before my message should reach you." Not many hours after he did indeed try to kill himself; but the unsuccessful result indicated to him that it was the will of God that he should not die, but live. But the real gist of this dispatch lay in a couple of sentences which one would be likely to pass over lightly. They ran thus:

> "To-day is Easter. Be pleased to let me send a few cows to you. You require from me all the Europeans. Be it so. But now that we are friends, you must not leave me without artisans, as I am a lover of the mechanical arts."

The vailed intent of Theodore lay in this: If his Easter presents were accepted, there would be an implied understanding that peace was formally established between the two Powers, treating upon equal terms, special details to be duly considered. Theodore was careful to insinuate that among the things which he wanted was the power of retaining or acquiring the aid of Europeans, whereby he would once more be sovereign of Ethiopia. For one more day that vain dream ruled his mind.

To this message from Theodore a mere verbal reply was returned by Sir Robert Napier. What that reply was is still wrapped in uncertainty. Napier affirms that he "had authorized nothing that could have led Theodore to believe that he would accept one jot less than the terms of his first demand," which included the unconditional surrender of Theodore, upon the assurance of honorable personal treatment of himself and his family. But when, after sundry transmissions through one interpreter and another, the message was made known to Theodore, it ran thus: "The English Ras says to you, 'I have accepted your present; may God give it back to you.'"

Theodore, who seems for the moment to have been quite sober, heaved a great sigh of relief. The immediate peril was over, and there was yet a future for him. All the European prisoners had been sent to the English camp. Following hard upon them came the Easter present. It consisted of 1,000 beeves and 500 sheep—every hoof of live stock which he had. But before the sun had set, Theodore found that he had been misled. His Easter present would not be accepted. Not a cow or a sheep was permitted to enter the British lines. He was thus given to understand that he was not a friend, but still an enemy.

All that night Theodore seems to have been in a state of blank despair, and at last sank into a troubled sleep under a rude awning outside of Magdala. At dawn he arose, and went up to the stronghold, where the small remainder of his faithful followers were assembled. His first idea was to make his escape by the gate on the opposite side from that before which lay the enemy. The attempt was pronounced unfeasible. Theodore gave up all for lost, releasing all his soldiers from their allegiance, and bidding them to look out for themselves as best they could. His whole army fell to pieces, only a score or so of followers, faithful to the last, remaining with their fallen sovereign.

One thing remained to be done on the evening of that dismal Easter Sunday. After the death of Tawabetch, Theodore had married a proud Amharic princess. The marriage was an unhappy one. The new Queen, after becoming the mother of a son, was sent to Magdala, and for years father, mother and son had never seen each other. Theodore meanwhile had given free rein to disreputable indulgences. But now, when the end of all was close at hand, he sought his long-exiled Queen. We can only guess as to what passed between them. The one thing which we know is that he gave her a parting injunction which she held to be sacred. Their young son, the only legitimate offspring of Theodore, to whom had been strangely given a name meaning "He who has seen the World," was to be sent to England, confided to the protection of the British Government. The mother seems to have meant to go with him, but she died before reaching the coast. The boy reached England, but died there not very long ago.

Easter Monday, April 13th, 1868, had now dawned. It had come to be known in the English camp that Theodore had been meditating an escape from Magdala. To secure his person was thought to be a matter of no little moment, and a high reward was offered for his capture. Meanwhile, Magdala itself was to be taken by storm; the storming was to be ushered in by a fierce cannonade. If the besiegers had only known how few were now the defenders of Magdala, they might have saved themselves much trouble. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the storming party began to move. They had to climb a steep and narrow pathway leading up to a stone gateway, with a heavy wooden door. Theodore, and the score of men left with him, had piled up stones against the door, so that it could not be opened from without. The storming party of the English began to swarm around this gateway, and to climb over its sides. They soon came to a second gateway, behind which Theodore, with not more than ten followers, was awaiting his inevitable fate. There is something almost sublime in these last minutes of the life of Theodore. He had done all that mortal man could do, and now, seated upon the rocks, he had only to await the shots which came up from below. One man after another fell close by his side, until there were only four left. The storming party of the English, having eluded the obstructions, were close upon them. They went back some fifty yards to a group of huts, the furthest point to which they could retreat. Here Theodore dismissed all, with the exception of Walda Gabir, his faithful personal attendant. "I release you all," he said, "from your allegiance. As for me, I shall never fall into the hands of the enemy." When all were gone except Walda Gabir, Theodore placed the muzzle of a pistol in his mouth. "It is finished," he

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said, and pulled the trigger. This time there was no default in the execution of his purpose. The ball went upward, shattering the roof of the mouth, passing out at the back of the head, leaving the features of the face unimpaired. Death must have followed instantly after the shot.

By this time the English were fully masters of Magdala. Sir Charles Staveley headed the storming party. Some one told him that the dead body of King Theodore was lying not far away. A rude litter was improvised, and the corpse was brought before Sir Charles. It was easily identified as that of the great Theodore. Sir Charles looked upon it for a moment, and then, as Mr. Markham sternly records: "He walked on, and a crowd came round the body, gave three cheers over it, as if it had been that of a dead fox, and then began to cut and tear the clothes to pieces, until it was nearly naked. The body," continues Mr. Markham, "was excessively emaciated. It appeared that Theodore had fasted for four days before his death, supporting life by excessive drinking. The corpse was that of a man of medium stature, well-built, with broad chest, small waist, and medium limbs. The hair was much disheveled, crisp and coarse, and done in three plaits; but it had not been dressed for days. The complexion was dark for an Abyssinian, but the features showed no trace of negro blood. The eyebrows had a peculiar curve downward, and there was a deep-curved furrow in the middle of the forehead. The nose was finely cut, with a low ridge; the lips very thin; the face rather round than oval; the scanty beard and mustache contained many gray hairs. He was in the fiftieth year of his age, and in the fifteenth of his reign."

The body of the dead Theodore was carried to a tent and prepared for burial. The Queen was asked to order the manner of the funeral. She directed that it should be very quietly conducted. The body was first infolded in fine cotton cloth, over which was a rich robe of gold and silk, a coarse cloth being wrapped over all. A shallow grave was dug in the outer cloister of the rude church, which was scarcely recognized as consecrated ground. The body was placed in this shallow excavation, a few prayers were muttered, and then the grave was filled up, the surface being strewn over with straw. Only a very few persons were present at the celebration of these scanty funeral rites.

"And so," says the calm and judicious Mr. Markham, "ended the career of the most remarkable man who has arisen in Africa within the present century. His misdeeds had been numerous, his cruelties horrible; but he was not without great and noble qualities. He was a grand, not a contemptible, tyrant. His greatest and most powerful enemies were, as a rule, not put to death when they fell into his hands. His indomitable energy and perseverance, his military skill, and his dauntless courage, command respect, while his cruelties are execrated. He preferred death to lingering out a contemptible existence after his true career was over; and he died like a hero."

The ostensible purpose of the English expedition to Africa had now been attained. The European prisoners had all been set free. Theodore had paid with his life the forfeit of all his misdeeds. The great empire which he seemed to have founded had crumbled into less than nothing. But still in and around Magdala were, perhaps, 30,000 persons who had thither followed the fortunes of Theodore. For these the conquering Britons had to make some kind of provision. As far as we can see they acted well and wisely. The fugitives received means to make their way to their several homes. But what was to be done with Magdala? None of the chiefs who might come in for a share in the future rule of Abyssinia wanted the place, but no one wanted any other one to have it. Sir Robert Napier, wisely, we think, cut the knot by ordering its total destruction. There was, indeed, very little to destroy. A few score of huts and a rude church were all that there had ever been of Magdala. The main thing was to get rid of the thirty or forty guns and mortars which Theodore had brought thither with such infinite labor. These were all bursted; and so Magdala is now only a geographical name.

MY LADY.

BY RITA.

WHAT shall I say in praise of eyes
  That once have looked my heart away;
Where light of happy laughter lies,
  And shadows gleam from grave to gay,
    Like love at play?

What shall I say of dusky tress,
  Soft-gathered from a brow of snow,
And warmed by sunlight's chance caress
  To golden shades of brighter glow
    That come and go?

What shall I say of curved lips red
  As some rich blossoms sweet and rare;
So softly grave when smiles are fled,
  So rich in mirth when smiles are there,
    My lady fair?

I stand where fields are gold and green,
  A fire of flowers before my eyes;
The blue stream's ripples flow between
  The far-off gleam of bluer skies,
    That softly rise.

And as I stand once more I dream,
  And so my eyes forget to weep;
And heart to heart once more we seem,
  As though love wakened from long sleep,
    Dark, dim and deep.

I praise your beauty as I praised
  In far-off hours of some sweet day
(That held your eyes to mine upraised);
  I vow love once is love alway,
    Nor e'er can stray.

Alas, that in the years gone by
  Such days have gone to come no more!
I stand beneath a darker sky,
  And on your beauty set no store,
    Nor shall do more.

Yet you are fair, your eyes are bright
  As when they answered back to mine;
But things once wrong are hard to right,
  And faithless love can ne'er entwine
    My heart with thine!

A QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

BY MARGUERITE F. AYMAR.

TIME, within the past five years; season, Winter; scene—well, Schuberth's was variously termed a club-house, a bier-garten, a saloon and a restaurant, according to the temper and disposition of him who chanced to speak. It was, perhaps, a little of each, and the resort of actors, authors, actresses, literary women, gamblers, artists, society men—young and old, and of students, mostly medical, occasionally theological—let this last be whispered.

On the evening of the fourth of February, Raphael Musard—you know him? The two continents have rung

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with his praises, and a third has sought to do him honor—had made his first appearance in a *rôle* new to him, that of *Othello*, the night previous, and after the performance on the fourth, even a greater "gathering of the illustrious," as they playfully termed themselves, congregated at Schuberth's than on the evening previous, for to-night not only the famous actor's rendering of a novel part might be discussed, but—a subject of equal importance—the various critiques were all out, and partisanship and opinion were rife and ran strong.

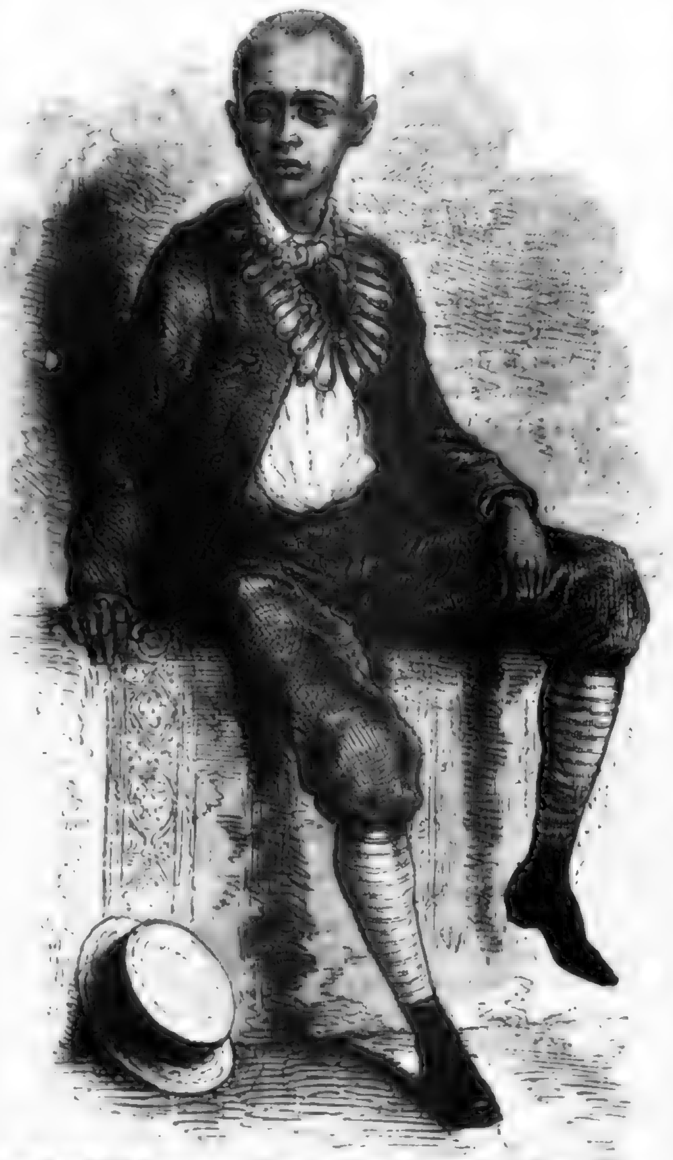
At half-after eleven Raphael Musard himself entered the long, brilliantly-lit room—with him the dramatic editors of two of the morning papers, and Jordan Delaney, who was supporting him as *Iago*.

As the party were seating themselves at one of the tables a man entered from the side-door, and, presently throwing off his sealskin overcoat and cap, sat down at another table not far off, and ordered "the strongest cup of coffee in the house" to be brought to him.

"Curse him!" the "star" mutters, toying with his pink ice and his pearl glass of pale absinthe, as his lustrous eyes fasten upon the face of the last lonely comer.

"Shut up!" Delaney says, politely. "He'll hear you."

"What is that to me? Curse him, I say. When every morning journal was in my favor, he must come out with his infernal cold blast in the evening. I despise him—despise any sybarite with a million or two at his back, that takes to journalism as an æsthetic sort of amusement, and makes and unmakes great reputations with a wanton stroke of what the world and society call 'his mighty pen.' Would it be so 'mighty,' I wonder, if Moreau St. Hilair were an honest poor man of genius like Stewart or Cassidy here"—nodding his handsome dark head to his two opposites. "No, gentlemen; but because he is one of the curled darlings, because he writes dramatic criticisms for the love of art"—Raphael Musard sneers—"instead of for bread, he can undo your kind offices of this morning by his infernal east-wind of to-night; and Judson has just told me that it will be useless to attempt running "Othello," after St. Hilair's column and a half. There it is"—drawing a copy of the most prominent evening paper in the city from his pocket. "You've seen it, of course? He says that 'Raphael Musard's beautiful, dark, effeminate Eastern face was never made to typify the intense passions of the Moor.' Indeed, I wonder if his own golden locks and azure eyes would be any more suited to the *rôle?* Bah! Help yourselves, gentlemen."



THE SON OF THEODORE, KING OF ABYSSINIA.—SEE PAGE 337.

And as they help themselves they endeavor to console the maddened player, who is the "god of their idolatry," to the best of their ability. It is of little avail; the professional animosity of an actor once excited, nothing short of a miracle seems to stem the tide of hatred, derision and invective.

In this instance scarce any one could help sympathizing with the public's favorite; the morning papers had teemed with the most enthusiastic tributes to this new evidence of Musard's genius and transcendent ability; the audience, composed of wealth, fashion, intellect and culture, had nothing but praise for his masterly rendering; all the evening journals—save one—united in pressing a wreath of new laurels on his brow; and that *one*, in a clean, clear, incisive, liberal article, one column and a half in length, informed the public that neither by nature, art nor mentality was Raphael Musard capable of even an attempt at a portrayal of the character of the dark-browed *Othello*.

Judson was right; he knew full well that against that tide it would be useless to set his managerial face; from another pen it might have brought about a wilder interest; from this one it simply implied "empty benches"; so Judson told the "star" that "Othello" must be shelved, and *Claude* step forth to charm and enchain once more.

Meantime, while the actor and his party, somewhat augmented now, were discussing their birds and wine, the object of their extreme displeasure sipped his coffee and smoked his cigar as calmly as though he and his thunderbolt were not the theme of most general conversation. He glanced up now and then to give careless recognition to half the people who came in, but no one of them even offered to join him. He was not of them; he had been once the veriest madcap and dare-devil and hail-fellow well met of them all, but within the last few years he had gradually gotten away from them; how, they could not have told you; at first they thought and spoke of love and marriage, but very soon discovered their error. Moreau St. Hilair was a man beloved of women—you know of such—but who seemed incapable of loving aught save love itself.

"Love," he would say, "never alters; but these blue eyes that I kiss asleep to-day may change, or these dark brows that I caress to-morrow may weary me, or even I them"—with his graceful, doubting shrug. "But love never can change—whereas, a woman!—besides, you know," smiling with that peculiar cold lustre in his eyes, "Love was never made in the likeness of a woman,

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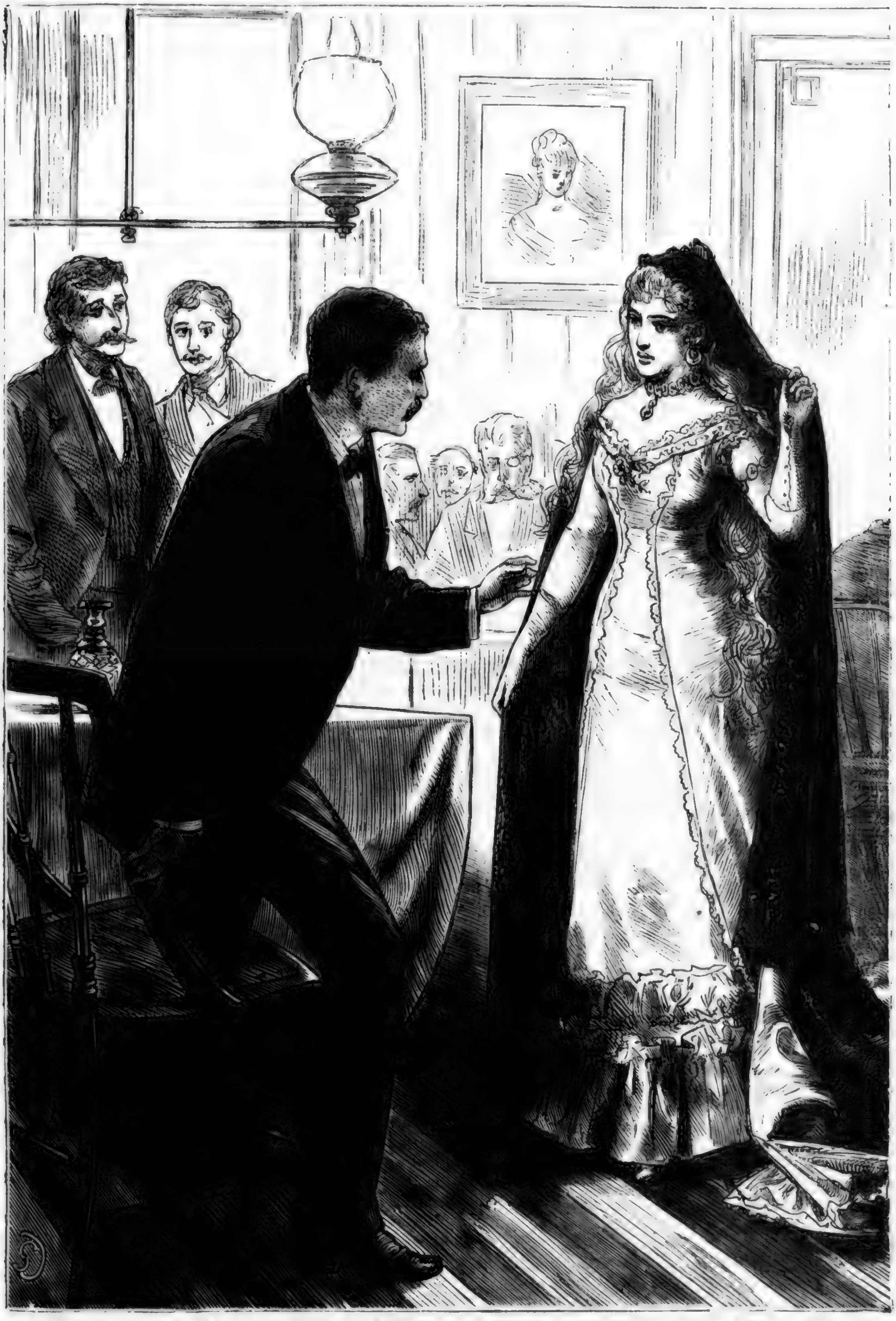

A QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.—"AND RAPHAEL, WATCHING, SEES THE SMILE OF SWEETNESS FREEZE UPON THE CRITIC'S MOUTH AS THE HEAVY LACES FALL FROM THE QUEEN'S HEAD TO THE FLOOR, AND SHOW THE GOLDEN RICHES OF THE UNDINE'S HAIR."

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and 'tis Love I love—not Love's or Passion's sweetest votaries."

So women went on loving him, some for his wonderful beauty, some for his slumbrous ways, that they longed to waken into life and quickness, some for the slow, sweet magnetism of the man, that was not aggressive, but insidious as the ethereal, intangible perfume of the heliotrope.

He had smoked out two cigars, and was in the act of lighting a third, when there was a little stir behind him.

He did not turn, but struck his match upon the table-edge. A little stir and warm greetings, and all the men standing, some with their glasses in their hands. The women did not move; they were used to it—moreover, envious or indifferent, as the case might be.

"Good-evening, everybody! Why was I so late, Lord Philip? Because I chose to be. No wine to-night—thanks, colonel. Glad you're about again, Chatterton"—stopping to smooth back the girlish locks from a boy poet's brow who worshiped her, and was learning his genius's existence through the teaching of her Eastern eyes. "Take my cloak, Mackay, that's a good boy. Judson, what's the matter? You and my brother, there, look as gloomy as Hamlet's dear old murdered father. Thank you for laughing, Delaney; there's a rose from my hair in payment. And"—she lowers her voice as she bends toward the boy poet—"here's a leaf from its heart for you."

She has come in there among them—the room a glare of gas-jets, reflected back again and again from the many mirrors—and yet she makes sunshine right across the yellow flare.

She passes the boy and passes St. Hilair, sweeping him an indifferent courtesy as she goes by. St. Hilair bows lowly—'tis a trick of his breeding; he does so to all women.

She is beside Musard in a moment, standing with one arm thrown over the back of the actor's chair, and then the strong likeness between them is most clearly visible—they are brother and sister.

Gabrielle Musard has the same small, clean-cut, exquisite features, the same great, grand, dark eyes, the low brow, the black hair and the pallid olive skin, the same unmistakable cast of features, that indorses somebody's assertion that their mother was a beautiful Jewess.

"*Qu'est ce qu'il y a, frère?*"

Her long, supple hand rests lovingly upon his shoulder; it is not hard to see the almost idolatrous love and admiration that the Queen of Bohemia has for her kinsman—a strong trait of the Hebrew blood.

"Read that."

He gives her the column of St. Hilair's writing.

She stands still to read it, and most of the men in the place watch her face keenly as she glances rapidly down the type. They love her; they think her the cleverest, brightest, most fascinating thing on earth. The clear head, the magnetic face, the fascination that speaks in every turn of the woman, has placed her where she is—a giddy height, say you? Well, she had never loved in all her twenty-five years, and, therefore, she laughed at love, and wrote the cleverest sketches for the magazines, joyed in her power, and was, after all, but a half-developed *insouciant* unbeliever, who lived on the topmost wave of life, forgetting that beneath the billows watched the cruel, sucking sand.

She had finished it—they all saw that. St. Hilair saw it through a cloud of smoke, and was mildly indifferent.

She threw down the paper.

"*Claude Melnotte* to-morrow, of course?"

Every one laughs a little, and marvels at her cleverness. Raphael frowns.

"Nay, *mein lieber*, there never was a *Claude* like thee—eh, my truest subjects?"

And they all shout and knock their glasses and mugs together.

"And I suppose the individual"—all the bitter wrath of race, sex, antagonized mentality, and—what else?—is creeping in her clear voice—"who can only accept the adorable incense of a new woman's heart each month, and knows not love's quickening power save from hearsay, likes to look at such a happiness through even another man's eyes." And they all laugh, and she slips down into a chair and pats the boy's hand. "Chatterton, when you can love as Raphael loves *Pauline*, I will marry you."

And the boy's eyes devour her face, and he writes sweetly the hours that come after.

But St. Hilair smiles—only smiles. He has heard a something else in the sneering voice, and St. Hilair was never yet mistaken on that subject, however he might fail in others.

Still the critic only smiles; he does not, nor ever has cared to, mingle with "the profession." "I have such a tender heart that I could not write the truth of them then."

So he scarcely knows Musard, and Musard's sister only slightly, because she is the Queen of that Bohemia, and so much loved, and so hopelessly, by so many men.

To-morrow night Raphael reappears in "The Lady of Lyons," and creates his usual *furore*.

It is wonderful—the man's facile management of his face—and, above all, the almost poetic art with which that mobile face was "made up," in theatrical parlance, to suit his various *rôles*.

His fellow-actors said that Musard painted a fresh portrait in each new character that he assumed; that Correggio might have envied the tints and tones he laid upon that sallow face of his; and, moreover, there was truth in it, for the man never permitted any one to be in his dressing-room when he was getting up his face—except Gabrielle.

Some said she was his first critic; that for her he let the "soul play" over his features; for her eyes first he transformed his half-Hebraic, half-Gallic face with its worn lines and traces of keen living, into the fair, fresh semblance of a young and woman-charming lover.

Claude had had his day, followed by *Hamlet* and *Richelieu*, and the Spring was well on its way to the Summer's waiting arms.

Moreau St. Hilair was a wonderful connoisseur in art; people said that if he rubbed his finger, blindfolded, over a canvas, he would tell its date, and sometimes its painter. A constant *habitué* of the studios, there was one into which he dropped as if by right—the Egyptian-like place of Walter Barry—you know him? His "Sphinx" drove Paris mad year before last.

The second Tuesday in May, St. Hilair sauntered in there with a careless tap, and found the artist standing before a fresh stretch of canvas—there were only a few dark lines as yet drawn on its smooth newness; and beyond him, under the shadow of dark draperies, in a slip of warm light, there stood a woman!—nay, a girl; or, better, neither—a being, who stepped upon the mystical threshold of the one, her eyes looking back to the innocent joys of the other.

There were gray folds of satin, bordered with golden fringes, hanging straightly from her throat and bare shoulders to her feet; her face was whiter than any lily's leaf, and the eyes were pathetic in their wistful wonder; the hair was of the color of spun-gold, and hung in curling masses to her knees; one hand lay listless at her side, and the other held a cluster of wet violets.

"Can't speak or turn, Moreau, old fellow. New model—a gem, a treasure, no woman about her; all art and spirit." This last *sotto voce.* "Even *you* could not awaken this '*che cosa é amor?*'—that is what I have named it already."

St. Hilair stands still and looks; he stands for one hour as she stands—motionless—while Barry works with all his soul.

"Thank you."

The artist drops his brush and stick, and the model drops her lifted arm, makes a slight bow, and withdraws—almost. St. Hilair is behind her—his imperious foot is firm upon the golden hem of her garment; she stops short, but she does not turn her head. It is the meek, indifferent action of a soulless thing.

"What is your name?—tell me."

That voice, so soft and so wooing, had never, to any queen of love, put on such loving accent.

"The artist there calls me Undine—that will serve you, too, I think;" and there is such coldness in the tone as he has never listened to before, and, stunned, he lets her pass out of his sight. Then turning, he catches sight of himself in Walter's great mirror, and, smiling his old smile, he says, softly, "But she has not looked into my eyes yet—she has not looked into my eyes!"

Day after day St. Hilair comes back to Barry's studio; day after day he watches the wondrous work growing beneath the master hand—watches the beautiful figure, with its puzzled question in the dark, divine eyes, and the foreshadowed soul's inquiry of love's meaning in every line of its remarkable beauty.

"'*Che cosa é amor?*' I will teach her," Moreau St. Hilair says to himself, not knowing all the while that he has learned himself, from loveless, speechless lips, the lesson he has taught so many women in his short, sweet, joyous life.

One day he finds her alone; the artist is detained; she is sitting in the sunlight.

"She is a creature that seeks the sun—she is a divine thing; she is less and more than woman," he thinks. "If I awaken those slumbrous child's eyes to womanhood and warmth, I will make of your Undine, my friend, a wife."

So, subtle man of the world that he is, he pauses at the entrance and tries to make choice of what he shall do; it is the first time in his life, and, after all, impulse, his old god, will not play him false at this the crown of his life's green flower-decked hill.

"Sweet!" And the long-pent passion, whose vague shadow has sufficed for love's gaining hitherto, the mildness and warmth, the tenderness and truth of the man, speak in the short Saxon word.

He flies to her, and takes her into his arms and kisses her, and strokes the lengths of her hair, and calls her every fond and endearing name that love and lore have taught him.

And she? She stays quite still, and he hushes a moment to look into her face; through all its marble fairness a swarthy flush—through the great, cold eyes the slow-creeping fires of love's meaning.

"Undine, I have given you a soul—I will give you my name; you ask your question no longer, dear heart—*this* is love!"

The beautiful mouth of St. Hilair is pressed to hers, but all she says is:

"Which is the stronger, think you, love or hate?"

"Love," he says; "for love can murder hate, if one but love aright. Why, sweet?"

"Nothing," she says. "I do not know. Between to-night and to-morrow they will wrestle together. Farewell." And she leaves him and stands straightly to the artist's bidding.

Raphael Musard has been going down-hill, they say, ever since St. Hilair's critique on his *Othello.* He has aged, has he not? even in four short months' time. Look at him yonder, with the wine-glass in his hand, and the silver threads among his glossy dark locks.

"Gabrielle will be back to-night?" Delaney asks.

"Yes, she will be here soon," with a keen smile cutting across his haggard face. "In fact, there she is!"

And every one clusters about the queen to welcome her, for she has been away from them for four months and over.

Very Eastern she looks to-night, with a black vail of rich, heavy lace wound about her head and face, and crossing the pure, pallid brow in Egyptian fashion, hanging in long sweeps of flounced riches over the lemon-color of her satin robe. She is vivacious, gay, with a word for all, and a smile for each, and a light touch on his forehead for the boy poet.

"You are changed, *ma reine!*" he cries.

"And how, Chatterton?"

"You look like Cleopatra after she would be dead."

"Ay," she says, "but you are a dreamer," and passes over to a seat beside her brother.

"He has not come," Raphael whispers. "Ah, revenge is sweet."

"Nay, *frère*, it is *bitter*-sweet."

"He is here!"

The queen's dark eyes rise and meet the blue, glad glance of St. Hilair—his glance is glad for any one to-night; and then Raphael touches her, and, like a goaded thing—like a thing in whose soul two powers struggle together, she rises slowly and walks down the room, while the eyes of her brother never quit her.

Once she totters a little, and she stops at the table where Chatterton sits, and asks for some wine and drinks it; and St. Hilair, looking at her vacantly, thinks of the Undine to whom he has given a soul.

So, with light laughter, mixing among her subjects, the queen slips in and out until she is very near Moreau St. Hilair.

"You are looking happy to-night, St. Hilair," she says, as the rest chatter on.

The man smiles to himself, and, for the first time since, he recalls the night after "Othello," and that which sounded in the queen's voice beside the sneer. 'Tis a compassionate smile now, and he answers:

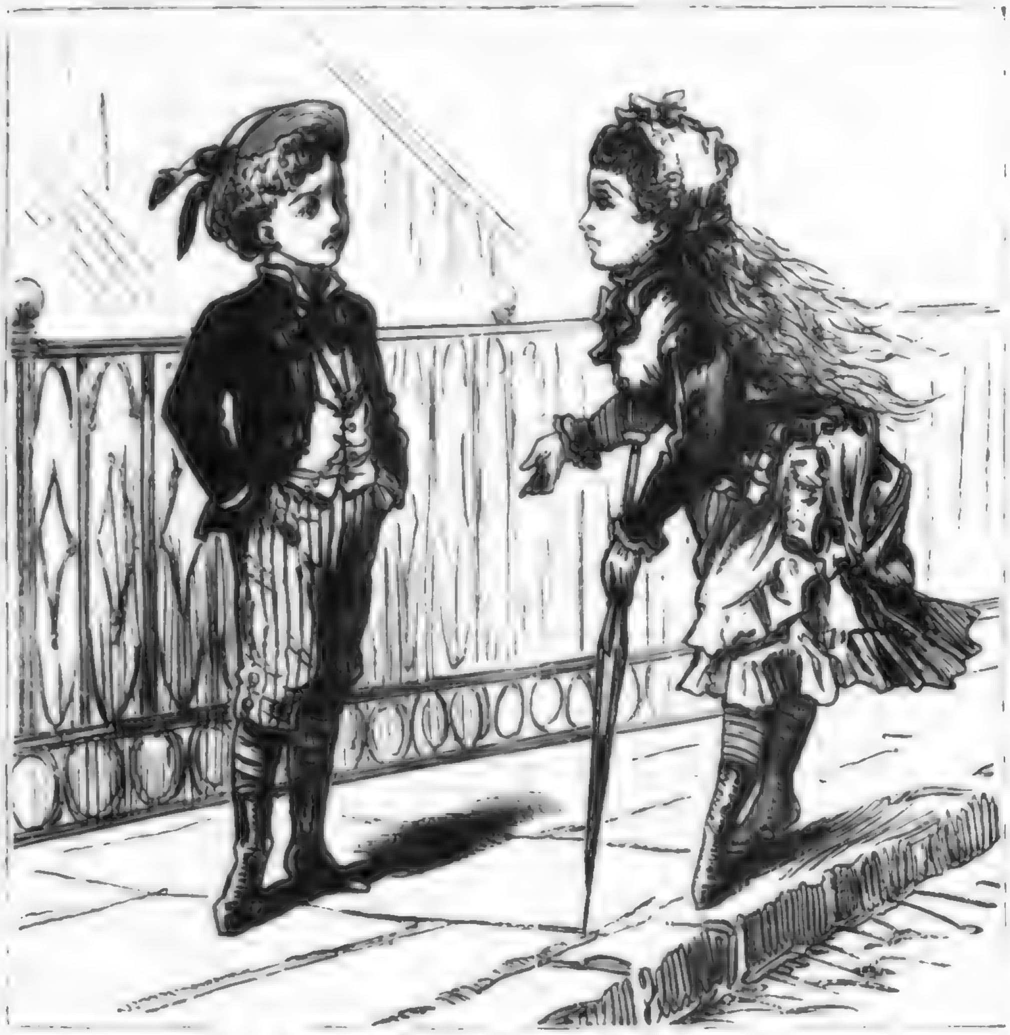
"You are right, madame. I am happy, for I am about to marry a woman whom I love; I am weary of looking at happiness through another's eyes."

St. Hilair smiles still his faultless, sweet smile up into her face; and Raphael, watching, sees the smile of sweetness freeze upon his critic's mouth as the heavy laces fall from the queen's head to the floor, and show the golden riches of the Undine's hair, curling upon her yellow satins in luxuriant splendor.

And all the women cry, "Gabrielle, you have ruined your hair!" or, "Gabrielle, now we know what you have been away for—bleaching your black locks!" And the men laugh, and the poet twines a lock about his thin finger, and Raphael cries to himself that "Revenge is sweet."

He sees no price paid; he sees no wild battle in the face of his sister; he finds no grave of joy in the reluctant shame of her theatrical *pose.* But St. Hilair does, and he takes her hand in his, and he says:

"Revenge is poor, and has a bitter savor; I meant him no harm; but love is stronger than hate, and if you will be mine, come."



A SAD OCCURRENCE AT SARATOGA.

FRED—"*Why, won't you speak to me, Susie?*"
SUSIE—"*What! And your big brother Tom rowin' in a boat that's trying to beat our Charley's? I wonder at your impudence!*"

Raphael sees it—sees the soft waver in the woman's face, the agony in the man's, and rushes to them.

"Gabrielle!" touching her on the shoulder.

She turns her head, and the agony in St. Hilair's face deepens; then the smile that is frozen on his mouth melts into fresh joy; she has turned again to him!—and, stretching out her hand, she falls backward out of reach of either of their arms—out of reach for evermore.

"Our mother died so," mutters Raphael. "Better so than the wife of him."

"She is Cleopatra after she is dead," weeps the boy, folding the falling laces over her brow.

The smile of sweetness forsakes the mouth of St. Hilair after he has kissed the lips of the woman whom he loved.

"Life," he says to the weeping boy-poet, "is a cruel thing, but the death of one's faith and one's true love is crueler."

To-morrow the papers speak of the death at Schuberth's of a "Queen of Bohemia"; and Raphael could act no more ever after, and no woman ever again loved Moreau St. Hilair.

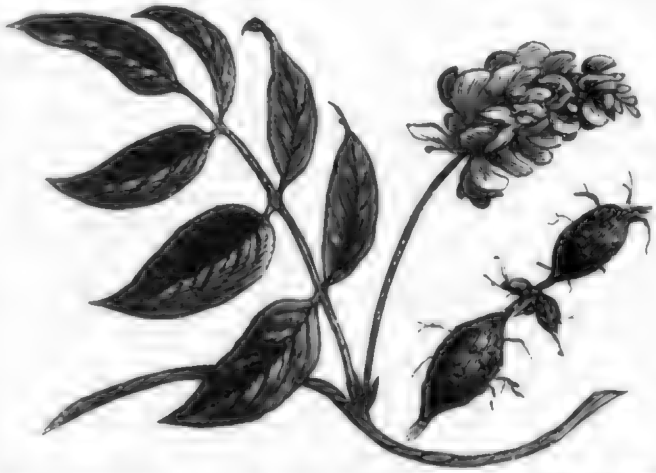
A PRETTY CLIMBING VINE—THE GROUND-NUT.

BY A. S. FULLER.

IN seeking handsome ornamental and useful plants it is not always necessary to visit the seedman, florist or nurseryman, because there are many beautiful and valuable kinds that may be obtained in the woods and fields in all parts of our country. There is no field so barren, or swamp so low and wet, that it does not produce something in the way of plants worth gathering and transplanting to the garden. The people of Europe know this, and they appreciate our American plants so highly that few gardens, however small, can be found on the other side of the Atlantic that do not contain more or less of our indigenous species.

Among the scores of our handsome native climbing-plants that are deserving of a place in every garden, there is none to which the term "pretty" is more appropriate than the one known under the common name of "ground-nut," or the *Apios tuberosa* of botanists. It is not a showy plant, like the morning-glories or clematises; but it is one of those neat and delicate little vines that seem to invite a close and intimate acquaintance, fully rewarding the observer for his time in making it. There are, as every one knows, plants that seem to repel intimacy, and while they may possess a stately figure, a noble presence, and flaunt their gaudy flowers, which we admire at a distance, they lack those charms that lead us to seek a closer and more familiar acquaintance with their many valuable and interesting properties.

The stem of the ground-nut is a small, rather slender twining vine, growing six to ten feet high, with oval, pointed pinnate leaves. The flowers appear late in Summer, and are pea-shaped, and produced in crowded racemes, two or three inches in length. They are of a brownish-purple color, with a scent similar to that of the violet. The plants may be found in almost any low grounds from Canada to Florida, and westward to the Rocky Mountains. The roots are composed of many fine fibrous rootlets and numerous oval tubers attached to a long slender subterranean stem, or root-stock. These tubers are sometimes an inch



THE GROUND-NUT—FLOWER, LEAF AND NUT, MUCH REDUCED IN SIZE.

or more in diameter, and two or more in length, the flesh white and edible. Although it has long been known that these tubers are edible, very few attempts have been made to cultivate or improve them. That the ground-nut is susceptible of improvement there can scarcely be any doubt; but owing to the presence of other and superior kinds of edible tubers in cultivation, the incentive to attempt is lacking.

But, if the plant is not wanted for culinary purposes, it is still worth cultivating as an ornamental vine. It may also be well to note that there has been in times past many a traveler, hunter and pioneer, in our new States and Territories, who would have been made happy in appeasing his hunger with roasted or boiled ground-nuts, had he known that such a tuber was to be obtained, and where.

HOW SENATOR LINN'S LIFE WAS SAVED.

Those who are familiar with the political history of our country thirty-seven years ago, remember well Dr. Linn, of Missouri. Distinguished for talents and professional ability, but yet more for the excellence of his heart, he received, by a distinction as rare as it was honorable, the unanimous vote of the Legislature for the office of Senator of the United States.

In discharge of his Congressional duties, he was residing with his family in Washington, during the Spring and Summer of 1840, the last year of Mr. Van Buren's administration.

One day, during the month of May of that year, Dr. and Mrs. Linn received an invitation to a large and formal dinner-party given by a public functionary, and to which the most prominent members of the Administration party, including the President himself, were invited guests.

Dr. Linn was very anxious to be present, but when the day came, finding himself suffering from an attack of indigestion, he begged his wife to bear his apology in person, and make one of the dinner-party, leaving him at home. To this she somewhat reluctantly consented. She was accompanied to the door of their host by a friend, General Jones, who promised to return and remain with Dr. Linn during the evening.

At table Mrs. Linn sat next to General Macomb, who had conducted her to dinner; and immediately opposite to her sat Silas Wright, Senator from New York, the most intimate friend of her husband, and a man by whose death, shortly after, the country sustained an irreparable loss.

Even during the early part of the dinner, Mrs. Linn felt very uneasy about her husband. She tried to reason herself out of this, as she knew that his indisposition was not at all serious; but in vain. She mentioned her uneasiness to General Macomb, but he reminded her of what she herself had previously told him—that General Jones had promised to remain with Dr. Linn, and that, in the very unlikely contingency of any sudden illness, he would be sure to apprise her of it.

Notwithstanding these representations, as dinner drew toward a close, this unaccountable uneasiness increased to such an uncontrollable impulse to return home that, as she expressed it to me, she felt that she *could* not sit there a moment longer.

Her sudden pallor was noticed by Senator Wright, and excited his alarm.

"I am sure you are ill, Mrs. Linn," he said; "what is the matter?"

She replied that she was quite well, but that she *must* return to her husband. Mr. Wright sought, as General Macomb had done, to calm her fears; but she replied to him:

"If you wish to do me a favor for which I shall be grateful while I live, make some excuse to our host, so that we can leave the table."

Seeing her so greatly excited, he complied with her request, though they were then but serving the dessert; and he and Mrs. Wright accompanied Mrs. Linn home.

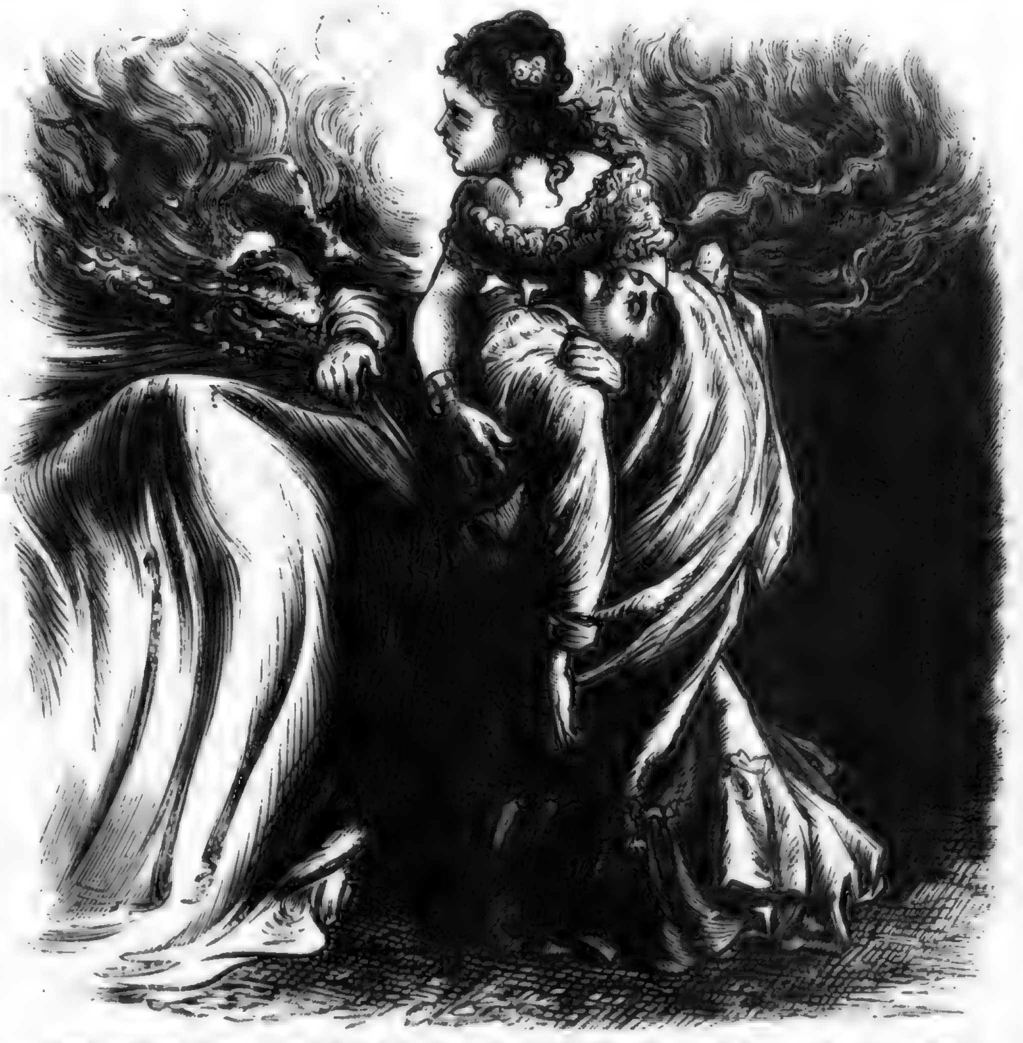
As they were taking leave of her at the door of her lodgings, Senator Wright said:

"I shall call to-morrow morning, and have a good laugh with the doctor and yourself over your panic apprehensions."

As Mrs. Linn passed hastily up-stairs she met the landlady.

"How is Dr. Linn?" she anxiously asked.

"Very well, I believe," was the reply. "He took a



HOW SENATOR LINN'S LIFE WAS SAVED.—"FINALLY, EXERTING HER UTMOST STRENGTH, SHE DREW FROM THE BED HER INSENSIBLE HUSBAND."

bath more than an hour ago, and I dare say is sound asleep by this time. General Jones said he was doing extremely well."

"The general is with him, is he not?"

"I believe not. I think I saw him pass out about half an hour ago."

In a measure reassured, Mrs. Linn hastened to her husband's bedchamber, the door of which was closed. As she opened it, a dense smoke burst upon her in such stifling quantity that she reeled and fell on the threshold. Recovering herself after a few seconds, she rushed into the room. The bolster was on fire, and the feathers burned with a bright glow and a suffocating odor.

She threw herself upon the bed; but the fire, half-smothered till that moment, was fanned by the draft from the opened door, and, kindling into sudden flame, caught her light dress, which was in a blaze on the instant. At the same moment her eyes fell on a large bath-tub that had been used by her husband. She sprang into it, extinguishing her burning dress; then, returning to the bed, she caught up the pillow and a sheet that was on fire, scorching her arms in so doing, and plunged both into the water. Finally, exerting her utmost strength, she drew from the bed her insensible husband. It was then only that she called to the people of the house for aid.

Dr. Sewell was instantly summoned. But it was full half an hour before the sufferer gave any signs whatever of returning animation. He did not leave his bed for nearly a week; and it was three months before he entirely recovered from the effects of this accident.

"How fortunate it was," said Dr. Sewell to Mrs. Linn, "that you arrived at the very moment you did! Five minutes more—nay, three—and in all human probability you would never have seen your husband alive again."

Mr. Wright called, as he had promised, next morning.

"Well, Mrs. Linn," said he, smiling, "you have found out by this time how foolish that strange presentiment of yours was?"

"Come up-stairs," she replied.

And she led him to his friend, scarcely yet able to speak; and then she showed him the remains of the half-consumed bolster and partially burned bed-linen.

Whether the sight changed his opinion on the subject of presentiments, I cannot tell; but he turned pale as a corpse, Mrs. Linn said, and did not utter a word.

I had all the above particulars from Mrs. Linn herself, in Washington, on the 4th of July, 1859, together with the permission to publish them in illustration of the subject I am treating, attested by date and name.

There is one point in connection with the above narrative which is worthy of special examination. In case we admit that Mrs. Linn's irresistible impulse to leave the dinner-table was a spiritual impression, the question remains, Was it a warning of evil then existing, or was it a presentiment of evil that was still to arise? In other words, was it in its character only clairvoyant, or was it in its nature clearly prophetic?

The impression was distinctly produced on Mrs. Linn's mind, as that lady told me, at least half an hour before it became so urgent as to compel her to leave the entertainment. When she did leave, as the carriages were not ordered till eleven o'clock, and no hackney-coach was at hand, she and Mr. and Mrs. Wright, as she further stated to me, returned on foot. The distance being a mile and a half, they were fully half an hour in walking it. It follows that Mrs. Linn was impressed to return more than an hour before she opened the door of the bedroom.

Now, it is highly improbable that the fire should have caught, or that anything should have happened likely to lead to it, in the bedroom as much as an hour, or even half an hour, before Mrs. Linn's arrival. But if not—if, at the moment Mrs. Linn was first impressed, no condition of things existed which, to human perceptions, could indicate danger—then, unless we refer the whole to chance coincidence, the case is one involving not only a warning presentiment, but a prophetic instinct.

REMEMBER.

By Ethel De Fonblanque.

Remember, when the sun is rising gently,
And rosy mists unfold to greet the dawn;
And golden clouds above are fading slowly,
And earth is joyful that the day is born.

Remember, when the flowers unfold their petals
To gaze in fervent rapture at the sun,
And fair birds' voices rise in sweetest music,
And woods reecho now the night is done.

Remember, when in brightest midday glory,
The gay-winged butterflies flit here and there,
And children, blinded by the sun's great splendor,
With merry voices fill the fragrant air.

Remember, when the twilight shadows gather,
And the long day for evermore is past,
When cattle to their sheds are slowly turning,
When tired reapers gain their homes at last.

Remember, when the pale, sad moon has risen,
And floods a silver light across the wood,
And fair birds sweetly sing their evening carol,
As if to thank the Lord that He is good.

Remember, when the night is very quiet,
Save for the gentle rippling of the lake,
Where closed white lilies float so softly sleeping,
And only passing zephyrs are awake.

Remember yet again, when midnight glory
And silver moon shed radiance all around,
And fireflies dart where shadows lie the deepest,
And heaven's stars gaze sadly on the ground.

Remember that I left you in great sorrow;
Remember how you laughed and scorned my love;
Remember how I turned away and left you,
While the pale moon shone deeply from above.

Remember how my words in parting told you
That the great love you spurned as poor and vain
Would wait, embalmed in patient sadness,
Until one day you paid me for my pain.

Remember how I passed away in anguish,
Afraid to trust my trembling voice to speak,
Because I knew in all your heartless beauty
You'd scorn me more, and say that I was weak.

Remember, then, I say, in midnight silence,
When hearts are sad, and tender thoughts are rife,
That all the great deep love that then I gave you
Waits but thy touch to start again to life.

GLASS AND ITS HISTORY.

Glass-blowing is of a very early date, for the process is represented by the paintings on a tomb of Beni Hassan, in Egypt, dating from the reign of Osirtasen, at least 2000 B.C. If figured then on this tomb as a perfect process, it must have existed many centuries before. Egypt, then, furnishes evidences of glass-making, which Sir Gardiner Wilkinson mentioned as belonging to even an earlier

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period. An inscription on a bit of glass, of an opaque blue, bears hieroglyphics which Dr. Birch interprets as the prenomen of Nuantef, of the eleventh dynasty, who reigned, according to Lepsius, 2423 B.C. As objects of glass of Egyptian fabrication rarely, however, bear inscriptions, it is not easy to trace the progress of this art in that country. Glass-making certainly flourished before its conquest by Alexander, and, during the later Roman occupation, finding a wider market, its production increased. Hadrian, writing to Severus, enumerating the chief industrial occupations of Alexandria, includes among them glass-blowing, and Aurelian declares that a portion of the Egyptian tribute shall be paid in glass. Egypt and Phœnicia may have been rivals in glass-making, for Herodotus tells us of a statue or column of emerald which graced the Temple of Heracles at Tyre, and on the authority of Apion, Pliny mentions a statue of Serapis thriteen and a half feet high, in the Egyptian labyrinth. Theophrastus states that there was an obelisk sixty feet high, composed of four emeralds, which blazed in the Temple of Jupiter in Egypt. Undoubtedly these emeralds were green glass. The old Egyptian glass, as it is found to-day, still retains its greenish hue, and from the dryness of the climate has suffered very little disintegration.

As to the various colored glasses, recent analysis shows that the Egyptian workmen used copper and iron for the opaque blues, cobalt for the light blues, manganese for the violet, and iron for the black. Next in date to the early Egyptian is the greenish glass found in the palace of Nineveh, now in the British Museum. A line in cuneiform character, with the name of Sargon, shows it to be of 722 B.C. It seems quite certain that the Phœnicians made beads, and distributed them wherever their commerce reached, just as Venice did some 1,800 years later.

In 1432 Murano is mentioned as renowned for its glass. A regular company, with peculiar privileges, was formed by the State. Among the illustrious glass-makers in 1441 was a Don Paolo Godi and his apprentice, Angelo Beroviero, and it is stated that a descendant of this latter is now in the employ of Salviati & Co., at Murano, who promises to attain great proficiency in his art. The admiration for these objects in glass extended all over Europe. William Wey, who died in 1474, when advising his fellows how to become pilgrims, instructs them first to go to Venice to buy "dysches, platerrys, sawserrys, and other cuppys of glas."

There was a glorious custom in Venice, when introduced not exactly known, which insisted that after a grand banquet all this superb glass should be smashed. Vincenzo Cervio, describing a grand feast given at the marriage of a Prince of Mantua, says: "There was there, besides most rich sideboards and ordinary glassware, a display of various beakers, decanters, jars, and other most beautiful vessels of Venetian crystal, so that I think all the shops of Murano had met there; and of that there was need, for all the signori invited, after they had drunk, broke the beakers, which they held as a sign of great joyfulness." Whether this custom is a survival of the breaking of a wineglass at a Jewish wedding, or was carried out for the benefit of the glass business, need not be discussed. Bead-making was an enormous source of profit to Venice, of which it had almost the monopoly. In 1764, 22 furnaces were employed, producing 44,000 pounds per week; and though Venice has been shorn of her grandeur, to-day she sells some $1,000,000 worth of beads.

Glass in Spain was a survival of the Ibero-Roman period, perishing for a while, to be revived by the Moors. An Arab author tells how Mercia and Almeria were famous for the fabrication of "all sorts of vases and utensils, whether of copper, iron or glass." Glass was made in Gaul, so Pliny informs us, and much antique glass is found in Normandy and Poitou. During the Merovingian dynasty there were numerous glass-works. In 1572, Fabriano Salviati, a gentleman from Murano, *pais de Venice*, came to Poitou to practice his art. Colbert ennobled the art and obtained Venetian workmen, and the well-known factory of St Gobain traces its origin to the labors of this great Frenchman.

In England, remains of what were Roman glass furnaces have been found, which seem to prove that the art was carried on in Britain by her conquerors. It is probable that the art was not lost, for drinking-glasses, ornamented with thin threads of glass, have been found in quantity at Wodensborough, Kent. Venice, however, supplied England with the better quality of glass up to the middle of the sixteenth century, when, in 1550, ten Muranese workmen petitioned to be allowed to work in England, and were in consequence confined in the Tower. In 1611, Sir William Slingsby obtained a patent for making glass from sea-coal, and in 1615 a royal proclamation prohibited the use of wood in glass-making. Glass manufacture is indebted to England for the making of flint-glass, in which lead is used with potash. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, drove a great number of French artisans from France to England; and the excellence of English glass at once asserted itself.

As to Bohemian glass, in 1600 it was even clearer than the Venetian glass, and its ruby red had no equal. Henry Schwanhard is believed to have been the first to have etched glass with fluoric acid, in 1670.

BOXWOOD.

THE best wood comes from Turkey, from the highest parts of the mountains of the Caucasus, which are thickly covered with boxwood forests. The wood from these regions is at once the richest both for quantity and quality. The Turkish wood, when neither stereo nor electro work is desired, throws off a greater number of impressions than wood obtained from other countries, and the lines can be clearer cut on it without any burring. It is requisite, in all cases where bolting is required, that the pieces of wood all be of the same age, *i. e.*, all off one tree, else the impressions turn out of different degrees of light and dark, or as termed "color." The logs are cut into rounds, and classed as "extra," "good" and "doubtful." Persian boxwood is used for commoner work; but it is soft and sappy in its nature.

POWER OF A GROWING TREE.

WALTON HALL, England, had, at one time, its own corn mill; and when this inconvenient necessity no longer existed, the millstone was laid in an orchard and forgotten. The diameter of this circular stone measured five feet and a half, while its depth averaged seven inches throughout. Its central hole had a diameter of eleven inches. By mere accident some bird or squirrel had dropped the fruit of the filbert tree through this hole on to the earth, and in 1812 the seedling was seen rising up through the unwonted channel. As its trunk gradually grew through this aperture and increased, its power to raise the ponderous mass of stone was speculated upon by many. Would the filbert-tree die in the attempt? Would it burst the millstone? Or would it lift it? In the end the little filbert-tree lifted the millstone, and in 1868 wore it like a crinoline around its trunk.

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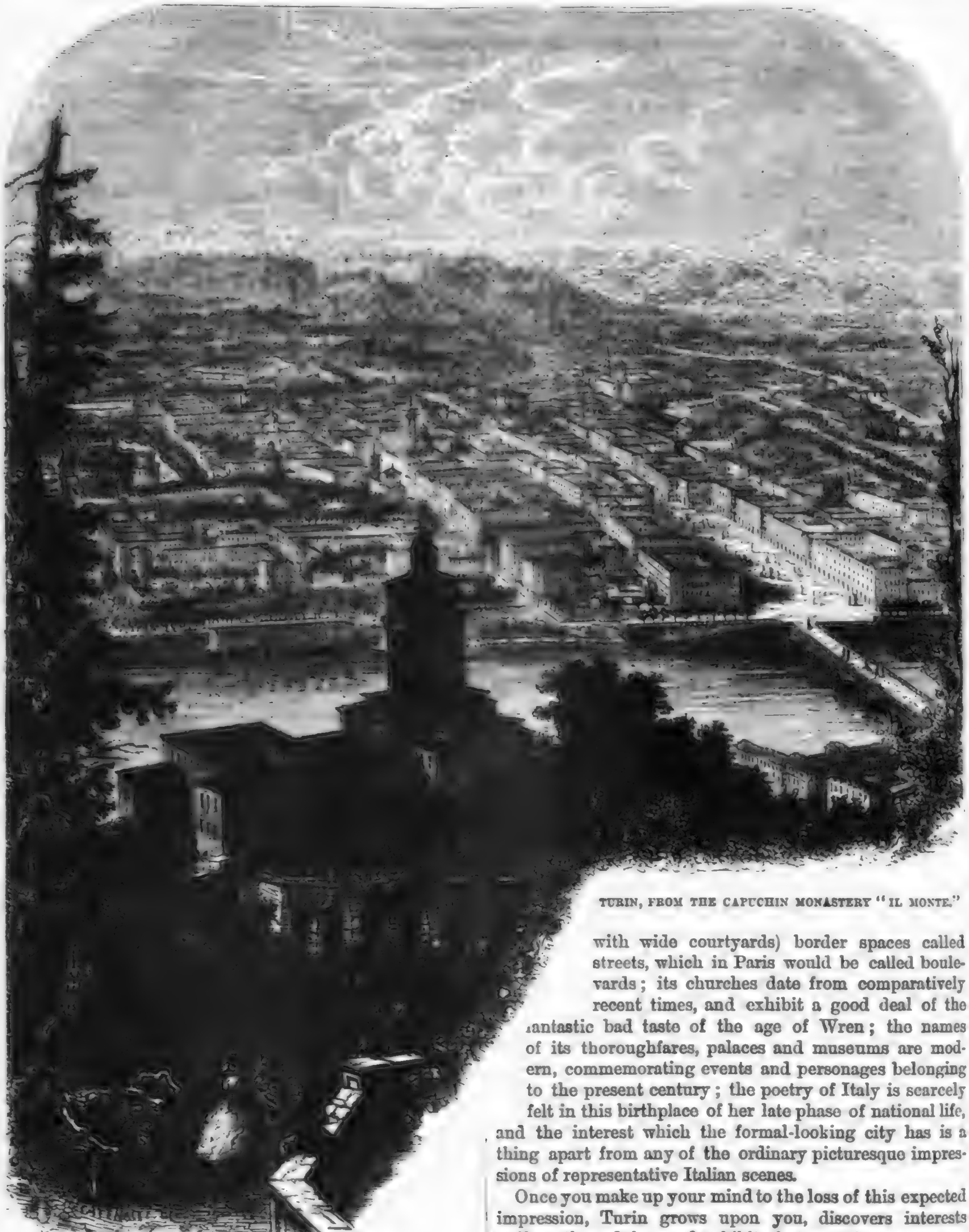

TURIN, FROM THE CAPUCHIN MONASTERY "IL MONTE."

TURIN.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

The first sight of Turin is disappointing. There is an impression of gloom and of monotony in its heavy, seventeenth-century buildings, and its regular, broad streets, reminding one of Philadelphia. Spite of its history, there is scarcely any outward sign of its being other than a modern city. Its blocks of houses (some of them hollow, with wide courtyards) border spaces called streets, which in Paris would be called boulevards; its churches date from comparatively recent times, and exhibit a good deal of the fantastic bad taste of the age of Wren; the names of its thoroughfares, palaces and museums are modern, commemorating events and personages belonging to the present century; the poetry of Italy is scarcely felt in this birthplace of her late phase of national life, and the interest which the formal-looking city has is a thing apart from any of the ordinary picturesque impressions of representative Italian scenes.

Once you make up your mind to the loss of this expected impression, Turin grows upon you, discovers interests well worth studying, and exhibits features of progress, political earnestness, gravity of national (or, rather, local) manners, appreciation of mental resources in themselves, unappended to conventional institutions—such as hospitals, churches or private palaces—and eagerness to copy the best municipal models of northern Europe.

I reached the city on a Sunday, tired with travel, *en route* for the Alps, and amid a drenching rain, and my first impression was one of extreme dreariness; the more so, as the hotel windows looked out on a wide piazza, a stone wilderness, very imposing if filled with troops on parade,

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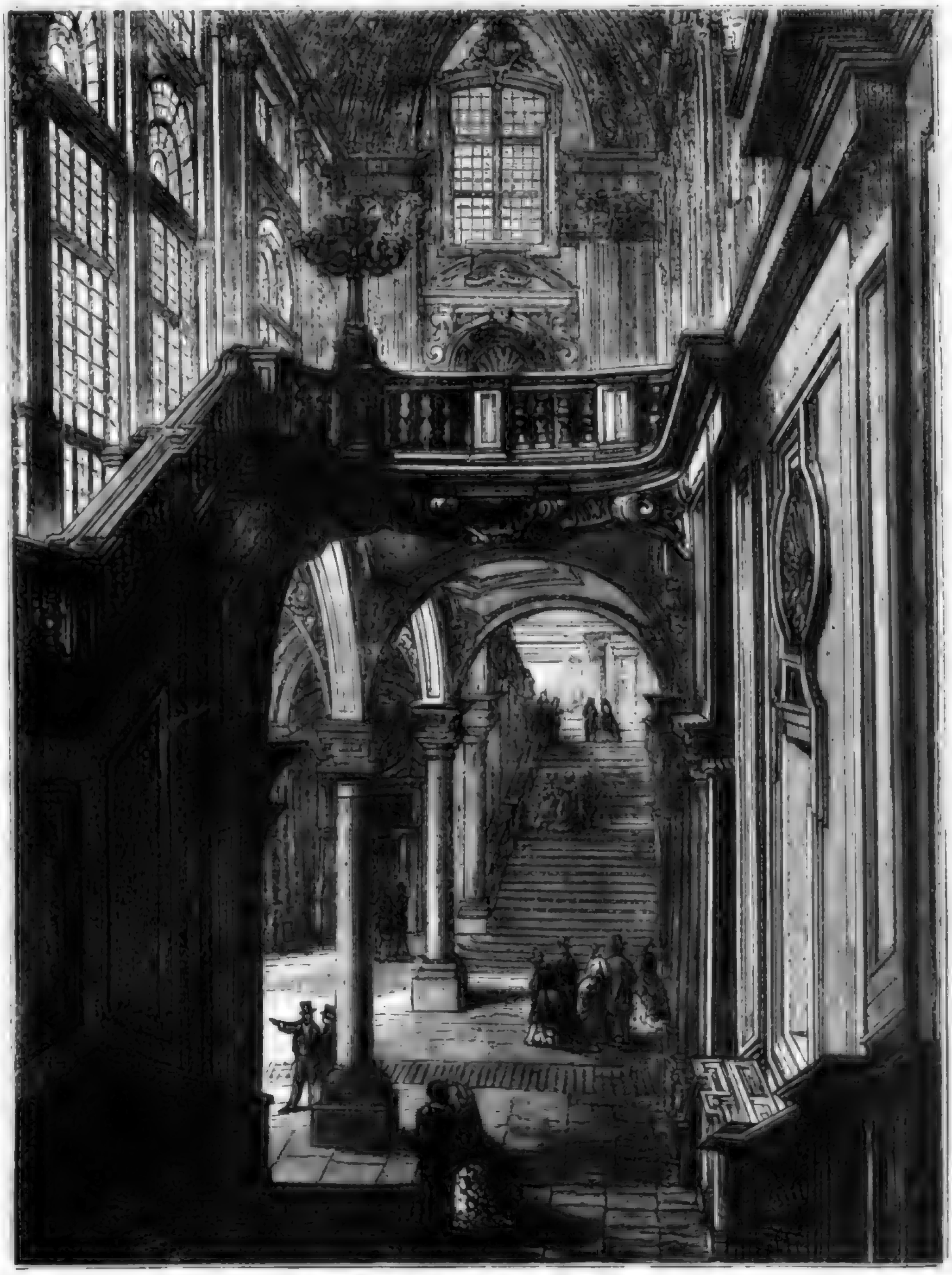
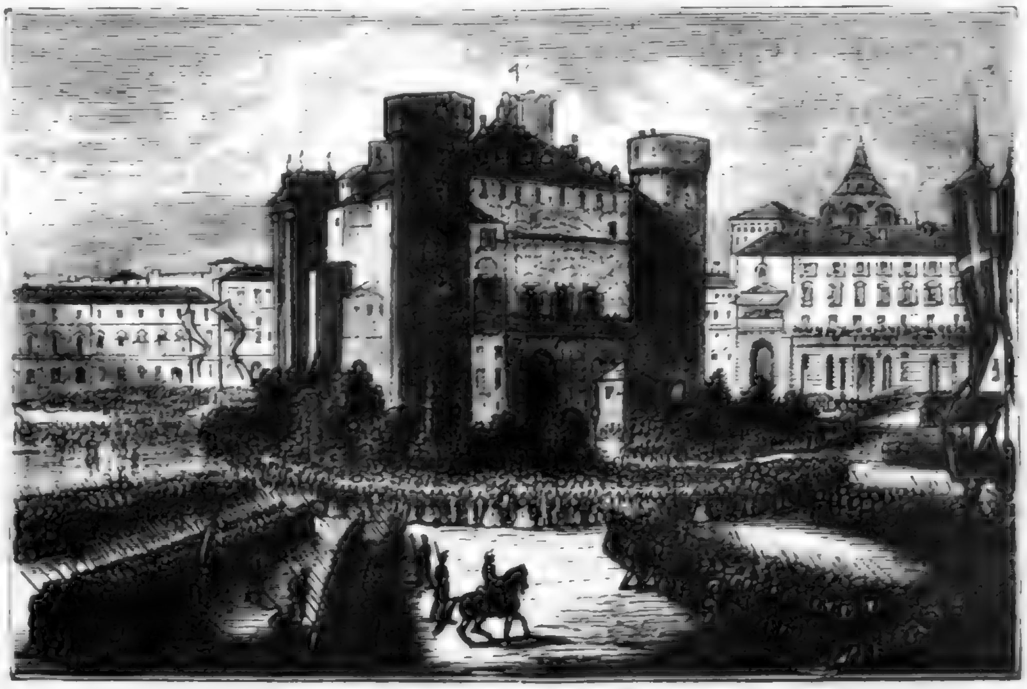
or crowds, or a bonfire and illumination, but under other circumstances, certainly depressing. But, spite of its unpicturesqueness, Turin has much that is worth studying. Politically and educationally, she has much to boast of; for, though the galleries of paintings are inferior, the Royal Armory, the Arsenal with its Museum of Artillery, the School of Engineering, the Botanical Garden, the Natural History Museum, the Industrial Museum with its technological collection, and the Civic Museum with its uncommon collection of pre-historic relics, weapons, etc., point to a desire on the part of the city to go beyond the merely conventional and local requirements implied by the multiplication in every Italian town of picture and "antiquity" galleries.



ENTRANCE TO THE MADAMA PALACE.



PALAZZO MADAMA, IN THE PIAZZA CASTELLO.

A peculiar feature of Turin consists in her modern monuments, statues, etc., commemorative of recent events in Italian history. In other cities, life and history, at least as far as they are represented by monuments, seem to have stopped short at least a hundred and fifty years ago; nothing but the cheap homage of naming streets and squares after public men, or special dates and events, has been tendered recently to the development of national life. One of these modern monuments stands in striking contrast to the old castle and medieval fortress, the only feudal edifice in Turin, now foolishly called the Palazzo Madama, after a dowager duchess of Savoy who inhabited it in the last century; the piazza, however, bears the more appropriate name of Piazza Castello.

The "Monument to the Sardinian Army" was given by the City of Milan in 1859, and consists of a statue, in white marble, of a soldier defending a standard with his drawn sword; while on the pedestal, in relief, is a portrait representation of the late King Victor Emmanuel, on horseback, at the head of his troops. The old castle, transformed from a fortress to a tower-house, then to a Senate Chamber (from 1848 to 1865), and since that to an asylum (or museum) for several "institutions," stands sturdily and cumbrously amid its modern surroundings, itself disguised on the west side by a marble façade that hides the towers once used for an observatory, and a double flight of steps in the incongruous style of the eighteenth century, but retaining two of its medieval towers on the east side. It dates from 1270, when William of Montferrat made himself master of Turin, and built this pile as a defense.

The statue of King Carlo-Alberto, the late King's father, by the same artist as the Army Monument, is one of the boasts of the entrance to the hall of the royal palace. The same King, typically called the first Liberal King of the House of Savoy, but really holding this post by as delusive a claim as that of Queen Elizabeth to be the first "Protestant" sovereign of England, is commemorated by a bronze statue by Marochetti, standing in the Piazza called by his name. He looks from his pedestal of four steps of Aberdeen granite upon four large figures of herculean soldiers in Sardinian uniform, while just above them are placed four allegorical female figures, meant respectively for Martyrdom, Freedom, Justice and Independence.

The Piazza Carignano, where stands the palace formerly of that name (now Parliament Palace), with its arcades and wide windows curiously ornamented with brick, contains another modern statue, significant of the national triumph and of the sway of new ideas in the fields of politics and of religion. It commemorates Gioberti, the philosopher and patriot—a priest whose writings have never been condemned by Rome, but whose political liberalism is undoubted and sincere. Cavour and Siccardi are each commemorated by monuments—the former in the Piazza Carlo Emanuele by a group, the work of Dupré of Florence; Italy, a conventional but beautiful figure presenting a civic crown to the minister (a portrait statue), who holds in his left hand a scroll bearing his own famous words—"A Free Church in a Free State." The pedestal (one begins to wish for a rock pedestal like Peter the Great's in St. Petersburg) is of the ordinary square shape, four figures at the corners representing Justice, Duty, Policy and Independence, and reliefs setting forth the triumphal return of the Sardinian troops from the Crimea, and the Session of the Paris Congress where United Italy was politically foreshadowed.

Cavour, besides his history as a champion of liberty and nationalism and his influence in the making of the new Italian fatherland, was, in a more special manner, the son of Turin, having been born in the Via Lagrange in 1810. The house is distinguished by a memorial tablet. His fifty years of life were fruitful of immense and vital changes, to which his personal influence largely contributed. Among all modern statesmen, except perhaps Gladstone, he was the most simply upright and the least self-seeking. He "made" Italy in a wider and nobler sense than Bismarck made Germany, for he carefully educated and fostered public opinion to a higher level—that of appreciation of, and subsequently of longing for, independence. He imposed no fantastic or autocratic whims as conditions of the benefits he conferred; his political insight was theoretic enough to look beyond local interests and jealousies in the adaptation of events to his plan for the future nation, while it was practical enough to know what immediate means to use to reconcile these interests and create an enthusiasm which should override them in the interests of the new ideal. Wise as well as patriotic, temperate in speech, moderate and constitutional in his schemes of government, solicitous rather to educate the people up to a wide patriotism than to precipitate them into a chaotic social revolution, according to Mazzini's ideal, he was the fit leader of a nation naturally apt to err on the side of passion.

The Siccardi Monument is of a less picturesque kind, being simply an obelisk seventy-five feet high, inscribed in lieu of hieroglyphics with the names of all the towns in the old kingdom of Sardinia that contributed to its erection and shared in the benefits of the decree abolishing ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Siccardi, the Minister of Justice, was chiefly instrumental in passing the law thus commemorated, and suggested this mode of national indorsement.

Again, another modern monument is the bronze statue, cast in Munich, by Balzico, of Count Massimo d'Azeglio, a statesman, writer, painter and diplomat, the monument dating from 1873; Brofferio and Cassini, the former a poet, the latter a lawyer (these men, honored with public monuments, were almost invariably, in their several lines, foremost champions of the national cause), have statues in the Citadel Garden; the local passion for dedicating marble memorials to great men has provided many mementoes of the past, the statues in some cases being more artistic than those mentioned above. The "Iron-headed" Duke of Savoy, Emmanuel Philibert, has one in bronze (the statue is modern, however, though the subject is almost medieval), with reliefs of the battle of St. Quentin, won by him against the French, as the general of Philip II. of Spain, in 1557; (readers of Motley's Dutch Republic will remember the gallantry of the Count of Egmont at that battle.) Duke Victor Amadeus (1637) has an equestrian statue in bronze, the horse being white marble, with two slaves in bronze lying below; and Pietro Micca, the *soldato minatore*, who at the sacrifice of his life saved the citadel of Turin in 1706 by springing a mine on the French grenadiers surreptitiously advancing to the gates, has a bronze monument, erected in 1864; while Lamarmora, the patriot general who died in the Crimea, has a statue nearly opposite, in the same odd, three-cornered Piazza. The bronze groups of Castor and Pollux, at the Palace gates, and several marble statues of the recent sovereigns in the hall and on the stairs of the Palace, are fine specimens of modern art, in a branch which Turin has patronized more than other Italian cities.

The new quarter, still in process of building, on the site of the former garden which covered the disused fortifications, contains, among other modern monuments, one to Cesare Balbo, the historian and statesman (George Ticknor's intimate friend in his youth), and one to the last Doge of Venice, Daniel Manin; the statue represents the Republic, holding in one hand a palm-branch and in the other a portrait medallion of her dictator and defender. The place, however, has its antiquities, if the tourist is willing to seek them out, and is not what corresponds to being violently pre-Raphaelite in art. Perhaps the most characteristic is the burial chapel of the old Dukes of Savoy, called the Chapel of the Most Holy Winding Sheet, from a linen cloth preserved in a kind of urn over the altar, and said to be the same that was wrapped round the body of our Lord after the crucifixion. The chapel is circular, built of dark brown marble, strongly contrasting with the white monuments, and is separated from the choir by a glass screen. Thirty-seven steps to the right of the high altar of the Cathedral of St. John the Baptist lead to this curious sepulchre, which forms, as it were, a kind of apse to the church, and is itself lighted by an

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oddly-shaped dome. The family monuments are ornamented with white marble statues, life size, some recumbent, some upright, and a central door at the back communicates with the upper corridors of the Royal Palace, which are a public thoroughfare.

The other royal burial church, the Superga, standing on a hill above the city, with a glorious view of the Alps, is a handsome but cold building, with a pseudo-classic air, and, although the cemetery is *campo santo*, is also disappointing as to the intrinsic merits of its monuments. It has a special attraction as the burial-place of Silvio Pellico, the political prisoner, whose book, "My Prisons," has been translated into every civilized language, and of many of the other distinguished men of northern Italy, D'Azeglio and Gioberti included.

The finest view of all is from the Capuchin Monastery of Il Monte, on a steep hill to the north, looking over the Po, the two bridges, the conspicuous square tower of the synagogue, the highest building in the city*, the camp-like city (I take *camp* in the old Roman sense of a regular plan), the plain, with its semi-tropical crops of corn and rice, and the Alps, from Monte Rosa with its 15,000 to Monte Vigo with its 12,000 feet of snowy cliffs. The traces remain of the important fortifications of Il Monte, and paths over aqueduct-like causeways overgrown with shrubbery and vines add to its picturesqueness.

A contrast to this comparatively ancient place, is the string of brilliant stores under the arcades of the Via di Po, a broad modern boulevard leading to the Piazza Castello. The show rivals that of the hackneyed Rue de Rivoli, and is quite as attractive at night, with the addition of the flower-stalls, so plentiful all over Italian thoroughfares, and so charmingly imitated now by some New York corner-stalls.

The gorgeous Renaissance churches that abound in the city have the genuine Italian details of exuberant temporary ornamentation on festa days, miraculous images and shrines, etc. One of them, named "Corpus Domini," from a tradition of a miracle similar to that of Bolsena, is connected with the remembrance of the poet Alfieri, who, in 1753, was *Decurion* of Turin—that is, Commissioner of Public Works, and the philosopher Rousseau, who, in his early youth, being exiled from Geneva, was received into the Roman Catholic Church by one of the parish clergy of Corpus Domini. His subsequent profession of Calvinism when, thirty years later, he lived peaceably in his native town, was equally untrustworthy; but the spectacle of the Church in Italy in the eighteenth century was scarcely calculated to strengthen a faith not sustained by earnestness of character or protected by genuine fervor.

The tourist in Turin will scarcely care to remember the pictures and ordinary art collections in the galleries, which, for Italy, are decidedly inferior; but the scholar will appreciate the rare Aldine editions and the early Bobbio manuscripts in the University Library (Bobbio Monastery was an Irish colony of Columban monks, more learned, civilized and Christian than the Italians of their day, the seventh century), and the historical and genealogical works in the King's private library; while, except the antique collections of Rome and Naples, those of Turin in the line of Egyptology, Etruscan pottery and Roman inscriptions, are the best in Italy. The scientific collections of minerals, of antediluvian remains, fossils, and foreign botanical specimens, are well worth seeing; but Turin has a living museum near at hand, more curious than any inclosed within walls—*i. e.*, the valleys of the Waldenses, the descendants of the earliest known Protestants, who live now in peace and security, an obscure rural population, fostered by the State on account of their industrious, frugal, peaceable disposition, but a people whom the tide of progress has scarcely touched, and who constitute almost a living anachronism. The poverty and hard work of their pastors are exceptional, and, indeed, the simplicity of manners among all the Waldenses is remarkable, though a still more curious feature is the absence of that boorishness which often accompanies an otherwise blameless and primitive state of society. The Waldenses also have a church, or "temple," of their own in Turin, and are represented in the city by sundry trustworthy and economical merchants.

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* This is to the left of the Royal or Zoological Gardens, and does not appear in the engraving.

GIVEN UP BY HIS FRIENDS.

IT was a settled thing that Inglestre Vane was to marry Miss Goulden, "the great heiress." Everybody expected it of him, and everybody expected it of her. How could it be otherwise? He was the handsomest, wealthiest, best bred, best read man in her circle, and she was—a great heiress.

It might, by some unbiased minds, be considered a drawback that Miss Goulden, though not exactly bad-looking, was not precisely agreeable; that her hair was red beyond the orthodox shade, and her temper slightly uncertain, verging, indeed, upon the savage at times, without apparent provocation.

The way in which her papa had made his money, too, being involved, as to the larger portion, in a cloud of mystery, might also be considered detrimental by a sensitive and delicate mind; but the persons entertaining and expressing these views were careful to do so in retirement, with proper shame at their own uncivilized condition and a fitting sense of being behind the age.

It is highly probable that if, at twenty-five, the rich Miss Goulden had been suggested to Inglestre Vane as a possible wife, he might, in spite of the gilding of the pill, have declared it to be a dose beyond him; but at thirty, rather *blasé*, and in debt—though that might be considered a trifle to the probable heir to many thousands—the thing looked altogether different.

There is honor among thieves, they say. Now, it would be considered highly indecorous to designate Inglestre's male associates, his *intimes*, as thieves; yet there was Gilbert Baynes, who won habitually upon principles unknown to the honester portion of the community; and Holmes Thiers, whose speculations verged upon the shadowy; and, most rapid of all the fast, Max Heldridge, who had been so fearfully smart in some of his dealings with his friends that they were ever after glad to avoid him, and banish the memory of that over-intelligent gentleman from their minds.

Now, Inglestre never gambled, never betted, and was honest. Perhaps he knew these little truths as to his intimates, perhaps not. Be that as it may, as the three belonged to our first families, and he encountered them frequently, the trio became a quartet by the addition of his constant presence; and, while Thiers and Heldridge usually paired off together, Gilbert Baynes and Inglestre, as a general rule, hunted in a couple in their immediate vicinity.

It was a sort of doubling of the Corsican Brothers or Damon and Pythias, and, in its fervor and fidelity, almost

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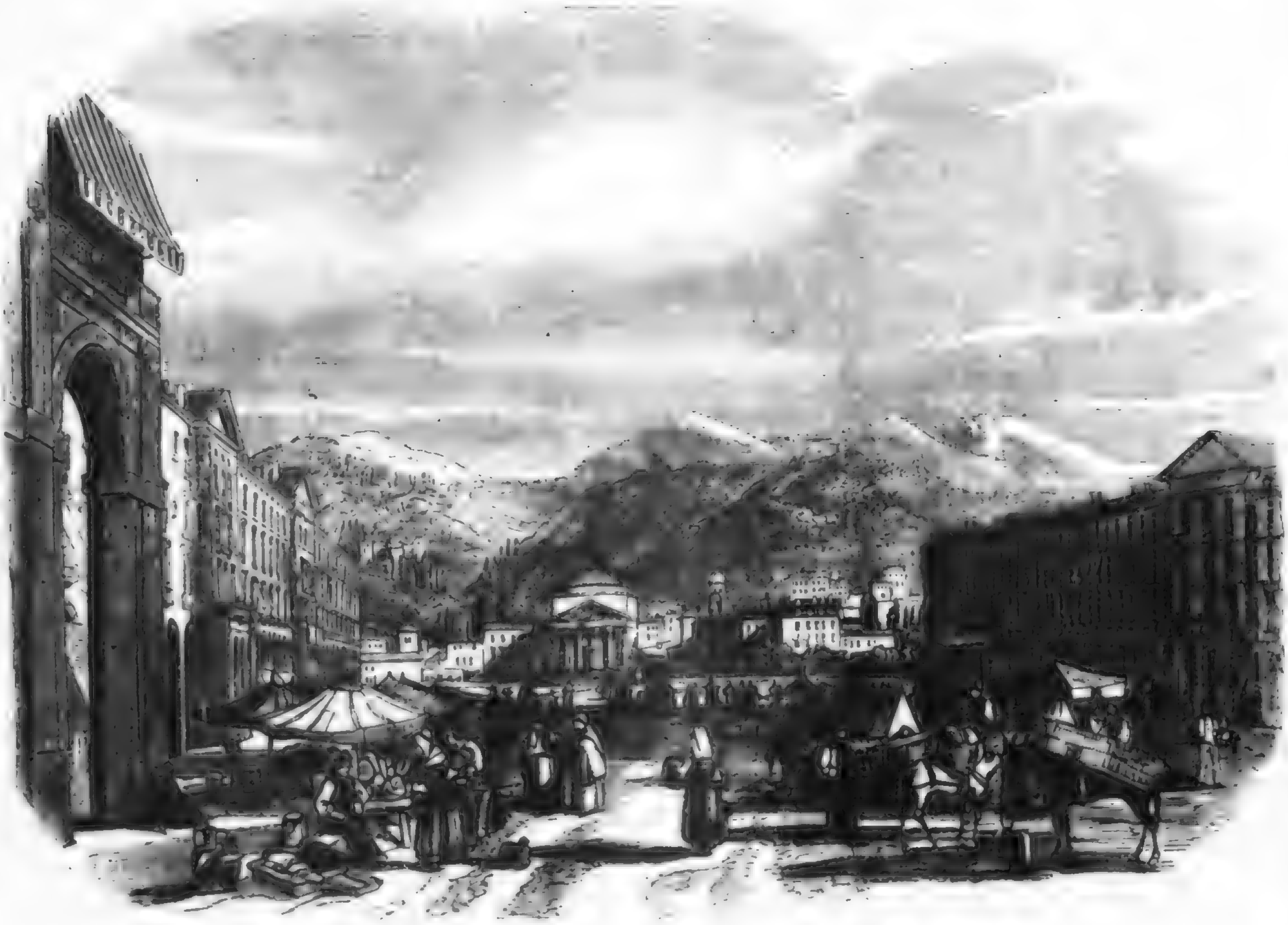
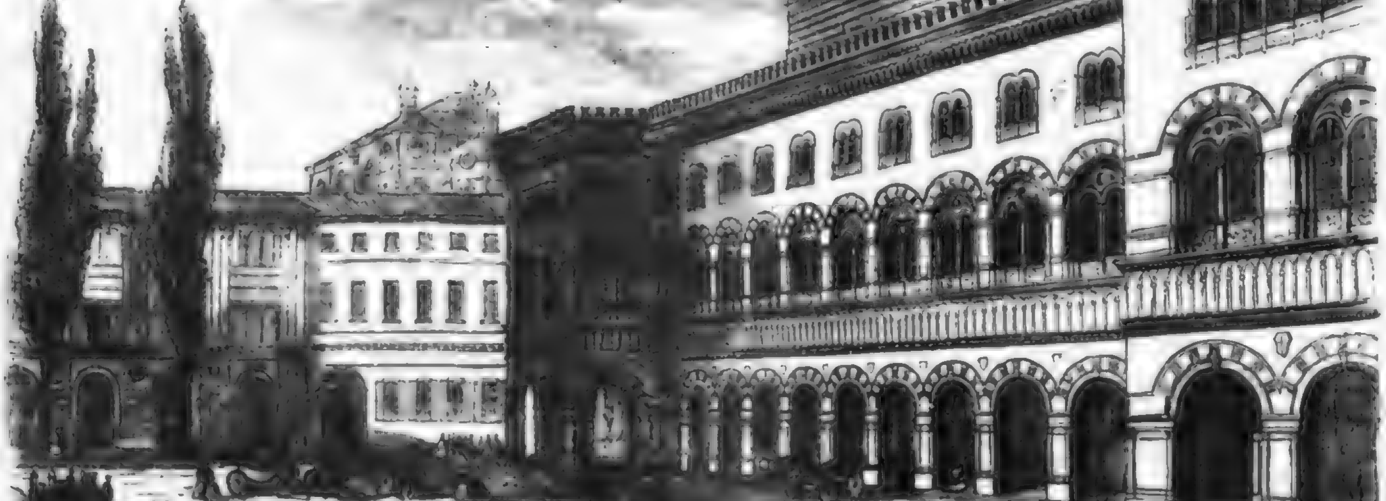


PLACE VICTOR EMMANUEL, TURIN.—SEE PAGE 360.



PALACE CARIGNANO, OR PARLIAMENT PALACE, TURIN.

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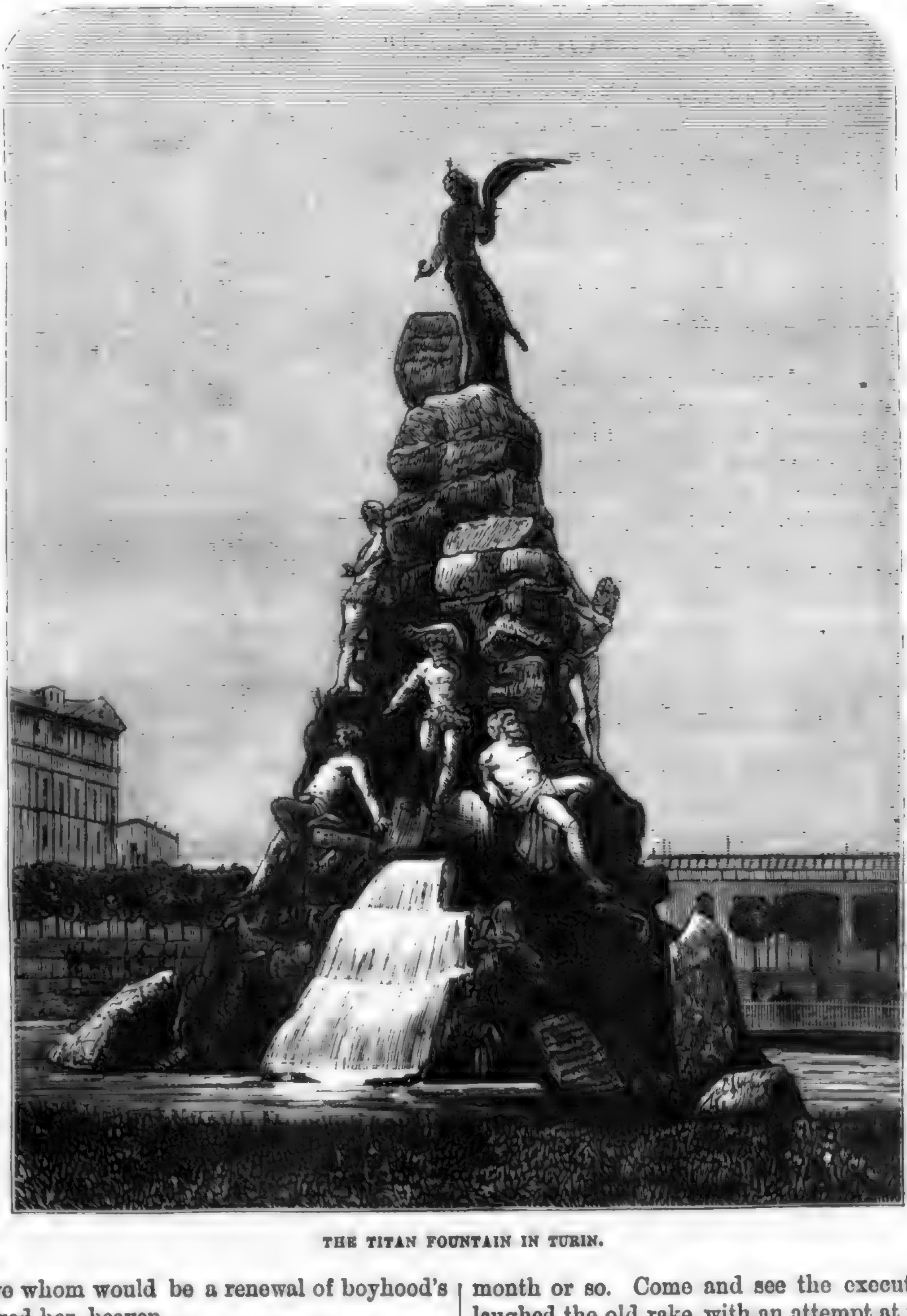
touching; for any one who might have presumed to annoy Gilbert or Inglestre, stood a very good chance of being bullied by Holmes and Max; and anybody who had quarreled with one of the group was likewise exposed to the agreeable prospect of being obliged to fight the whole four. There is nothing more beautiful than friendship.

To return to Inglestre. He sat, on a certain eventful Monday, alone in his bachelor rooms, dreamily eying the remains of a luxurious breakfast, and thinking—thinking of his boyhood, his dreams, his manhood and their nothingness, his aspirations and this marriage; and his very soul was sick.



THE TITAN FOUNTAIN IN TURIN.

My hero is not heroic. Far from it. He was, indeed, engaged in the mental operation of endeavoring to convince himself that he should be able to endure life as the husband of a tawny-haired woman of uncertain temper, the inducement to make the attempt being her fortune. He thought of his associates, and wondered how he had fallen among them. He thought of a dream-woman with pure eyes and a smile above mortality, who would persist in haunting him, and always beckoned to him with her hand upon her heart, a star of glory shining above her brow; a woman for whom he could die, to love whom would be a renewal of boyhood's dreams, and to wed her, heaven.

Then he thought of Miss Goulden, and his heart beat with a dull, painful throb.

But he took his hat and went out. He would go to see her. The girl had given him reason to believe that she loved him. He had, in a moment of recklessness, made a half-jesting speech which she had considered as a serious proposal; on the strength of it she had accepted him, and, furthermore, when Inglestre had hinted at the possibility that his father, now a widower, might form a second marriage, and his own inheritance become "small by degrees and beautifully less," Miss Goulden, in her most sentimental manner, had replied:

"Poverty with you were wealth!" and had added, "Besides, you know I am rich, Inglestre dear."

But one of the peculiarities in Miss Goulden's character was that beautiful uncertainty which caused her friends, admirers and dependents to be ever in a quiver of excitement as to whether they would be received with enthusiasm or indifference, welcome or contempt.

Chemin faisant, Inglestre met his father. Vane, *père*, was the remains of a former man of fashion about town, the ruin of former good looks, the wreck of former good repute. But he was rich, and there are women who marry such men.

Hugh Vane had discovered a poor beauty, with a manœuvring mother, an ambitious turn of mind, and a spirit over which visions of fashionable display held so powerful a sway as to lead her to see the old *roué* through a glittering mist, and accept an *inferno* because a stream of golden waters flowed around it.

"Inglestre, my boy, I am going to marry little Kendyer in a month or so. Come and see the execution, won't you?" laughed the old rake, with an attempt at jocoseness. "The pretty widow, Mrs. Bathern, thought she had caught me; won't she be furious! I suppose you don't mind turning to the law, or something of that sort? I won't forget you, my lad; you've always been a dutiful son. By-by!" and the parody on the Duke of Richelieu vanished amid a feeble rattle of difficult mirth.

The cold dew stood on Inglestre's brow. He knew he was a beggar. This was the crisis of his life. Should he tell Miss Goulden the horrid truth at once, or should he

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hasten his marriage on before his father's could take place, and leave her to find it out afterward? To the honor of Inglestre Vane be it said, that this thought dwelt with him but a moment. Till the devil is annihilated, mortals will be tempted. He came out of the fire true gold. Darkness makes us prize light the more. Inglestre drew a long, hard breath.

"By heaven!" said he, "I'm heart-whole yet. I'll go to Corinna Goulden now, and if she is as good as her word, and true, I'll marry, her—ay, and love her, too. I might do worse, after all, than marry a woman who loves me—if her hair is red!"

Having uttered this humorous climax to his chivalrous determination, Inglestre took his way toward Miss Goulden's abode.

He found her in readiness for a ride on horseback at the park. She was alone, and engaged—as empty-headed women, whose hearts must contain a miniature bandbox as a centre, are often to be found—pondering over a fashion-plate. Should she go to Mrs. Von Schamasherall's in a blue-and-pearl, or would the new "moonlight-on-the-lake" silk be prettiest?

"Pray, Inglestre, which do you like me best in—blue or pink, or mauve or white? Do say, for my head aches with thinking."

"I have come to speak of something more serious than gewgaws, Corinna," replied Inglestre, with that sublime majesty peculiar to manhood when about to overwhelm the intellect of the weaker vessel with some astounding intelligence. "My father will marry Edda Kendyer in a month, and I am not worth a cent. Shall you be true to me?"

Corinna stared at her betrothed. He was "preposterously handsome"—so Max Heldridge, who envied him his fine proportions and Roman profile, was in the habit of declaring; but, the glamor of gold being gone, the Adonis became a mere man.

She answered him according to her calibre. She uttered a little giggle, and said:

"How odd of you, Inglestre, to burst upon one with such horrid news! Why, I want my money for myself. Of course I cannot marry you if you're poor—can I, ma?" said she, appealing to Mrs. Mereton Goulden, who entered at this moment, sweeping into the room.

"What is the matter? Marry him if he's poor? How funny!" replied the dowager Goulden, sailing forward with a vastness of flounce and furbelow that would have whelmed a woman of smaller size.

There they stood—the silly, tawny-haired, empty-headed, empty-hearted heiress, miraculously "got up" in a braided riding-habit and plumed hat, switching her skirt with her jeweled whip, her long hair falling, in its unmitigated red, to her waist; Inglestre, leaning with one elbow upon the mantelpiece, and looking at her with more irony in his now cold eye and on his curling lip than he had ever assumed before when gazing at a woman; and, walking rapidly toward them in her elaborate walking-dress, Mrs. Goulden, *mère*, with scorn in her by no means handsome eyes.

"Marry *my* daughter if you are poor! Pray, what has made you poor all of a sudden?"

Mrs. Goulden's speech, as a general rule, was easy rather than elegant. She had, indeed, originated in "parts unknown."

"His father's going to marry that pert Edda Kendyer, who thinks she's just as good as we are, because of her *family*," tittered the heiress.

"Of course you cannot have Corinna, then! Go to your room immediately, my dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Goulden, in a flurry, and assuming a tone of command which the instability of the heiress's temper caused her, as a general rule, to judiciously avoid.

"Corinna," said Inglestre, "I urge nothing. Perhaps it is as well; but what did you mean when you said that poverty with me were wealth?"

"Law! Mr. Vane, did you remember that? Why, girls always say those things. Good-by. I'll send back your presents, if you insist upon it—all but the blue-and-gold enamel dressing-case, which I really could not replace;" and as the parlor-door closed upon Corinna Goulden, and the hall-door upon Inglestre's ironically low bow to Mrs. Goulden, the heiress to Mereton Goulden's wealth and the long-reputed heir to that of Hugh Vane vanished as completely out of each other's inner lives as if they had never met.

And then things changed with Inglestre. Vane was a gentleman, and it was with a shudder of utter disgust at her vulgarity that he had turned from Corinna Goulden's door. But he had thought he had friends, and Max Heldridge, of whom, a month later, he requested the repayment of a loan, took that occasion to drop him. Holmes Thiers, who now saw no chance of garnering anything into his financial barn from the pocket of his former associate, cut him dead on the street, just as Mrs. Ermine's carriage swept by; and Gilbert Baynes, the former David of this Jonathan, turned his back upon him and stared with unnecessary fixedness into Ball & Black's window as Inglestre came up, looking rather seedy, poor fellow, his former man-servant having made a clean sweep, but holding out his hand with the bright, confident smile of old, which died away from his sensitive lips as Baynes turned from him.

Now, Inglestre was capable of friendship. Corinna Goulden's defection had by no means broken his heart. "Thank God!" he had muttered, as he left her house on the eventful morning of his dismissal. But, though he had often suspected that he was wasting his regard upon a worthless man, he had entertained that feeling for Baynes; and it was with an odd pain in the region where moral suffering is supposed to locate itself that he pursued his way to his lodgings.

His father now doled out a pitiable income to him, and Inglestre had begun the study of the law. The *man*, instead of being crushed out, was roused within him. He would conquer independence or die; and when the uncertainty of his father's character and of the receipt of sufficient means to enable him to continue the study of a profession came to be taken into consideration, the chance of starving was not so distant as might have been agreeable.

His lodgings were in a building principally devoted to "professional persons," as the janitor's wife was in the habit of saying. There dwelt within it at present a variety, however—Inglestre, another student at law, who was consumptive; a Russian blackleg, who had passed himself upon New York society as a millionaire, and who had his reasons for prizing retirement; two lady artists; an eccentric old gentleman, whom nobody knew; and—who the deuce was that miraculously pretty girl going up-stairs as Inglestre entered?

Who could she be? Inglestre followed, going to his own room. Ah! the vacant room between the two lady artists'. Must be an artist, then. Lost her key. There it is on the stair. Inglestre rushes to the key, picks it up, bows to pretty girl, hands it to her, sees that she is more than pretty—beautiful; gets bewildered, feels like falling at her feet on the spot; does not do so, however; beautiful creature opens her door, and vanishes, after thanking him,

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leaving him in a dazed state, in which hazel eyes like starry night, brown hair like shadowed gold, and a face of the eclectic order of beauty, hovered confusedly before his charmed eyes.

What was this? Was life—life in its highest and best sense—surging back again, and making his heart throb with unutterable rapture? A wife!—a dear, dear wife, all his own!—a being upon whom none could have a claim—not even the fashionable world, not one save himself; a creature who would believe in a higher world as he did, though formerly—it seemed ages ago—a man of the world; a woman to hold his hand in death and be his comfort in declining life! Existence with her—ah, heaven! *with her!* a life of honor, and, if it need be, of toil; a *home!* a heart—such a life as should be a passport to the gates of life eternal, though unseen; love, trust, the blending of two hearts, so that even death should be powerless to separate them for ever, though it might rend them asunder for a time! Life! life!—that of the soul, *with her!* And Inglestre Vane, though never more sane, knelt at the door of the woman's room whom he had seen but once, and kissed the spot her hand had touched upon it.

He passed on to his own room then. It was next door to that of the Russian blackleg, a flat-nosed, pallid-faced, haughty-browed, evil-eyed man, whose smile was a lie, whose speech was a trick, and whose life was a cheat.

The next day Inglestre discovered that the being who had shone upon him was Zoe Ellis, "artist in miniature."

They met again and again, *by accident.*

Zoe Ellis was an orphan. The artists called her "Little Bohemia," because she was *petite*, and belonged to the art-world. She was refined and spirited. In better days, before the father, now dead, had lost all his vast wealth in one fatal sweep, there had been talk of marrying the exceptionally beautiful Zoe to a foreign nobleman. She had surveyed that gentleman calmly when brought forward for introduction, and said to her father that evening:

"I do not care to marry a nobleman; but if I must, let it be one who looks like a gentleman. Baron B—— does not. I prefer an American of our best blood."

Inglestre and Zoe met now no longer by accident. They would walk together or sit occasionally in the room of the elder of the lady artists, Mary Bertram, with whom Inglestre hastened to renew a former acquaintance, and through whom he obtained an introduction to Zoe.

The soul of the young girl became filled with a love as deep as that which was transforming the life of Inglestre, making the butterfly a bee, the idler a worker, the dreamer and man of fashion a student, ready for a useful and intellectual profession.

To waken the soul to a higher life is woman's mission. Inglestre and Zoe loved as the young love, but only the young who, though new to life, have suffered. Their roses had thorns, their light its shadows, their hope was chastened, their trust above earth.

They often talked of their marriage, which, it was agreed, should take place as soon as Inglestre was admitted to the bar. Meantime Zoe painted—painted the lovely women so often met with in America, the ideally beautiful children we sometimes see in our streets. She was prudish, if you will, and had no "gentlemen sitters."

One day a little event occurred which varied the monotony of a quiet existence. The eccentric old gentleman whom nobody knew fainted away at Zoe's door in the endeavor to reach his own rooms. The janitor's wife declared it was typhoid, the consumptive law-student pronounced it smallpox. Neither of them did more than escape the vicinity of danger. Zoe dragged the old man to her own lounge, brought him to consciousness—it had already partially returned when the learned opinions I have given were uttered—and during several days, when he had been transported to his own apartments, nursed the solitary and aged patient, who, in spite of his apparent age, was vigorous and rallied rapidly, and sought no other aid than the company of Mary Bertram in her visits.

"Because people who are not good might talk about me, Mary, and the poor old man, too, you know," said "Little Bohemia."

"By Jove!" said her patient to Inglestre at a later period, "they told that beautiful creature that it was smallpox, but she nursed me! Mark Mathers sees and hears—he sees and hears, old chap, even when he is in a swoon."

This was remarkable, certainly, though an after occurrence—— But I anticipate, and other matters claim our attention.

In Inglestre's room a wide crack yawned between the door and the wood-work around it, and that door was fastened so as to make Inglestre's apartment and that next it equally private. The latter was the room used by the Russ, but it suffered the voice to pass.

An odd conversation appeared to be going on there one quiet Winter evening. Inglestre had entered his own room noiselessly. The voices he heard were conversing in French. Vane recognized that of the Russian, which was very peculiar, *oily*. He had heard it on a former occasion when he had had the pleasure of lending a cool hundred to Holmes Thiers to enable him to continue the lively little game which that worthy and the Russian were playing.

"Evald Czerbatin, as I live!" murmured Inglestre. "Up to some rascality, of course."

The other voice was that of a Swiss valet, the *âme damnée* of the Russian, a scamp who looked like a clergyman, and habitually wore an "all flesh is grass" expression.

French was so familiar to Vane that every thread of the rascally plot which this beautifully assorted couple were weaving was fully intelligible to him.

"You will carry her to the carriage, you say, and I must follow. But how will you know when *la belle* is alone?" said the voice of Jerome, the valet.

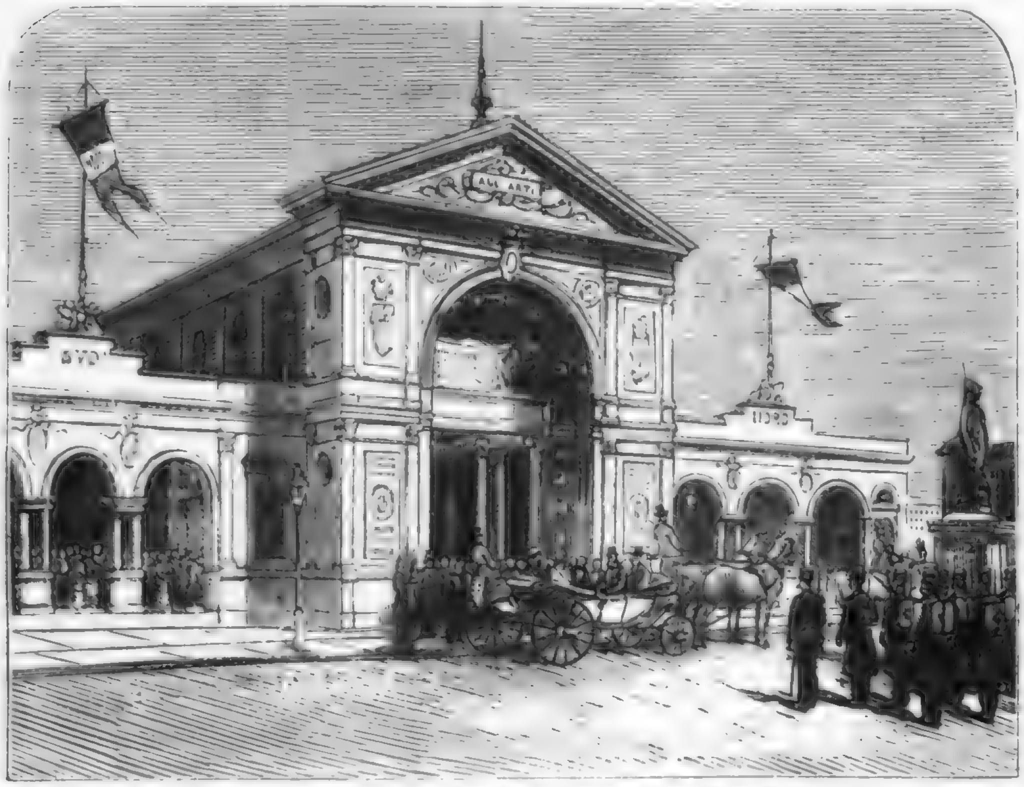
"You have made the hole through the plaster in the empty lumber-room above her own. You must apply your ear to the hole and listen. Whistle long and sharply. I will be near the door, *mon vieux*, and as you give the signal I will rush in," answered Czerbatin.

"If she screams or struggles?"

"With my hand over her mouth and my cloak around her form, it will be of little use for her to attempt either. Have the carriage ready—those horses will stand—before you mount to the garret. I can hold her and carry her without help."

"I believe you. She is slight, and you were not built like the Farnese Hercules for nothing, Monsieur le Comte. I have seen the Hercules in my travels. Oh! had I been built after the same pattern, I——"

"Reminiscences are dangerous," remarked the count, lowering his voice a little. "But my blood is roused. I feel young again—young! why should I not? I am scarcely forty, and the girl would make a Vesuvius of Mont Blanc. She threw the fragments of my note in my face, and told me that I insulted her because she was alone. All this was in the corridor, for her doorway no one passes, I observe. Insulted her because she was alone—that was cutting, though true," chuckled the Russ. "Such hazel eyes and such a face are not, however, to be found every day. I'd marry her to-morrow if I were not



INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, TURIN.—SEE PAGE 360.

ruined and obliged to propose to the red-headed heiress. Fancy being the legitimate proprietor of a Zoe! Drive straightway to Ivanoff's house as soon as we are in the carriage," added Czerbatin, after a pause. "My friend will be discreetly absent, and the doorway is quite dark—dark as that of this building. Nine is the hour—nine, remember—nine to-night."

The door closed upon this, as if the Russ went out of his apartment.

"Hazel eyes!" thought Inglestre. "Zoe!" he said, and his blood seemed to freeze.

But there was no time for inaction. One against two was bad. There must be a helper.

I have mentioned that the name of the eccentric old gentleman whom nobody knew was Mark Mathers.

Mark Mathers's principal object in life, since he had become wealthy, was to get away from two grasping, toadying, lying relations, who, as the queer old bachelor had become aware, would almost have sold his body to increase their inheritance from him, or buried him in a pine coffin to save a penny of that prize.

He had succeeded in dodging them since his return from Paris, where he had made a long stay, *au cinquième*, in a vast hotel, where he was convinced that there was still a possibility of his being pursued from New Hampshire by Aunt Becky and Uncle Timothy, ever anxious as to "dear Mark's health."

Inglestre and he had met and made acquaintance, and, the former not being a relative, they had sympathized. To him did Vane now repair. They held a long conversation, in which the Russian rascal and the Swiss scoundrel were not complimented.

Mark chuckled a good deal, and appeared to enjoy himself greatly, and at the last, even Inglestre laughed a little. Perhaps they discovered a joke in the matter.

The day waned. Nothing would be possible in Zoe's salvation from the Russ unless Vane could be near the young girl without alarming her.

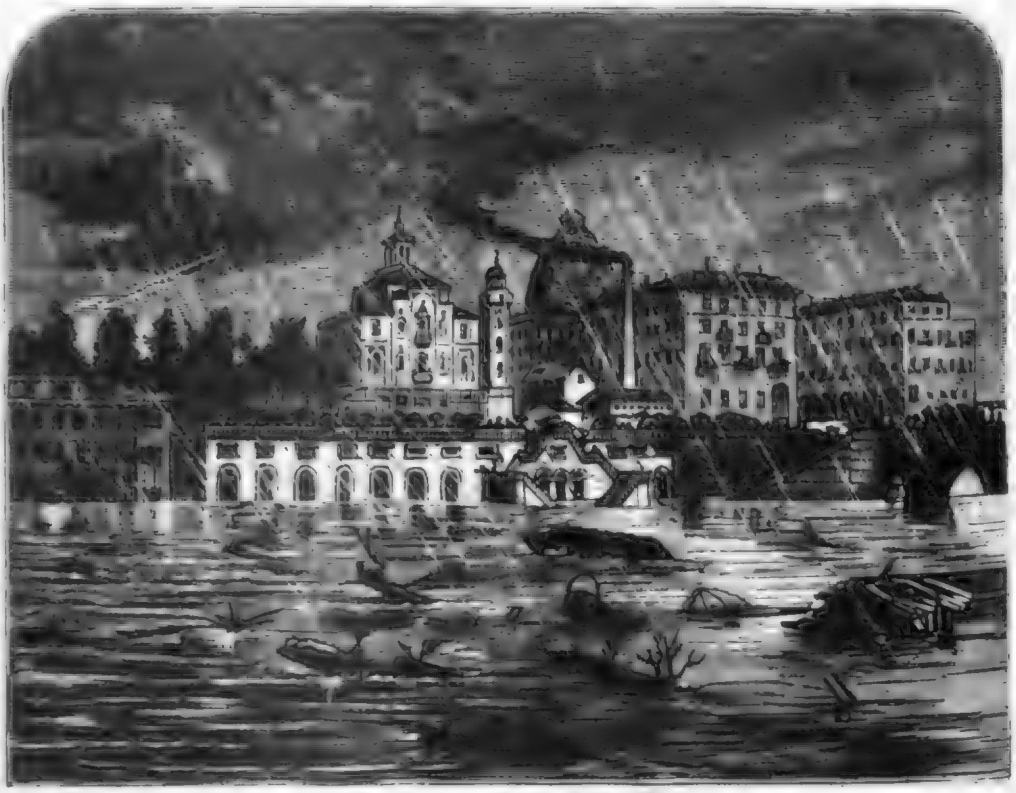
"Little Bohemia," meantime, was seated in her own small room, painting, as if for life, at a miniature of a child like a dream, a revelation. There are stars that fall, and it would seem from some faces that there are souls that wander back again from heaven to earth.

Nina Esthy, this blonde child, had one of those faces.

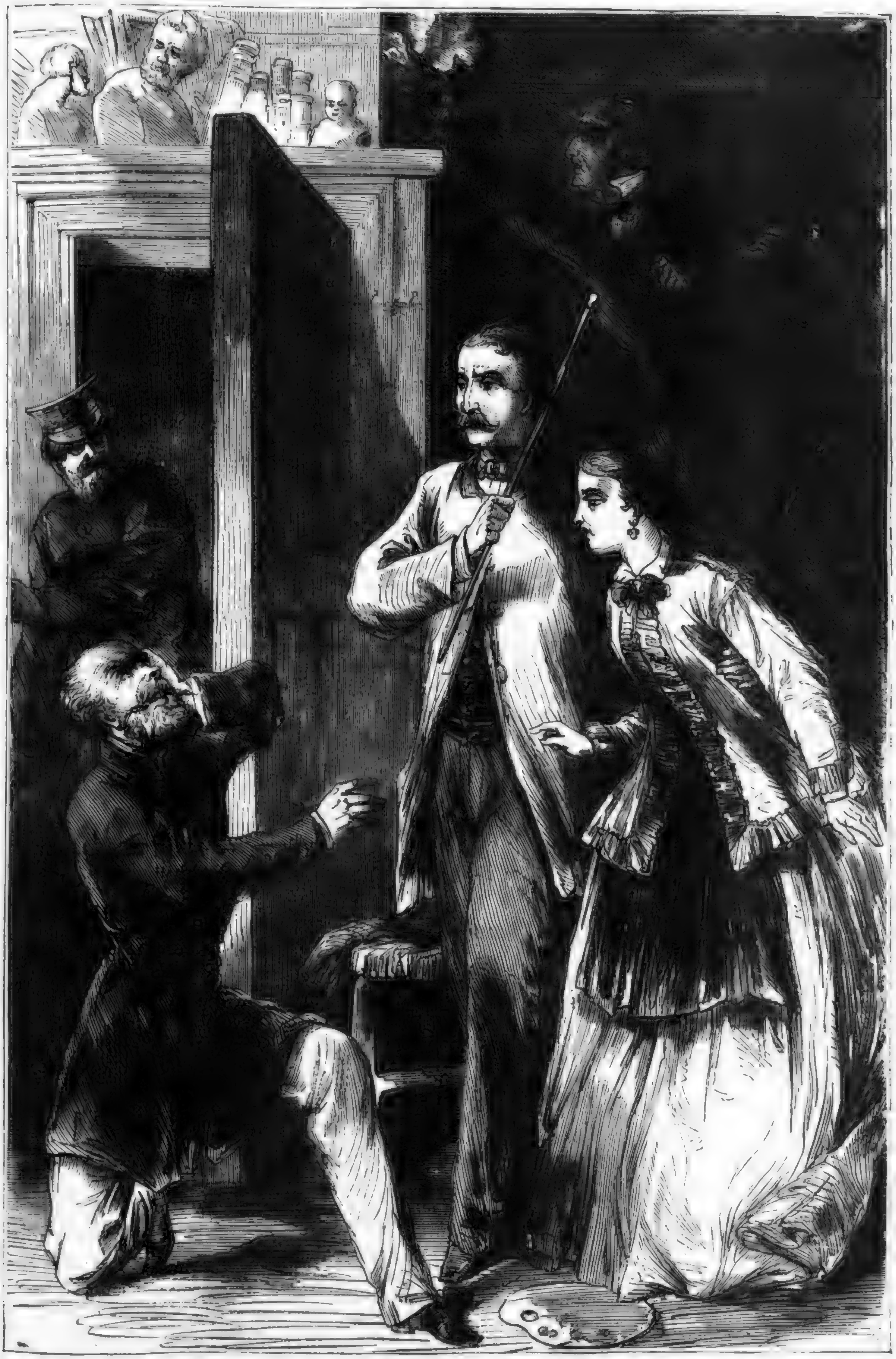
Inglestre knocked at Zoe's door. The orphan opened it. It was the first time that he had presented himself there, the meetings between himself and Zoe being in Mary Bertram's room, except when they wandered, on fine days, into the country.

Zoe looked offended; but when, behind Inglestre, she espied Mark Mathers, and saw how singularly grave his face looked, she perceived that there was something unusual to occasion such a change from the merry, waggish look that the old man wore whenever he succeeded in forgetting the existence of Aunt Becky and Uncle Timothy, and admitted Vane and the old gentleman.

The next moment the astonished girl, already at a loss to imagine why Inglestre and Mark had crept in, and why



INUNDATION AT TURIN IN 1880.



GIVEN UP BY HIS FRIENDS.—"MARK FIRED; BUT AS HE DID SO, THE DOOR OPENED TO ADMIT THE RUSS, WHO, AS HE FLEW TO SEIZE ZOE, MET A LOADED CANE."—SEE PAGE 363.

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they placed their fingers on their lips to warn her to silence, beheld the old man, who was still agile, mount upon the table where she habitually placed her easel and brushes. The ceiling of Zoe's room was low, and Mathers was tall. It was not difficult for him to discover the spot where the hole in the plaster terminated. It had been skillfully made during absences on Zoe's part.

It was now five minutes to nine. It is just possible that Mathers, previous to entering Zoe's room, had reconnoitred.

The reader must now assume a position somewhat similar to that of Asmodeus, and must fancy the wall opened to have a picture, such as sometimes occurs on the stage. Above the heads of Mathers, Inglestre and Zoe, and with his ear to the hole in the flooring of the empty lumber-room, the Swiss valet, Jerome, lay upon the boards. Fancy the wall opening down and showing Zoe's door, and you will see outside it, where he had stolen up not many moments after it had closed upon Inglestre and Mathers, the rascally Czerbatin, on the watch like a wolf in his lair. Within the room, behind the door, with his arm around the waist of the trembling Zoe, was Inglestre. A sign from Mathers had warned the couple not to break their silence.

Mathers held a pistol so near to the perforation in the ceiling that to slip its mouth over it was the work of an instant. In Inglestre's right hand was a loaded cane.

At this instant a sharp whistle seemed to run along the floor above, while the sound indicated that Jerome's ear was still at the hole. Mark fired; but as he did so, the door opened to admit the Russ, who, however, as he flew to seize Zoe and fling the wide, black cloak he held over her head, met with some personal inconvenience, and, I imagine, physical pain, from the singular abruptness with which Inglestre's loaded cane descended upon his knee—it was intended for his head—as well as from the curious sensations which apprised the worthy absentee from a country that must have suffered by his absence, of the fact that this important part of his person was seriously damaged.

Two police officers now rushed in. It is just possible that the firing of the pistol had caused their appearance, though I keenly suspect Mark Mathers to have been accountable for it in point of fact.

Zoe fainted. The conduct of Inglestre while he held her was atrocious. The monster kissed her; he called her his life, and so forth; he mentioned several little matters which he had heretofore kept to himself, the principal one, upon which all the rest seemed to bear, being that she, Zoe, would soon be his "own dear wife," and that he "implored her to speak to him." This spoony condition he passed out of, however, to fly at the Russ as Zoe revived—that young lady not being accustomed to be kissed—and stigmatized him as a villain, a rascal, a scoundrel and a blackguard, which was not absolutely false, though not strictly polite.

The foreign person, however, was suffering so much personal distress as to affect his memory for the time being. Indeed, he forgot to fire a neat little pocket-pistol, with a diamond or so on the handle, that he was in the habit of showing off as having been presented to him by "a German princess of great beauty," after he had defended her from an Italian brigand and triumphantly saved her life, which shows there is such a thing as gratitude.

Jerome also could not be considered at this moment to be precisely happy. The pistol had been loaded with powder, as, Mathers afterward declared, Jerome was by no means prepared to die—an assertion beyond denial, as he had a little matter of murder and one or two robberies on his conscience previous to escaping from Toulon and entering the distinguished service of Count Evald Czerbatin. The impossibility of hearing, which remained with him to his last day, and seriously interfered with any further rascality, dated from the "concussion of the brain" that apparently prostrated him when the officers bore him away to an abode suited to those lofty tastes and refined aspirations for which his previous career had shown him to be so truly remarkable. His valuable health was afterward restored, though his nerves were a good deal jarred, which was a pity.

Let us be dramatic, though not sensational. There are very good plays in which there is nobody killed. Life is not all tragedy, you know.

A rumor ran through New York that a certain distinguished foreign nobleman, the beauty of whose exquisite "turnout" had attracted much attention of late at the park, had attempted to elope with a beautiful *artiste*—not *artist*—which left the inquiring mind in the dark as to whether it was an actress, a singer or a circus-rider—and that he had been foiled and incarcerated by an infuriated brother and guardian.

Names not being given, mystery involved the entire matter, and to such a degree that when the now crippled Russ made a lame proposal to Corinna Goulden, the story did not interfere with her acceptance of the hand of "that immensely wealthy Russian, you know, Count Evald Czerbatin."

Now, Corinna had offers—she certainly had offers—but she wished to marry good looks, being limited in that respect herself. To their credit be it spoken, there is a vast number of handsome, *poor* young Americans who will not marry merely passable red-haired women if they are rich. So that, as rank was next to beauty, and Count Evald Czerbatin to be had, he was taken.

Corinna Goulden, caught in this snare, leads an odd life. She dares not betray Czerbatin, for she would lose caste; so, on the strength of the very small vein of noble blood that really runs through his pedigree, she flourishes her title in the teeth of the New York *élite*, who tolerate her for her wealth, which bygone calamities and the vicissitudes of a somewhat too excitingly varied existence induce Czerbatin not to squander.

Reminiscences of Clichy, in France, and semi-starvation—when not lucky in gambling—in many other lands, have modified the views of that scion of nobility, and he behaves himself beautifully, except when the little peculiarities of a slightly variable temper led him to tear off his wife's jewels, with, perhaps, a small portion of her skin, when that lady stays too late at the ball, from which his present infirmity almost entirely excludes him.

Mark Mathers has given Zoe what he calls a dower; nor did he forget Mary Bertram when she married a certain sculptor. To Inglestre he has presented a house and superb furniture.

"Do you think I shall encourage you to cut the law, you scamp?" he demanded of Inglestre, on the occasion of the marriage. "Don't fret; I consider you and Zoe as my adopted children. You'll tolerate the old man with you, won't you, my dears? But, of all things, don't you admit Aunt Becky and Uncle Timothy—not while the breath is in my body, at all events."

In Inglestre's home peace reigns. Nothing is lavish; everything is choice. He has one boy, a beautiful cherub, who is allowed his own way in a manner that would ruin a lad of less fine disposition.

"Your mother is so handsome, my boy," he will say to little Mark Inglestre—the boy has Mathers's name also—

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"that I was obliged to call in the police to keep off her admirers before I could marry her myself."

Vane worships his wife, who does not take advantage of the fact to make either herself or him ridiculous. I mention this fact as a remarkable exception to the rule in such cases. They are happy. When he thinks of the past, amid the calm delights of a pure home—a home blessed by a woman who knows how to make a correct life anything but a dull one; when he thinks that their parting will be in trust, if death parts them—and they hope to die the same day, they say—that their meeting will be where there is no more parting for ever, and that they leave their son an honored name, while the lad gives priceless promise; when he thinks of what his life is with Zoe, and what it would have been with Corinna Goulden, Inglestre Vane blesses the day when he was *given up by his friends.*

THE MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.

WHAT was the mistake? Why, in plain words, it was for me (me, poor, Jack Johnson, with only fifteen hundred dollars a year out of my fagging, toilful clerkship) not to succeed in marrying Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie, as she still liked to call herself—a widow of, perhaps, forty, and with fully forty thousand for her yearly income. That was the mistake.

Oh, Luck, Fate, Fortune! whatever be the name of that mysterious power that "shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will," how I have vituperated, anathematized, scorned you, since that most miserable of events!

But lamentation was wholly useless. I had to bear it. I have been trying to bear it ever since.

I met Mrs. Mackenzie at the Elixir Springs during the two final weeks of August. Everybody was rushing to the Elixir Springs that year; why, it would need an Œdipus correctly to answer, except that they tasted like eggs whose first freshness is a memory of the past, and that three glasses of their water was enough to demoralize the most well-behaved of livers.

I had two weeks of vacation, and followed the general rush to these springs. At first it was rather stupid. Plenty of vulgarity, plenty of pretension, and a little refinement.

There was no use of my trying to mix with people, however, for I knew nobody, and nobody seemed even to observe the presence of humble me.

At last it happened that I encountered, one morning, upon the piazza of the mammoth hotel, an exceedingly jolly-looking fellow, with an exceedingly ugly-looking girl on his arm.

The jolly-looking fellow and I instantly grasped each other's hand, and showed many mutual signs of being delighted at the meeting.

"My dear Jack!" exclaims Harry Tallmann, "you're the last person I expected to see. Your bright face does me good. Let me present Mr. Johnson, Euphemia, my old friend, of whom I am sure you have often heard me speak. Jack, this is my sister, Euphemia."

Whereupon Harry disengages himself from the altogether unpleasing Miss Tallmann, who simpers profusely, and looks very much as though she would like to be talked to.

Of course I am compelled to launch myself into a little current of small talk, to which Miss Euphemia makes responses, now and then, that deserve at least to be called amiable. And I have just made the ungratifying discovery that she is about as stupid as she is homely, when I am rapidly called upon to make the second discovery that her brother Harry has rambled away from us.

Well, any society, I philosophically conclude, is better than none. Presently Euphemia and I are strolling up and down the piazza, side by side.

Conversation drags horribly. The ill-favored Euphemia can giggle "Yes," and titter "No," and simper "Do you really think so?" but she isn't capable of doing much else.

I begin to have very rancorous feelings, indeed, toward the absent Harry.

Suddenly I am rather surprised to see him in converse, at a short distance from ourselves, with a stately, imposing, stout female, of certainly forty, dressed in a sort of showy second-mourning.

The lady wears upon her august aquiline face a look of unconcealed satisfaction; Harry is talking with evident earnestness and volubility.

Euphemia gives a marked giggle, whilst her eyes follow mine. I look interrogative.

"Who is Harry's majestic charmer?" I presently ask.

"Mrs. Mackenzie," I am promptly informed; "Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie, she likes to have people call her, I believe."

"Harry seems to be enjoying himself," I state.

Another giggle.

"Yes. They've been quite intimate for several days past."

And now I suddenly recollect that I have not known Mr. Harry Tallmann for the past ten years or so without also knowing some of his pet theories, too. Among these there is one of a very pronounced character. If ever Mr. Tallmann marries, he has more than once confided to me that he means to marry for money, and (provided he can be so successful) for a great deal of money as well.

"Oh, yes," I immediately make haste to fib; "I have heard this Mrs. Mackenzie spoken of before now. She is—ahem!—rather rich, is she not, and"—this last is a somewhat audacious venture—"a widow?"

"Her husband died about two years ago, I think," announces Euphemia, "and everybody agrees in saying that he left her an income of forty thousand dollars a year."

"Indeed!" I try to look wholly uninterested. "Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes!"

Then follows more tiresome talk about nothing. At last, I make a daring pause not three feet from where Harry and Mrs. Mackenzie are standing. Then I take the bull by the horns, and address a direct appeal—so to phrase it—toward Euphemia's common politeness.

"By-the-by, Miss Tallmann, if it isn't too much trouble, will you have the kindness, at some time during the day, to—to present me to this Mrs. Mackenzie? I like her looks extremely."

Amiable Euphemia!

"Why, certainly, Mr. Johnson," is the prompt answer; "I shall be most happy to present you *now.* I know her quite well."

Harry just saves himself from the impertinence of an out-and-out frown as, a few moments later, he sees me formally presented to his companion.

Mrs. Mackenzie acknowledges the introduction with great graciousness. I strain every nerve to be agreeable, and completely ignore (like the wretch I am) the benevolent Euphemia, who still stands at my side.

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Harry is evidently nonplussed at my cool assurance. Presently he finds the concealment of his chagrin altogether too hard a task, and, offering his arm to the complacent, sheep-like Euphemia, moves away with her.

A good hour passes after that, during which I level upon Mrs. Mackenzie the fullest broadsides of affability. It seems to me that the more I exert myself the more gracious she becomes. I have not talked with her ten minutes before I discover that she has one pet foible. She wishes to be thought girlish, and soft-mannered, and gentle; she shudders at the idea of being called masculine or impressive.

Of course I cannot help marveling at her willingness to believe that she could ever, under any circumstances, appear anything *except* masculine and impressive. But, notwithstanding this firm conviction of mine, I behave like the most hypocritical of caitiffs, and murmur something to the following mendacious effect:

"Whatever *can* have made you imagine, Mrs. Mackenzie, that your style was anything of that ridiculous sort? Indeed, where can greater sweetness and womanliness of manner be found, if ——"

"Oh, I fear you are a dreadful compliment-monger," she interrupts, with a laugh, doubtless meant to be low and musical, but having, in reality, an Amazonian effect—like everything about the woman.

The next time I see Harry Tallmann, I cannot fail to observe his evident self-struggle in the matter of treating me with common civility. Harry has set himself to win the widow, if such a thing is remotely feasible. My sudden successful interference is, no doubt, giving him sensations toward me that are little else than cannibalistic. Never mind; I will persevere. What is Harry Tallmann's personal enmity, when weighed against forty thousand a year?

During the next week or so, we run a nearly even race, Harry and I, in our pursuit of the prosperous Mrs. Mackenzie's preference. Nor at the end of that time is the race yet decided, as regards who has proved winner.

Mrs. Mackenzie beams upon me, but she also beams upon Harry. There are moments when I almost feel my pockets bulging with bank-notes, so encouraging are her smiles and words; but hope leaps into such active life only to fade into something much less pronounced; for to-day, I seem the preferred one—to-morrow, it is Harry.

SPRING.

At last, the period of my departure from Elixir Springs has drawn noticeably near. I shall be needed most imperatively by my employers in New York on the first of September, and it is now the twenty-ninth of August. Can nothing be done to conduct—if one might so phrase it—events to an immediate yet telling crisis?

On the evening of the thirtieth I secure Mrs. Mackenzie for a moonlight stroll, and without daring to tread upon the sacred ground of an absolute proposal, it must, nevertheless, be admitted that I positively wallow in sentimentality.

That night I part with her, feeling certain that Harry Tallmann's chance is slim, indeed, compared with my own. Was not her behavior the soul of indulgence when I murmured so-and-so? Did she not look down and actually simper (in her bungling imitation of girlishness), when I ventured upon thus-and-thus?

Heavens! I can almost feel the wheels of my own carriage rolling beneath me. What an emancipation—what an amelioration—for poor Jack Johnson!

The thirty-first is my final day of effort. On the thirty-first I must either speak, and speak boldly, or for ever after hold my peace. To leave the field in Harry Tallmann's possession, with no decisive understanding between myself and Mrs. Mackenzie, will be openly to court an inevitable defeat.

As a special favor, owing to my approaching departure, I have been able, on the previous night, to engage Mrs. Mackenzie's exclusive companionship for the night following.

And never, as it turns out, was night more propitious for such an occupation as that to which I design dedicating it.

A full moon holds the great unclouded heaven; a light breeze wanders murmurously through the silvered foliage; the air has not a touch of chilliness, and yet is fresh as that of some early May evening.

I do it. No matter exactly how it is done, but I do it. There is no doubt at all that I make Mrs. Mackenzie a proposal of marriage.

She accepts me without much humming or hawing, to speak in a business-like way of so hallowed a subject.

After feeling certain that I am unchangeably and irrevocably accepted, I seem to take the rest of that walk on a succession of exceedingly comfortable thrones.

Just before we say good-by that night, for what is to be at least a week of separation (since my business imperatively demands that I shall leave early on the following morning), I ask my new *fiancée* a tender question regarding some token of remembrance which I propose sending up to her from the city.

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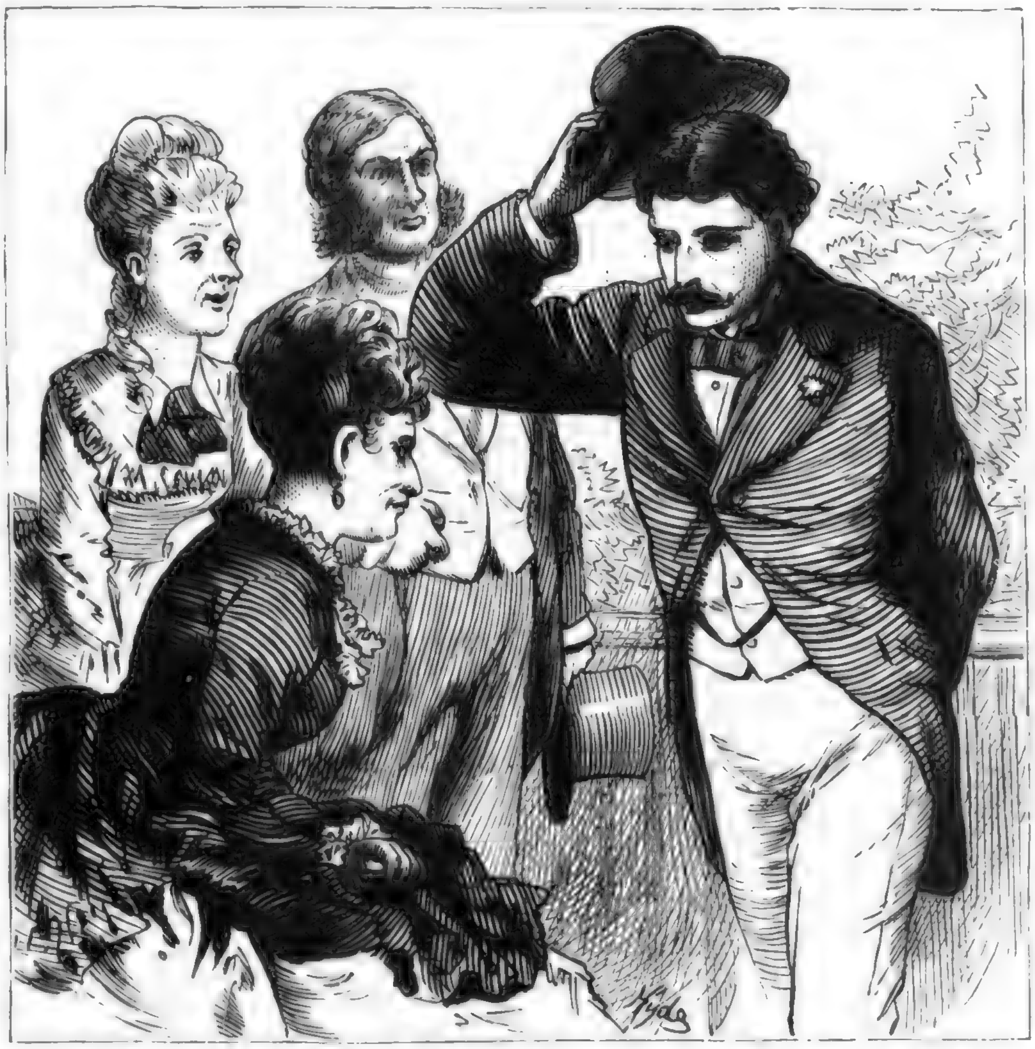
"The ring I shall bring myself next Saturday," I softly whisper; "but I want to send you something between now and then. Pray suggest to me what the gift shall be."

An immense affectation of timid bashfulness on the part of my affianced.

"Anything you please," she ripples; "only let it be something quite simple and inexpensive."

Suddenly it crosses my mind that a few days ago she greatly admired a certain shawl worn by a certain very young lady in the hotel—a gossamer-like, voluminous garment, extremely youthful in character.

"Very well," I answer. "I will send you something that you are to wear, and that whilst you wear it, you are to think of me—something that is just suited to your style. I hope that you *will have it on*, my love, when we next meet."



THE MISTAKE OF MY LIFE.—"MRS. MACKENZIE ACKNOWLEDGED THE INTRODUCTION WITH GREAT GRACIOUSNESS."—SEE PAGE 371.

Oh, unlucky words! I shiver to my very marrow as I recall and write them!

Arriving in town the next day, I immediately make search for a shawl similar to that which Mrs. Mackenzie has admired.

I at last succeed in finding such a shawl, purchase it, and give orders that it shall be sent to my boarding-place.

When I reach home that night, I find the bundle containing the shawl lying on my table. There is also another bundle, at which I glance, and as I do so, I discover that an envelope, addressed to myself, accompanies this latter package.

I open the envelope, and find its contents to be a bill; whereupon I look at the bundle, and mutter, annoyedly:

"Impertinent fellow! He promised to send them the day I started for the Springs. I shan't take them now—it's the only way to punish his bad faith."

That night I am so happy that I burn to celebrate my happiness in some fine, convivial way. My friend Peterkins has not yet heard the joyful tidings.

I pay Peterkins a visit, and quietly permit my bombshell of news to explode during our conversation. Poor Peterkins is monstrously amazed. He stares at me with great, saucer-like eyes for a while, and is speechless.

"Let us stroll to Delmonico's, Peterkins," I propose, "and eat some supper."

Whereupon my friend sighs a short, jealous little sigh. *My* future is to dine and sup *à la* Delmonico, he is probably thinking, as long as I live; whilst his must be connected with *cuisines* of a very inferior order. But presently he bursts forth in a very torrent of congratulations, and assures me that I am the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance.

Whilst he gives my hand a congratulatory wring, I make up my mind that we shall sup sumptuously, Peterkins and I. True, I have overdrawn my account more than a little of late; but how can that possibly matter to a man whom forty thousand a year are waiting to beatify?

Indeed, as it turns out, Peterkins and I sup "not wisely, but too well." It is nearly two o'clock when I must record that I stumbled upstairs horribly—befogged. "Befogged," in the sense in which I employ it, has a gentle originality that I think my least acute readers will not fail to discover.

The next morning I awoke with a frightful headache, and in all the depths of physical (if not precisely moral) wretchedness. But I do not forget the bundle that is to be sent per express to Elixir Springs. Oh, no; I do not forget that. Would to heaven I *had* forgotten it!

Three days later I am appalled at receiving the following note, which I at once proceeded to read:

"ELIXIR SPRINGS, *September*, 187—.

"SIR: Your insult has been received, and is duly appreciated. You will please address any further communication which you may care about making me, to Mr. Henry Tallmann, a gentleman with whom I have just contracted an engagement of marriage, and whose wife I hope to become in the course of a few weeks.

"Yours, etc., KATHARINE MACKENZIE."

For fully five minutes after reading this extraordinary letter, I sit in my room staring at it, turned into stone by sheer amazement.

Presently a horrible light breaks in upon me. I stagger to my closet, and search about for a certain bundle. Where is it? Ah! I have it—here on the top shelf; doubtless it has been put there by the chambermaid, and so forgotten by me.

With quivering fingers I open that bundle, having

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brought it forth from the closet. And presently I give a great cry, as Mrs. Mackenzie's shawl meets my sight!

I have sent the wrong bundle!

What did the other bundle contain? *It contained a pair of pantaloons!*

Ah, if only I had not taken that bacchanalian supper with Peterkins! That was the cause of it all; or, rather, the headache and bewilderment and wretchedness that followed it the next morning—these were the causes! Mrs. Horatio Mackenzie has been Mrs. Henry Tallmann for years and years. I am so horrified by the turn which events have taken, and so convinced that Harry has, all in a moment, as it were, found such an impregnable fortress of defense against me, that I yield to a sense of overwhelming defeat, and resign myself to the dreary realization of having committed—"The Mistake of My Life."

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

By John G. Whittier.

To the God of all sure mercies let thy blessing rise to-day;
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away—
Yea, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set His handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars;
Last night, across my damp earth floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness, all through the long night-time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow;
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there, the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly?" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp wall thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed?

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths whose glances, the Summer Sabbath through,
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra? Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm, bright hearth;
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

"Not for thee the hearth fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham woods by laughing boys are broken;
No first-fruits of the orchards within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"Oh, weak, deluded maiden! by crazy fancies led,
With wild and evil railers an evil path to tread;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound;
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired, with sackcloth bound:

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things Divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee!—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave;
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all!"

Oh, ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, O helper of the weak, that Thou, indeed, wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's sleeping limbs the prison shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies! for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray, cold morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hoar-frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, and shame burned upon my cheek;
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak.
"O Lord! support thy handmaid; and from her soul cast out
The fear of man which brings a snare—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a clould in morning's breeze,
And a low, deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these:
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused, at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard, clear lines on high
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold,
And grim and stout sea-captains, with faces bronzed and old;
And on his horse, with Rawson, and his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land;

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak!
Go, light the dark, cold hearthstones—go, turn the prison-lock
Of the poor hearts thou has hunted, thou wolf amid the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-impurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her words so wild;
Her master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff, turning, said:
"Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker-maid?
In the Isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried:
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!" no voice or sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear—
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear."

A weight seemed lifted from my heart—a pitying friend was nigh—
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice so kind to me
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold—
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me, I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship, and crew, and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain! shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott, with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle-rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked in bitterness of soul,
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll.
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer, which full and clear swept round the silent bay,
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that very hour the earth seemed changed beneath my eye;
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland bay
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life, to him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set his handmaid free;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid.

Sing, O my soul, rejoicing on evening's twilight calm,
Uplift the loud thanksgiving, pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priest and mighty men of wrong;
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay his hand upon the strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour!

But let the humble one arise, the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

RUSSIAN STATE PRISONS.

STATE prisons in Russia being fortresses as well, application for admission to them has to be made to the Minister for War rather than to the Minister for Justice. This great official is pretty sure to resent the tourist's curiosity. He will probably tell him that neither Schlusselbourg nor the Fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul possess any real interest for the stranger; and if he yields at last to his importunity, he will take very good care that he penetrates but a very little way into the secrets they conceal. The commandant of the fortress, to whom the special order for admission is shown, will probably, on his part, evince no little reluctance to admit the privileged stranger—for it need scarcely be said that no ordinary tourist is thus honored. And no wonder. Could the stones of the vaulted passages which echo under our tread speak in articulate language, they would have a story to tell that might eclipse the romances that have gathered round the Bastile or the Tower.

When Custine visited the fortress of St. Petersburg in 1839, there were unfortunate wretches incarcerated in the dungeons hollowed out under the Neva who had been there since the days of the First Alexander.

Schlusselbourg was not always so called. When in the possession of the Swedes, it was named Notebourg, and was only reduced by the troops of Peter the Great after a week's bombardment and a desperate assault. The captors changed its name to Schlusselbourg, as being the key of Ingria and Finland. It is built on a shelving rock in the middle of the Lake Ladoga, which it entirely commands, so that its possessor must necessarily be master of the Neva and the capital. Its situation is one of the natural curiosities of Russia, and has naturally commended it to the Russian authorities at all times as a place of confinement for prisoners of the higher rank and consequence, whose safe custody is a matter of the utmost moment. To foreigners, it is best known as the prison-house of the unfortunate Ivan VI., and the scene of the crime of the Empresses Elizabeth and Catherine. Ivan Antonovitch, whose only crime was that the Empress Anne, twelve days before her death, had declared him heir to the throne, was, on the usurpation of Elizabeth, seized and confined, first in the fortress of Riga and then in Oranienburg. Thence he was brought for greater security to Schlusselbourg, where he was imprisoned in a subterranean vault, entirely deprived of daylight and air. When Peter III., shortly before his own dethronement and assassination, paid him a secret visit in his dungeon, and asked him what he wished for, he answered, "To have more air." The Emperor, touched by his moving complaint, planned a little circular palace in the court of the fortress, in the centre of which was to be a garden, so that the boy's craving for light and air should be in some way gratified. The idea, however, was never carried out, and subsequently it was used by Catherine as an accusation against Peter himself, and was made one pretext for his assassination.

When Peter visited Ivan, he was aged rather more than twenty years, and had never seen the light of day since he was fourteen months old. The Emperor, according to Baron Korf, who relates the interview, asked him several questions. Among others:

"Who are you?"

"I am the Emperor."

"Who put you into prison, then?"

"Vile, wicked people."

"Would you like to be Emperor again?"

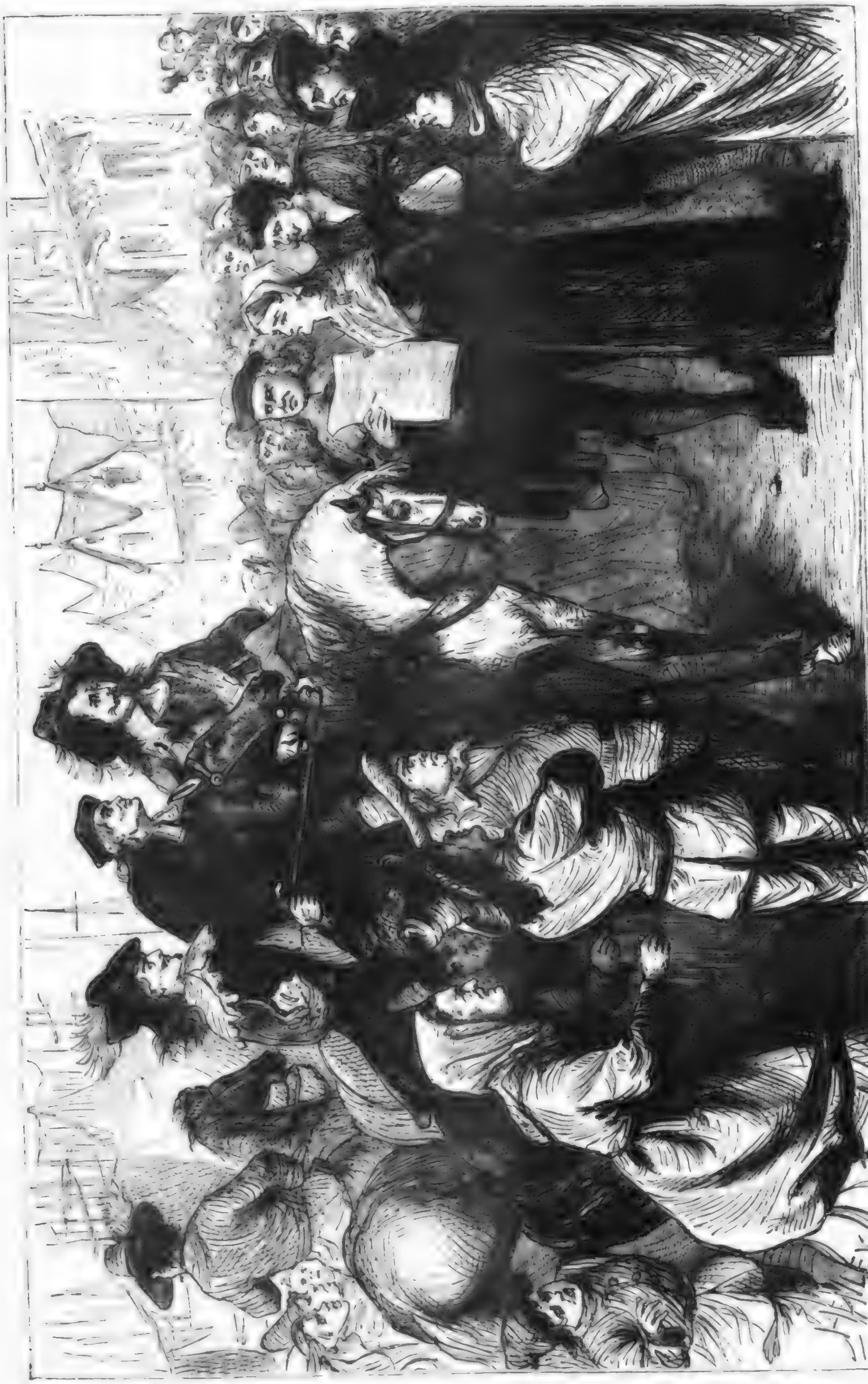
"Why not? I should then have fine clothes, and servants to wait on me."

"But what would you do if you were Emperor?"

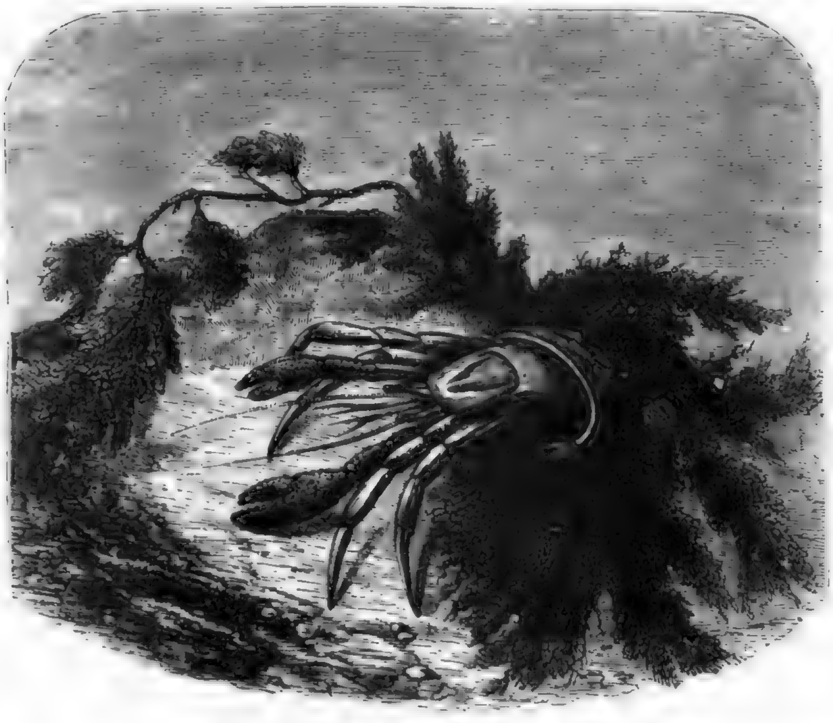
"I would cut off the heads of all those who have wronged me."

The idea that a conspiracy might one day reverse the positions of Ivan and Catherine continually haunted the Empress; and the guard of Schlusselbourg were furnished with orders to put the boy to death if any attempt should be made to convey him away. This order was carried into effect when the conspirator Mirovitch forced his way into the dungeon. He was confronted with the bleeding body of the murdered prince.

XUM



THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.—"THE PRIEST LEANED O'ER THE SADDLE, WITH LAUGH AND SCOFF AND JEER."—SEE PAGE 374.



THE HERMIT-CRAB.

LODGERS AND BOARDERS IN LOWER LIFE.

By Andrew Wilson, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., Etc.

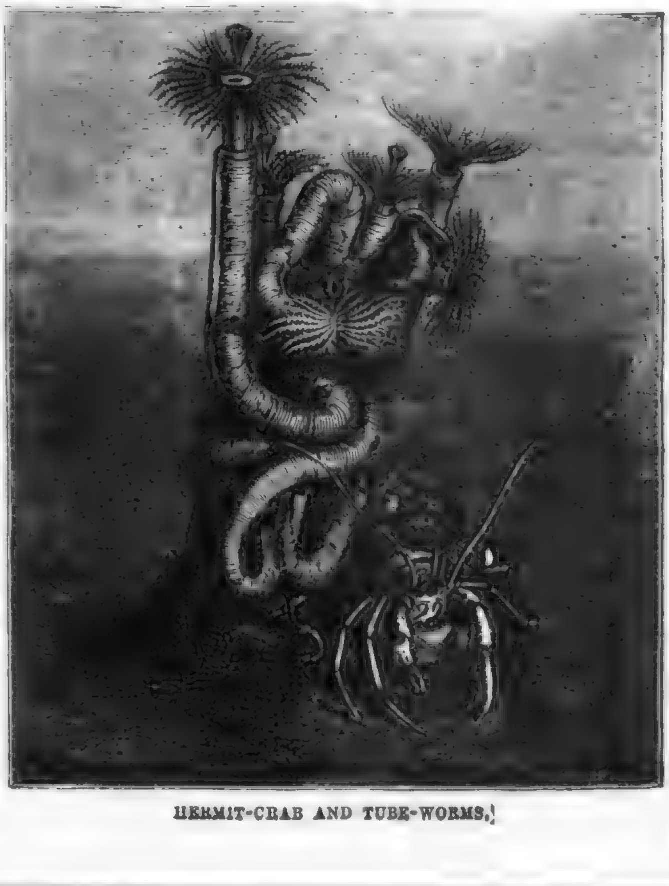
The character of the "parasite" is one which from classic times has been deservedly held up to ridicule and scorn by the universal consent of humanity. The cringing, dependent and fawning servitor, dancing attendance upon the heels of usually a tyrannical patron, constitutes a picture in favor of which no one may feel prepossessed; and the general idea of such a relationship is that of a contemptible alliance betwixt master and servitor, calculated to effect no good work upon their human surroundings. The term "parasite," as applied in lower life, whilst it possesses certain analogies with the human state so called, nevertheless exhibits a widely different aspect when its entire features are taken into consideration. The animal parasite, in the majority of cases, is unquestionably, like its human representative, a degraded creature. It will be found most frequently to have lost whatever independence it once possessed, and to have merged its existence in a slavish dependence on its host. In not a few cases, this dependence will be found to have proceeded so far, that the parasite has become stomachless and mouthless, and feeds itself, as best it may, on the fluids which its host elaborates for personal use. Thorough degradation may thus be said to follow the adoption of a parasitic life in cases where such an existence is best typified in the animal world.

But here the comparison of the human and the animal dependent may be lawfully said to end; and at this stage the differences begin, on the other hand, to be plainly apparent. The parasite in higher life is at the beck and call of his master, and is bound to respond to every whim and caprice of his owner. Not so the parasite in lower life, which exists usually as a source of irritation, and often as a cause of disease, to its uninviting, and it may be unconscious, host. The human dependent may, it is true, exist for his own ends, and may ultimately benefit himself through his despicable ways and through the petty meannesses of his life. But such advantage may be said to be the invariable rule of the parasite in lower life. The latter not only lodges, but boards, at the expense of its host. It obtains lodgment and food in the easiest fashion and in the cheapest manner. It is a persistent "bad lodger," which not only pays no rent, but may, in the course of its existence, benefit itself by the physical ruin of its benefactor. Sinbad's "Old Man of the Sea" was not a more persistent tenant on that hero's shoulders, than are most parasites on or within the bodies of their hosts. And, unfortunately, the latter may scarcely be shaken off, as was Sinbad's ancient burden; inasmuch as, when parasitism has become the way of life of a living organism, the law that "habit" becomes "a second nature" receives a new illustration, and the parasitic existence, once begun, tends to become the perpetual and normal life of the dependent being.

Thus much by way of comparison of a way of human existence with a curious pathway of animal life. Let us endeavor, in the next place, to gain some ideas of the structure and development of certain typical parasites, and thereafter seek briefly to discuss the probable origin and laws of parasitic life at large. In such a zoological ramble we may light upon facts which may not only "feed the curious" within us, but serve the higher mission of intellectual nurture, in providing food for thought and wise reflection.

Some simple cases of parasitism may first engage our attention, since these less complicated relations betwixt animals may serve perchance to show how the more complex associations have been acquired. Many cases are known to naturalists in which one animal attaches itself to, or merely associates itself with, another animal of widely different kind. Such association is not only of constant and invariable occurrence, but is, moreover, inexplicable, save perhaps on the idea of a chance companionship, which, under the influence of habit, has become a sworn friendship.

No better example of such association could be found than that of a certain species of sea-anemone (*Adamsia*



HERMIT-CRAB AND TUBE-WORMS.

XUM

palliata) which attaches itself to the shells in which hermit-crabs (*Pagurus Prideauxii*) ensconce themselves after the manner of their kind (Figs. 1, 2, 3). Invariably we find crab and anemone dwelling together; the former toiling along, house on his back, and his anemone-friend, securely posed on the house in turn, is carried about much as the accompanying illustration (Fig. 2) depicts a colony of tube-worms borne on the shell in which the crab resides. Between these "messmates," as they may be termed, the best of understandings appears to exist. Constant association, perpetuated from generation to generation, has perfected relations of a friendly character between crab and anemone. The crab has been seen to feed the anemone by aid of his long nippers, and to remove the anemone to a new and larger shell when, through his physical increase, a change of quarters was demanded.

Here there is association, which, if it may scarcely be termed beneficial in so far as the crab is concerned, nevertheless presents us with an instance where the parasite or anemone has contracted a persistent habit of attachment. Such a habit, pursued in other cases, may lead, as we shall see, to the beginning of true parasitism.

Of a more intimate kind, and more nearly approaching parasitism itself, is the relationship known to exist between such animals as sea-anemones and certain fishes, and between such mollusks as mussels and certain small crustaceans named "pea-crabs." Any visitor to the seaside who has touched the outspread tentacles of the sea-anemone, knows full well how quickly the animal retracts the feelers, and contracts its entire frame. The object of such sensitiveness is not far to seek. Since the prey of the anemone—consisting of crabs, whelks, and all unwary creatures which may stumble across its tentacles—is captured by the tentacles, and, primarily, through the warning which the property of sensation gives to the feelers of the animal, it would be therefore a perfectly just assertion to say that a sea-anemone is a highly sensitive animal, and that objects touching its tentacles are readily and quickly seized and engulfed within its sac-like body. But what may be said of the relationship between certain tropical sea-anemones of large size, and some small fishes, whose habitual dwelling-place appears to be the interior of the anemones' bodies, and which swim in and out of the mouths of their hosts at will? Nor is the case any the less surprising when we find it asserted on good authority that the anemone may contract its body, inclosing the fish, and thereafter expanding itself, allow its "messmate" to swim freely about, only to return again, however, to its strange but habitual dwelling-place. Considering the rapacity of ordinary anemone character, as illustrated by the seizure of food, how may the immunity of a fish which has ventured not merely into the lion's jaws, but into its very stomach, be accounted for? Once again we are forced to fall back upon the idea of "habit, use and wont," as inducing such an harmonious relationship. It might be suggested that the fish may benefit from the easy terms on which it may obtain food within the stomach-sac of the anemone. If this view be correct, then the case may truly be described as that of two "messmates"; but the details appear as strange and curious after this suggestion as before. Such a case may show how parasitic habits might be inaugurated in the case of an animal more likely to become wholly dependent on a host than the fish, since the partial dependence of a likely animal on the anemone might be replaced by a fuller and more complete life of ease and indulgence.

Somewhat resembling the preceding case is that of the "pea-crabs" (Fig. 4), those minute crustaceans which occur not merely within the shells and bodies of mussels, but are also found as lodgers within the breathing-chambers of the "sea-squirts," or Ascidians (Figs. 5 and 6). How or why these crustacean intruders are tolerated amongst the sensitive tissues of their hosts, is another mystery, inexplicable as to its origin, and equally mysterious in its continuance, save on the supposition that custom has habituated the mollusk or sea-squirt to the presence of its guests. Pliny of old, indeed, credited the pea-crab with the function of pinching its landlord, by way of warning him against the inroads of other and, perchance, less welcome intruders; but the suggestion does more credit to the classic naturalist's ingenuity than to his knowledge of animal psychology and relationships.

That the pea-crabs are most probably "lodgers" only, and not "boarders," within the sea-squirts at least, seems a likely idea, from the writer's own observation of the habits of these crustaceans. Pea-crabs may be seen to emerge at night from sea-squirts kept in an aquarium, to feed on the floor of the vessel or tank; the crabs retreating to their shelter on being alarmed with a rapidity which speaks volumes at once for their familiarity with their place of refuge and for sea-squirt tolerance with lively lodgers.

In these cases, a habit of association has clearly been contracted, with the result of invariably inducing the stated companionship of two animal forms, widely separated from each other in point of structure and rank in the zoological category. We may now proceed to note the details of some cases in which this association has developed into a still closer intimacy, and in which the limits and territory of true parasitism may be said to be attained.

Amongst the parasites that infest the human territory, and that of higher animals at large, the tapeworms are perhaps the best-known examples. These organisms inhabit, as their special sphere, the intestines of man and other warm-blooded animals—namely, quadrupeds and birds. They may attain a length of many feet; and when scientifically examined, each tapeworm is seen to consist of, firstly, a very minute "head," armed with hooklets and suckers for adhesion to the intestine; secondly, of a slender portion composed of imperfectly formed joints, the so-called "neck"; and, thirdly, of numerous flattened "joints," of oblong shape. It must be first noticed that the "joints" do not correspond to the joints or segments of an ordinary worm. In the tapeworm, indeed, each joint is really a semi-independent animal; and the whole worm, instead of being a single organism, is thus in reality a collection or colony of beings. The "head" is the most personal part, so to speak, of this compound organism, since the joints are produced from the head and neck by a veritable process of "budding." Each fresh joint appears to be produced between the head and the already formed segments. And as this process of growth may be said to proceed continuously during the lifetime of the organism, we may readily enough understand how the tapeworms may attain the length and dimensions they frequently exhibit.

The tapeworms have little to boast of in the way of structure and organization. The head contains the main masses of the nervous system, which send two nervous filaments backward through the joints, and two main tubes, or "water-vessels," run one down each side of the body. Each "joint" may be described as simply a receptacle for the development and production of eggs. In each joint we see the greatly branched ovary, or egg-producing structure, within which thousands of eggs—destined, under favorable circumstances, to produce as many tapeworms—are developed. Thus we clearly appreciate the almost unlimited fertility of these animals, when we discover that the organism consists of many segments, each capable of producing its thousands of eggs; whilst each egg that undergoes full development is invested with the power of giving origin in turn to a tapeworm-organism composed, as before, of its hundreds of joints.

What is the life-history of such an organism? is a query which may best be answered through a study of its development. Liberated from the body of their host, the joints of the tapeworm, through their decay, disperse their minute eggs abroad. The eggs, to undergo development into tapeworms, require, however, to pass the first part of their existence in a different animal from that in which they are to reside as mature tapeworms—that is to say, the egg of the common tapeworm (*Tænia solium*), which inhabits the human digestive system, would come to nothing were it to be swallowed by man. For its due development, it requires to be first swallowed by a warm-blooded animal, as a first host—the animal in question being a pig. Swallowed by the pig, the egg of the tapeworm soon liberates from its covering a little "embryo" provided with six hooklets. This young tapeworm shows no disposition to develop the characteristic form of its parent within the pig, but at once proceeds to bore its way through the walls of the animal's stomach, and to take up its abode usually in the pig's muscles, or it may be in the liver, brain, or some other organ. Here it becomes a "resting-larva." It develops around its body a sac or bag containing fluid, and is now known as the *scolex*. Already we may perceive a minute head and neck, but no further traces of the mature tapeworm are to be seen. Here, also, it can attain to no further development. Its career within its pig-host ends thus; and if the pig should die a natural death, and be buried, the "resting-young" of the tapeworm would share the fate of disintegration, destruction and decay, which would, in the latter event, await the tissues of the pig. Let us imagine, however, that, instead of the unlooked-for and unusual contingency above noted, the pig's muscles are in due season converted into pork, and that man partakes of that commodity, especially in an uncooked or imperfectly prepared condition. Then, each "resting-tapeworm" within its sac, and derived from the muscles of the pig, receives a fresh start in life, and enters upon the concluding phases of development. For, when swallowed by man, the little sac is dissolved. By means of its hooklets, the resting-larva attaches itself to the lining membrane of the digestive system. Next ensues a process of budding. Joint after joint is duly produced; and the form of the mature tapeworm, with its eggs ready for development, as we at first beheld it, again appears in the round or cycle of development.

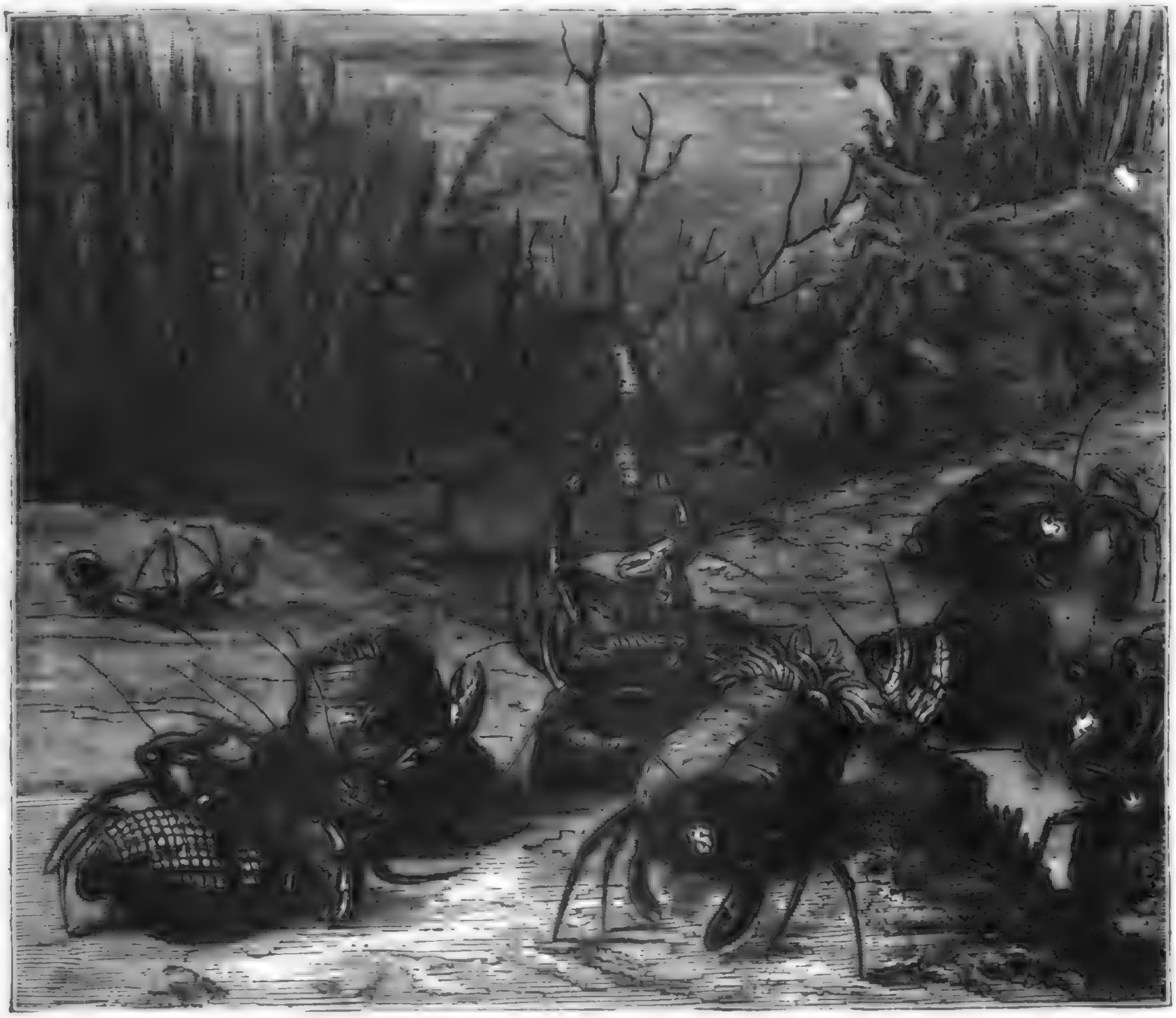
Such is the curious story of the development of these parasites. The main features of that biography consist in the remembrance of the facts that these animals possess two hosts, and that they do not attain full development in the animal which first harbors them. Thus, from the resting-larva of underdone or "measly" pork, man derives the common tapeworm. From underdone beef he may obtain another kind of tapeworm, the first stages of whose existence are thus spent within the economy of the ox. The young of the tapeworm commonly found in the dog and fox inhabit the liver of the rabbit; another parasite of the dog being obtained from the brain of the sheep. The cat obtains its parasite in the most natural fashion from the liver of the mouse or rat. And man, in turn, may act as a first host when he harbors in his liver the dreaded "hydatids," which are simply the immature young, or resting forms, of a tapeworm attaining maturity in the dog.

No more curious life-history than that of a species of tapeworm (*Tænia cucumerina*) can well be imagined—this parasite inhabiting the dog's digestive system. The resting-young of the tapeworm inhabit the body of the dog-louse—which is duly swallowed by the dog in the act of cleaning his coat—and there becomes the full-grown tapeworm. The eggs of this mature parasite are in turn swallowed by the dog-lice, and become the resting-young which are destined to repeat the history through which their progenitors have passed. Here there is seen parasitism within parasitism; and, to say the least, it would be a puzzling task to account for the origin of the somewhat complex relationship which has thus been developed betwixt the louse, the tapeworm, and the canine host, which protects the one and gives shelter to the other.

Equally interesting, and in some respects similar to the development of the tapeworms, is the history of the flukes (Fig. 7, A). Every one has heard of these flat-bodied "worms"—each comparable to a single joint of a tapeworm—which inhabit the bile-ducts and liver-tubes of the sheep, and produce those symptoms of emaciation and disease in that animal collectively known as the "rot." The eggs of the fluke escape into water, and give birth to young, or embryos (Fig. 7, B), which at first swim freely about. Soon the young fluke loses its locomotive powers, becomes a tadpole-like being, and enters the body of a fresh-water snail. There it remains quiescent, but undergoes changes which bring it nearer the condition of fluke. When the snail is swallowed by the sheep in the act of drinking—or it may be when the young flukes escape from the snail into water, and thus gain ready access to the sheep's economy—the final stage in development is duly brought about; and the young flukes, making their way to the liver of the animal, become perfect and mature beings.

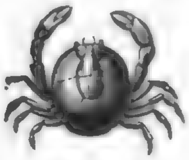
Thus we see that, as in the tapeworms, so in the flukes, two hosts are required for the due development of these parasites; and it may not be amiss to remark in passing upon the fortunate nature—in so far as the higher animals or final "hosts" are concerned—of this arrangement. But for the thousand and one chances of destruction which await the eggs of these parasites, and for the chances which tell against their successful lodgment in their first hosts, and also against their successfully overcoming the difficulties of their complicated development, man's estate would be simply overrun with these organisms, and higher animal life at large might well fear rapid extermination.

Instructive and interesting also is the account of the development of the notorious *Trichina*, which is capable of causing grave symptoms or death by its attack. This parasite is a minute, thread-like worm, which, as it exists in the *muscles* of man, of the pig, or other animals, is immature and harmless. When the flesh of the pig, for example, containing these trichinæ—which lie coiled up each within a little "cyst" or bag—is eaten by man, a wondrous activity is exchanged for their previously inert condition. These parasites, set free within the human stomach, rapidly produce their young by thousands. These young are debarred by the laws of their development from attaining any further advance in life before passing a term of pupilage, so to speak, in the muscles. Hence arises the danger of trichina-visitation; and then comes the tug of war. For the rising generation of these parasites, produced in the stomach, now bore their way through the tissues to a resting-place in the muscles, and in the act of migrating cause pains and illness, often of a serious character. Once settled down in the muscles, all danger, however, is past. For each worm develops around itself a sac or bag, wherein it lies ensconced until



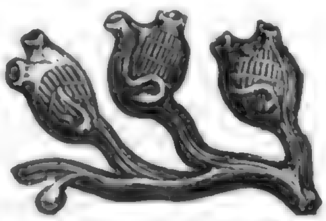
HERMIT-CRABS FIGHTING.

swallowed by another warm-blooded animal—an utterly unlikely fate in the case of man's muscles, the parasites of which will simply undergo degeneration, and be ultimately converted into so many specks of lime.

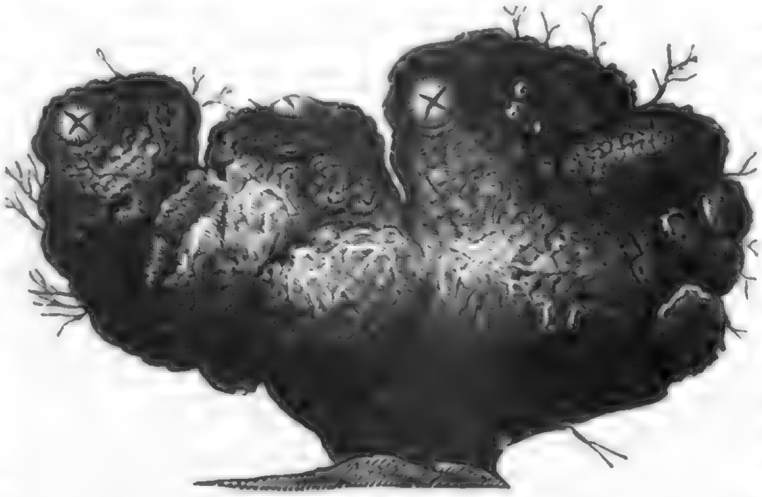


PEA-CRAB.

What are the lessons which a subject, that at first sight might be deemed of unsavory kind, seems well calculated to teach us concerning parasitism and its origin? Briefly summed up, we may say that, firstly, parasitic habits are certainly not of original nature, but have been acquired—in other words, the parasite was not always attached and helpless, but was once free and dissociated, and acquired its dependent habits in consequence of some alteration in its way of life which benefited its race. How may such a statement be supported? is a natural enough inquiry. I reply, by the consideration of the various graduated stages and modifications in parasitism, and by the life-history of parasites at large. We may trace every stage in the parasitic dependence, and in the degree of intimacy which exists betwixt hosts and lodgers. From the simple condition of mere lodgment and attachment (as in the case of the anemone and hermit-crab), to that of "messmates," or pure "lodgers," is an easy transition. The fishes living within the anemones, and the pea-crabs within mussels and sea-squirts, exemplify cases of the latter description. In these instances there is an association more intimate than that existing between the anemone and crab; and, although there is an independence of host and lodger, there are to be traced, nevertheless, the beginnings of truly parasitic habits. The tapeworms and their allies, as true parasites, illustrate beings which have undergone great modification of their parts and organs, and which, having gradually accommodated themselves to their surroundings, have become lodgers and boarders, feeding themselves at the expense of their hosts. But we gain still clearer ideas of the originally free and non-parasitic state of animal lodgers and boarders, if we

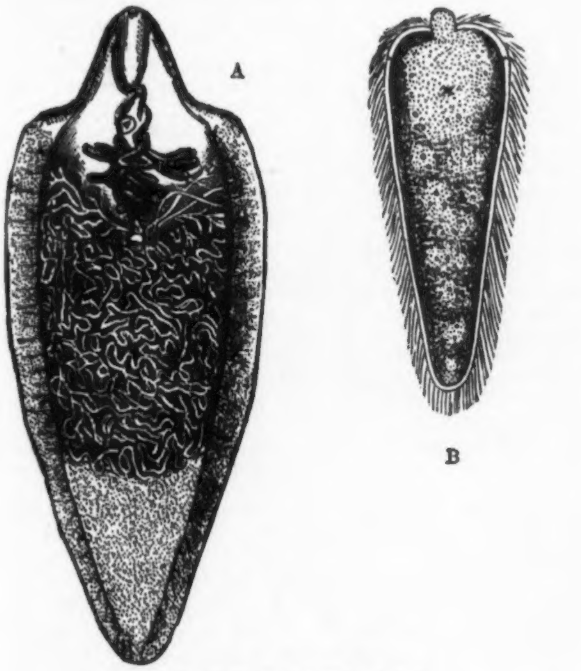


SOCIAL ASCIDIAN (*A. pedunculata*).

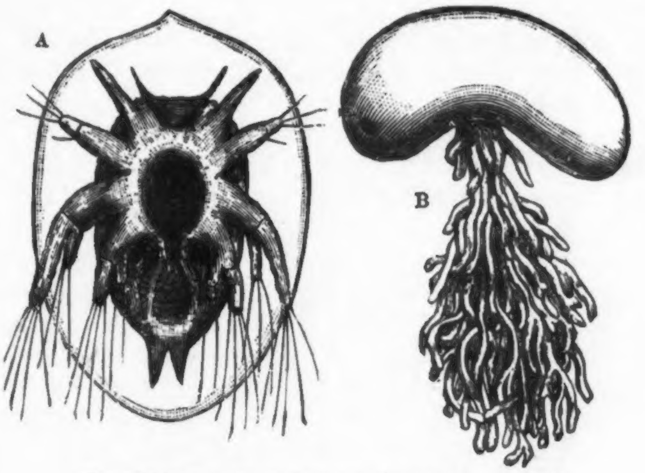


SIMPLE ASCIDIAN (*A. microcosmus.*)

consider the meaning of the free stages witnessed in their development. No better illustration in support of this latter idea, that their development affords a clew to the whole history of parasites, could be cited than that of the *Sacculina* (Fig. 8, B)—a low form of crustacean, and a kind of poor relation of crabs, shrimps and their allies. The sacculina exists as a bag-like growth on the bodies of hermit-crabs. It may be described as a bag of eggs and nothing more, attaching itself by root-like processes to its host, from whose tissues it absorbs its nourishment. From its structure as an adult sacculina, indeed, we could not guess its true nature, seeing that it possesses few or none of the ordinary belongings of the animal creation. But if we watch the development of one of the many eggs this bag-like being contains, we may then hazard a guess as to its nature and concerning the history of its past.



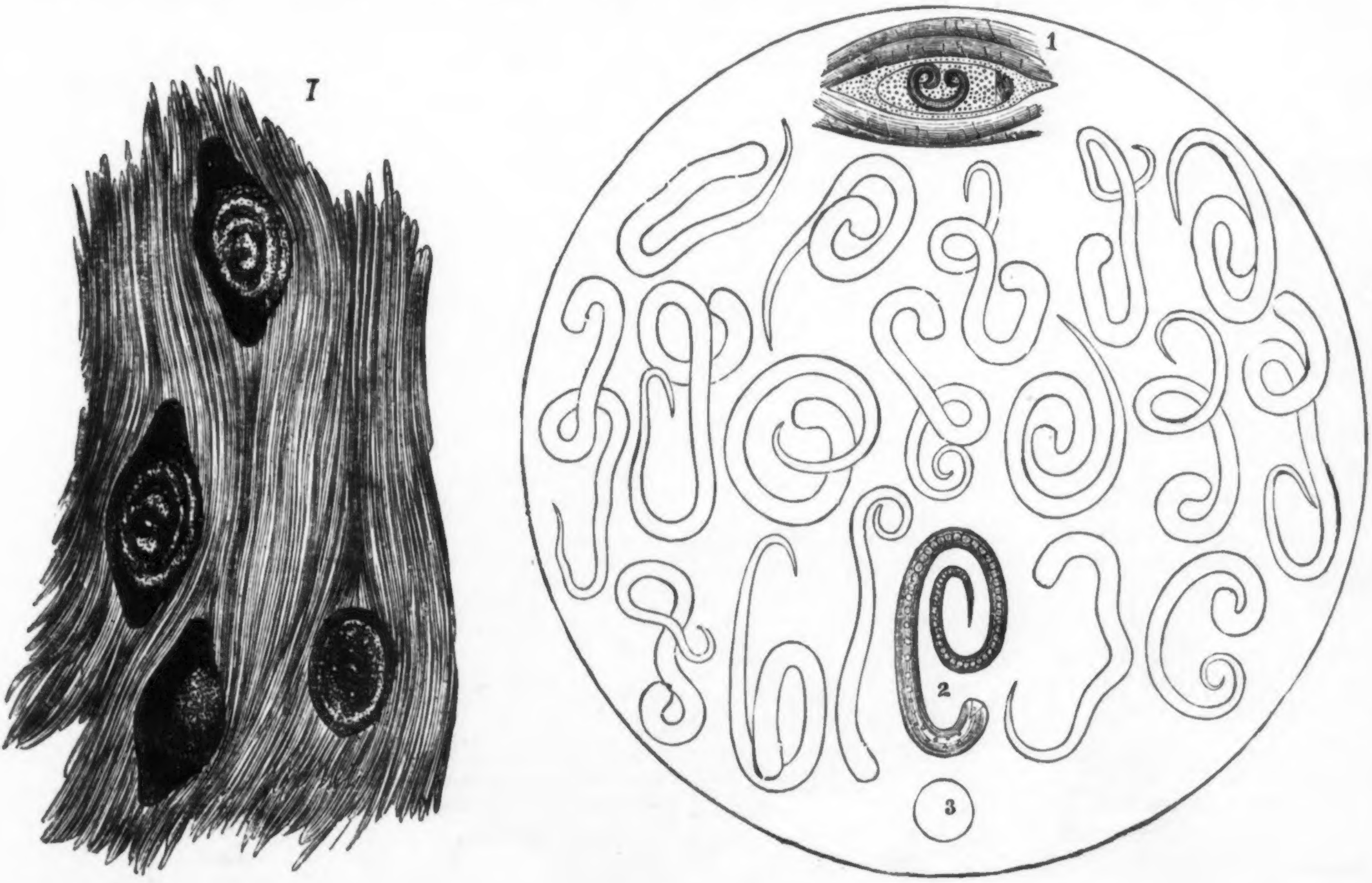
DEVELOPMENT OF LIVER FLUKE.
A, Sexually mature (after Blanchard). B, Embryo (after Leuckart).



DEVELOPMENT OF SACCULINA (AFTER HAECKEL).
A, Larva; B, Mature Animal.

Each sacculina-egg gives birth to an active little creature, named a *Nauplius* (Fig. 8, A). This little being possesses three pairs of legs or feet, an oval body, and a single or cyclopean eye. Soon the body becomes inclosed in a "shell"; the front pair of limbs increases at the expense of the others, which are cast off; whilst six pairs of swimming-feet are developed in their place. Ultimately, these little creatures attach themselves to their crab-hosts; the limbs drop off; the two front limbs remain developed, and become altered to form organs of adhesion to their hosts; and the body itself finally assumes the form of the sausage-shaped organism we see in the adult sacculina (Fig. 8, B).

Thus, if "development" may be trusted as a criterion of the history of the sacculina race, we may believe that at first these parasites were represented by free-swimming beings resembling the "Nauplius" (Fig. 8, A), which now appears at the first stage in their lives. And it may



TRICHINA SPIRALIS.

with equal justice be assumed, from the facts which nature reveals to us, that the fixed and rooted sacculina is itself a later product of development, and appears as the result of altered habits and of a changed way of life on the part of the original race. Such conclusions, though merely hypothetical, are not unsupported by the history of other animal forms. On the contrary, change and variation may be regarded as representing factors and means of normal kind in inducing alterations in the structure and habits of living beings. No one may doubt the existence and operation in the world of life of laws which direct animal and plant forms along the "grooves of change." Our difficulty lies, not in determining the existence of these laws, but in reaching the "law within the law," on which the degree and succession of changes depend. Such ideas that alteration and variation are natural actions of life, are the result of that wider study of living beings which has of late years been prosecuted. Of old, the "fixity" of species and the permanency of animal and plant forms was esteemed an axiom of biology.

Now, we know that the production of varieties and races is one of nature's statutory procedures, so to speak. We do not yet know, it is true, the limits of variation in different animals or plants; but experience shows us that these limits probably vary greatly in different species. The causes of variation are likewise still obscure, but amongst these causes we may rank the influence of surroundings and of changed environments as of the highest importance. One of many theoretical conclusions to which the subject of parasites may, therefore, lead, is that alteration and modification of the lives and structure of animals appear to be a normal occurrence in nature. Under the influence of new ways of life and of changed conditions, animals once free have become attached as parasites, and, from the possession of definite structure and organization, have become degraded, and have degenerated to the existing state of many parasitical forms. Change and modification are thus seen to be important features in ruling the destinies of living beings; and no better examples of this latter fact may be cited than those illustrating the manner in which the so-called "vicious circle" of parasite life is perpetually maintained.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The Dephosphorization of Iron.—At the last annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute of England, a paper was read by Messrs. Thomas & Gilchrist on the elimination of phosphorus in the Bessemer converter, which elicited an animated discussion, extending over several days. The great object in view here is the removal of phosphorus from ordinary pig-iron, thereby fitting it for use in the manufacture of steel, special regard being had to Cleveland iron. The essence of Messrs. Thomas & Gilchrist's invention is the substitution of a basic lining for the ordinary gannister lining in the Bessemer converter. The lining consists of magnesian limestone, which, after a long course of experiment, the inventors found best suited to their purpose. Cold basic material is also added to the charge in the converter and during the blow. The result of some recent experiments shows that an excellent quality of steel can be produced, varying in temper from the mildest and softest to that of ordinary hardness for rails, the exact temper of metal required being produced with certainty.

Dynamite.—Major Magendie, R.A., has come to the conclusions, after numerous experiments, that frozen dynamite is considerably less sensitive to explosion by a blow than unfrozen dynamite; that cartridges of dynamite having small quantities of exuded nitro-glycerine within them are decidedly more sensitive to explosion by a blow than cartridges in which there is no such exudation; that frozen dynamite is much more susceptible to explosion by simple ignition than the unfrozen; that frozen dynamite is much less sensitive to explosion by the impact of a bullet than unfrozen dynamite; that the danger attending the mere breaking in two of a frozen dynamite cartridge does not seem to be of the formidable character indicated by the Austrian regulations; and that frozen nitro-glycerine is not susceptible of detonation by detonators of the same strength as those with which the detonation of unfrozen nitro-glycerine may be readily and certainly effected.

A **new** skating surface called "crystal ice" has been invented by Dr. Calantarients of Scarborough. Considering that after all ice is merely a crystalline substance, says *Nature*, and that there is merely a lack of substances which are crystalline at ordinary temperatures, Dr. Calantarients experimented with a variety of salts, and after a time succeeded in making a mixture, consisting mainly of carbonate and sulphate of soda, which, when laid as a floor by his plan, can be skated on with the ordinary ice skates; the resistance to the surface is just equal to that of ice; it looks like ice, and, indeed, when it has been skated on and got "cut up" a little, the deception is quite astonishing. The surface can at any time be made smooth again by steaming with an apparatus for the purpose, and the floor itself, when once laid, will last for several years. It is interesting to observe that the mixture of salts used contains about sixty per cent. of water of crystallization, so that after all the floor consists chiefly of solidified water.

Cleveland Steel.—The Northeastern Railway Company, of England, has sent a large order to the Cleveland district for steel rails, to be made according to the new process of dephosphorization recently invented. The importance of the new invention is scarcely second to that of the Bessemer steel process. For the manufacture of a ton of iron according to the old method, six tons of coal were required; to make a ton of Cleveland steel on the new principle it is said that three tons, or one-half as much as heretofore, are sufficient. In England 50,000,000 tons of coal are annually required in the manufacture of iron. It will be seen that the saving of fuel in the new process is enormous, but that is not the only advantage, as by the dephosphorization converter the vast deposits of ore in the Cleveland district, hitherto neglected, can now be made available. In the United States, where good iron ore is abundant, the dephosphorization is of less account, but the saving of fuel is of equal value in both countries.

A Fossil Forest.—An interesting discovery has been made at Edge Lane Quarry, Oldham, England. The quarrymen, in the course of their excavations, have come upon what has been described as a fossil forest. The trees number about twelve, and some of them are two feet in diameter. They are in good preservation. The roots can be seen interlacing the rock, and the fronds of the ferns are to be found imprinted on every piece of stone. The discovery has excited much interest in geological circles round Manchester, and the "forest" has been visited by a large number of persons. The trees belong to the middle coal-measure period, although it has been regarded as somewhat remarkable that no coal has been discovered near them. The coal is found about two hundred and fifty yards beneath. Professor Boyd-Dawkins, of Owens' College, has visited the quarry, and declares that there is not such another sight in Europe.

The New Caledonia Nickel.—The important ores from New Caledonia now constitute the chief raw material for the French nickel industry. The rock is a beautiful green-colored hydrosilicate of nickel, free from sulphur and arsenic, and poor in cobalt and copper. The nickel obtained from it is therefore very pure. The best method of treating this ore is even yet undetermined. Garnier, at Marseilles, reduces the ore very much in the same manner as is done with iron in a blast furnace. He thus secures a crude pig, from which the pure metal is afterward obtained. Christofle, on the contrary, has recourse to the wet way. He dissolves the ore in hydrochloric acid, precipitates the nickel as oxalate, and obtains the metal by fusion. Both methods are open to criticism, and will doubtless be improved in the course of time.

Phosphoric Acid in Beer.—If equal volumes of beer and nitric acid are boiled together, and a small quantity of molybdate of ammonia be added, the characteristic yellow precipitate of phosphoric acid will immediately make its appearance. For the quantitative determination of the phosphoric acid in beer, a decimal solution of acetate of uranium is recommended. One hundred cubic centimetres of fresh beer treated with acetate of uranium at once yield a voluminous dirty yellow precipitate. Analysis of the best Munich beer yielded the following contents of phosphoric acid: Winter beer, per liter, 0.5 grains phosphoric acid; Summer beer, per liter, 0.6 grains phosphoric acid; double beer, per liter, 0.9 grains phosphoric acid.

American Tin Plates.—As there is no duty on pig-tin coming into the United States, and as skilled labor in almost every department of manufacture can now be secured here at about the same cost as for similar workmanship abroad, there is no good reason why America should not be able to fairly compete with foreign makers of tin plates. The process of manufacture has scarcely advanced beyond what was known one hundred years ago, and we may readily believe that American enterprise and ingenuity will before long suggest labor-saving machinery, which will both reduce the cost and improve the quality. It is certainly remarkable that no tin ore has thus far been discovered in the United States.

Normal Composition of Milk.—According to C. Marchaud (Bied. Centr., 1872, pp. 769–770), the usual composition of human milk is as follows: butter, 36.8; lactose, 71.1; proteïn, 17; salts, 2.04; and water, 873 parts per thousand. When the amount of butter rises to above 52 parts, the milk is injurious to the child. The quantity of proteïn, which is much less than in cow's milk, cannot be exceeded without ill effects.

H. Mills, of Binghampton, N. Y., lost a valuable piece of wire last Spring. The winds recently blew down the limb of a tree in his yard, and an oriole's nest was found suspended to it by the wire. It was wrapped round and round the limb as though a man had done it.

Some ladies have captured a family of decorative crabs, and half-hours pass rapidly by in watching their erratic movements. The plan is to take the crab and treat him to a hard scouring with a nail-brush until he is perfectly clean, then place him in a jar where there is a quantity of seaweed. As soon as he feels the bottom he seizes a bit of weeds, bites it off, and places it to his mouth, covering it with some sticky substances; this done, he raises it over his back and presses the end upon his shell, and there it sticks, ultimately growing. This process is kept up until the crab is completely covered, and he is satisfied that he has completed the change he contemplated—that is, making himself resemble a moss-covered rock, so that he may elude the sharks and rays that are wont to devour him.

In one of his recent lectures in London, Dr. Erasmus Wilson exhibited the photograph of a woman thirty-eight years old, and five feet five inches high, whose tresses, when she stood erect, enveloped her entire form in a golden vail, and trailed several inches on the ground. The longest fibres measured six feet three and one half inches. Thirty inches is the mean length for females, and three feet is considered a very remarkable length. This instance is exceeded, however, by two American women—one whose hair measures seven feet six inches, and another, the wife of a druggist in Philadelphia, whose luxuriant *chevelure* is almost as long, and so thick that when seated upon a chair she can completely cover herself with it.

Lord Rayleigh showed a curious experiment in color-combinations to the Physical Society, when he produced a yellow liquid by mixing a blue solution of litmus with a red solution of bichromate of potash. We recollect a kindred experiment which is even more curious, namely, the production of white by the mixture of crimson and green. An aqueous solution of cuprous chloride and a solution of rosaniline acetate in amylic alcohol are placed in a bottle in certain relative quantities. The crimson solution floats upon the green solution. But when shaken up together both colors disappear, and the mixture is simply a turbid grayish white.

Artificial Diamonds.—In regard to the successful work of Mr. Hannay, of Glasgow, in producing perfect artificial diamonds, it may be well to bear in mind the similar investigation carried on by Desprets, the noted French chemist. Some authorities allege that the results obtained by Desprets were in advance of those reached by Mr. Hannay, yet the former, at the conclusion of five years of labor, made the frank acknowledgment that he had not found the diamond proper, although he had obtained crystals of pure carbon possessing all the characteristics of the coveted prize.

Nutritive Value of Grass at Various Stages of Growth.—E. Von Wolff and others cut grass three times in the early Summer, in the years 1874 and 1877; the first cutting took place about the middle of May, the second at the beginning and the third at the end of June. The second cutting appeared to give the best results in the case of animals experimented upon, namely, sheep and horses; and, as a rule, it was found that more nitrogenous matter was excreted by the latter than by the former.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The man who was stage-struck had the driver arrested.

The society lady never sheds tears. She knows enough to keep her powder dry.

There are few things which are cheaper than talk, unless a lawyer does the talking.

Young women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," said Grumwig, "love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

An old lady says she hears every day of civil engineers, and wonders if there is no one to say a civil word for conductors.

"I'm no physician, but I've heard that iron in the blood is good," said Macbeth, as he jabbed his dagger into King Duncan.

"The darkey's hour is just before the dawn," remarked Sambo when he started out before daybreak to steal a young chicken for breakfast.

A Cincinnati child tied crape to the door-knob to see if the carriages would come to take them out riding, as they did the family across the street.

Hez, on being told that Bunyan stands at the head of allegorical writers, sagely remarked that he had always thought bunions were confined to the feet.

A man is always wanting some one to tell him how handsome he looks. A woman, on the other hand, will simply stand before a glass and see for herself.

Sea-bathing is scarcely ever indulged in by the Russian ladies, on account of the jealousy felt by the nobility against permitting any familiarity with the serf.

This simple medical advice for curing a pimple is given by the *Rockland Courier*: "First hold the pimple over a slow fire until it comes to a boil, then 'bust' it."

"Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite kill you with the brickbat, did he?" "No; but I wish he had." "Why so?" "So that I could have seen him hung, the villain!"

"John, how many times have I told you always to eat bread with your meat?" "Papa, how many times have you told me never to do two things at a time?"

Why is a cow's tail like the letter F? Because it's the end of beef. Here's another quite as bad: Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

"The most difficult man to please that I ever saw," said old Judge Dakin, "was my friend Colonel ——, who didn't wish to be lied about, and couldn't bear to have the truth told of him."

An old philosopher said: "When I was a boy I wanted some taffy, but it cost a shilling, and I hadn't one. When I was a man I had a shilling, but then I didn't want any taffy."

A marine opera troupe, on a floating opera house, will tie up at Coney Island and play "Pinafore" there, even if they are obliged to sink for it. This is probably a job put up by a rival watering-place.

"What are you holding your hands over the stove in that way for? The weather isn't cold," said a father to his son; who answered: "I ain't trying to heat the weather, pa; I'm warming my hands."

This is the season of the year when the small boy goeth to the barber, and winketh at him and saith, "Cut off the ends of my hair." And behold, the barber cutteth off the hair and leaveth the ends.

"I don't mean to reflect on your honesty," said one man to another, after speaking harshly of his character. "No, I should think not; you are not polished enough to reflect on anything," was the reply.

Professor.—"What is the fundamental condition of existence?" *Student.*—"Time." *Professor.*—"How do you explain that?" *Student.*—"Very easily. How can a person exist if he hasn't time for it?"

Her mother said the little creature lived on love, but one month after marriage, when the grocery bill came in, he saw that he had made the greatest oversight of his life by not ascertaining what that particular love was for.

Madame, who is very fat, asks her husband in what character she shall attend the masquerade. "As a captive balloon," he said. "How must I dress that character?" "Simply by tying a string to your foot," answered the brute.

What surprised Noah more than aught else was that he received no application for free passes. And what astonished the public after the flood was that the veteran navigator never tried to get up a complimentary benefit for himself.

Lawyer C. (entering the office of his friend, Dr. M., and speaking in a hoarse whisper): "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth." *Dr. M.*: "Well, I'm glad that it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

The *Engineer*, in discoursing upon good times and bad, has struck upon the fertile suggestion that "trade is good when much money is being spent upon new industrial enterprises; trade is bad when little money is being spent on such enterprises."

The custom of married men shooting their wives and then committing suicide is becoming alarmingly prevalent. The practice is not to be commended, but nevertheless it is cheaper than taking out an insurance policy for the benefit of the widow.

Waiter—"Do you wish to be called in the morning, sir?" *Guest*—"Yes, sir." *Waiter*—"When will you be called, sir?" *Guest*—"That depends on how I feel in the morning. I am very tired now. I'll ring for you when I shall desire to be called."

A lecturer was explaining to a little girl how a lobster cast his shell when he had outgrown it. Said he: "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You cast them aside, do you not?" "Oh, no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

When young John Stubbs asked his father to buy him a bicycle, the old farmer handed him a sickle, saying:

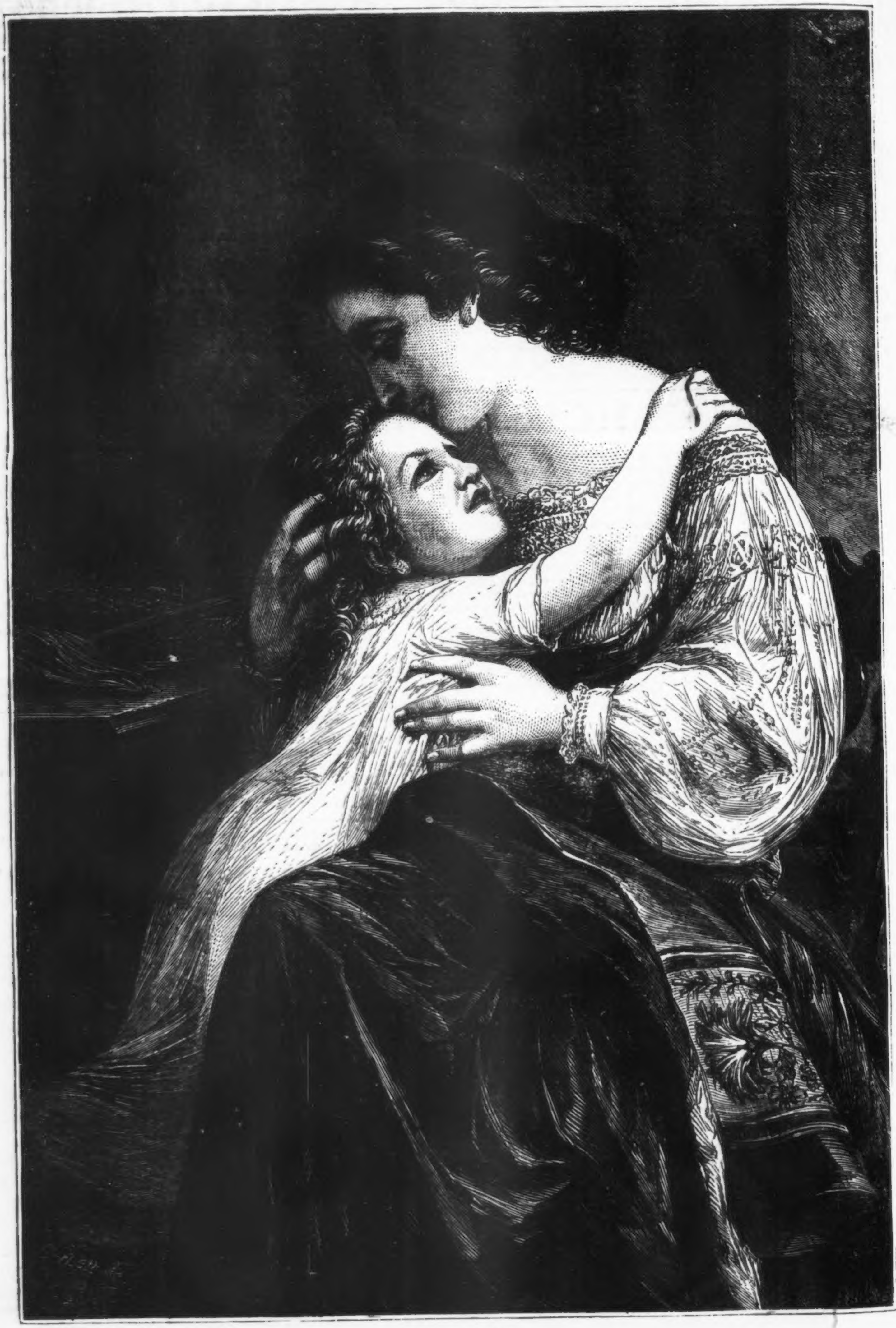
"John, if you'll faithfully use this common sickle,
Always keeping as cool as an icicle,
You can by-and-by buy your own bicycle."

When the census-taker, wishing to compliment, said to a citizen, "Ah, sir, you've a wife of a hundred!" the lady grabbed a rolling-pin and sailed in on him, saying: "You villain! I told you I was only twenty-five. Don't you dare to put it down as one hundred!"

I know he's a bachelor, a horrid grumpy thing,
  A nasty, spiteful, cross-grained, ugly fright!
I wish, John, that such callers to your wife you would not bring;
  You know as well as I do it's not right.
Why do I think him single? Why? Oh, John I'll have a fit.
Did you not hear, you stupid, you? He called dear baby "It."

Prof. Gaskell's Compendium, advertised in another page, is the most popular system of self-teaching Penmanship ever published. It has now reached a sale of over one hundred and twenty thousand, and the demand for it is still increasing.

XUM



THE MORNING KISS.

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